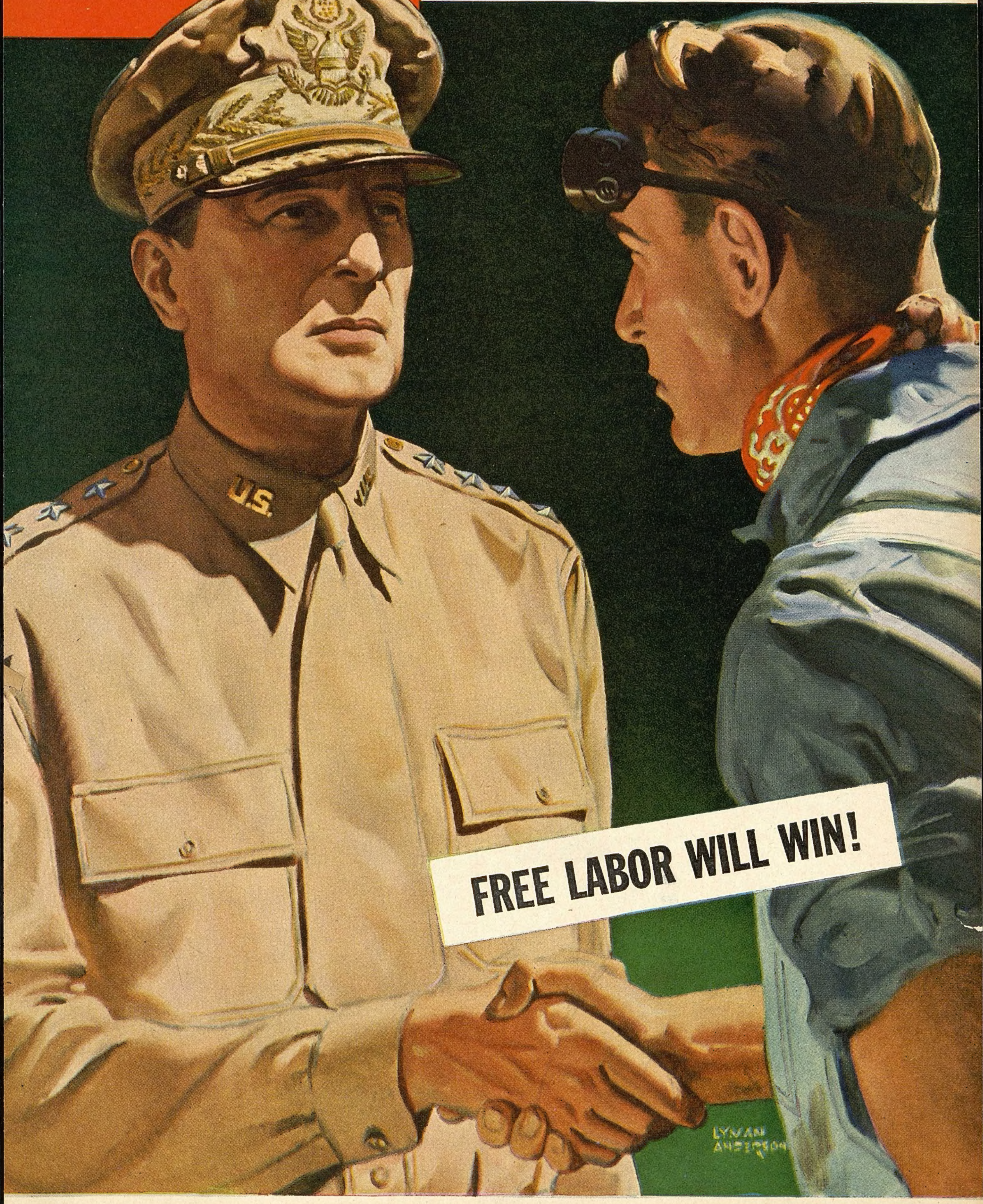
Liberty
SEPT. 12, 1942 10¢

CHALLENGE TO LABOR!
BY GEORGE GALLUP

DUCKY MEDWICK AND THE DUSTE
By BILL CUNNINGHAM

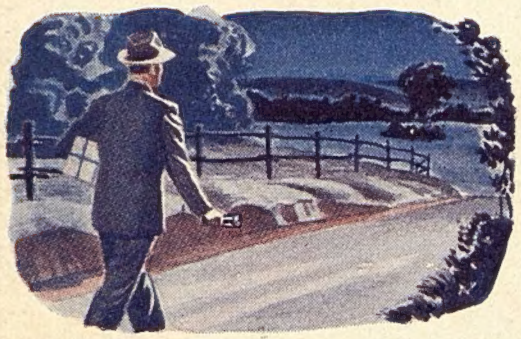

U.S.
LYMAN ANDERSON

FREE LABOR WILL WIN!

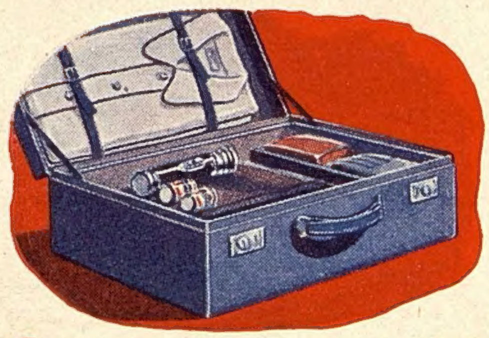
How to make your

FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES LAST LONGER

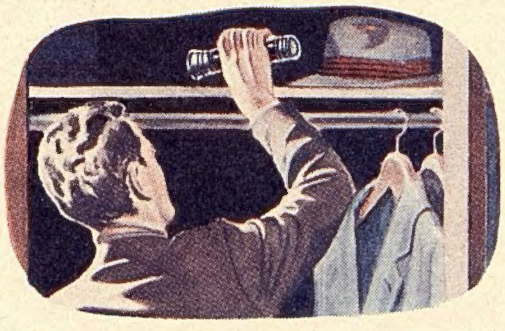
These Wartime Suggestions have been Reviewed and Passed by the Office of Price Administration and the Office of Civilian Defense



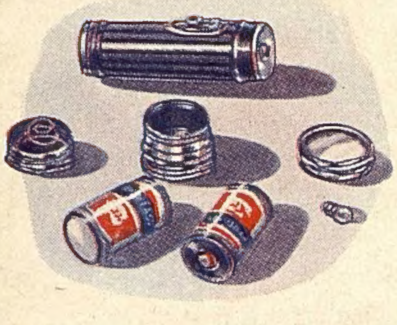
① **DON'T USE FLASHLIGHT CONTINUOUSLY.** Snap it on when you *need* to see—then snap it off. *Needless* use of flashlight merely wastes "juice."



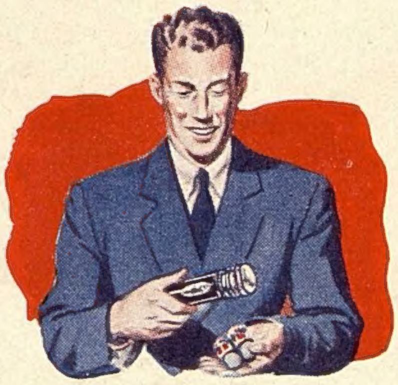
② **WHEN STARTING A TRIP,** don't toss your flashlight *loaded* into your suitcase, haversack or toolbox. Unscrew, or remove batteries—then switch can't "catch" and waste batteries.



③ **KEEP FLASHLIGHT OUT OF CHILDREN'S REACH.** It is not a toy—but a tool for your convenience and safety. *Know* where it is at all times—so you can put your hand on it quickly when you *need* it.



④ **DON'T THROW AWAY A BROKEN FLASHLIGHT** until you're sure it can't be fixed. Minor repairs can quickly be made, lens or bulb may be replaced.



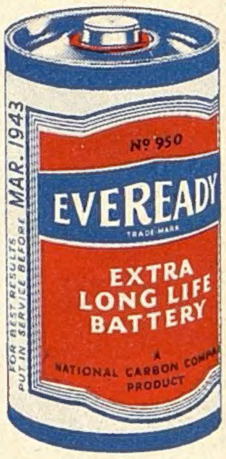
⑤ **DON'T "HOARD" BATTERIES**—keep one extra set for each flashlight in case of long-continued use. Others want and need batteries too. *Do your share* in conserving the nation's battery supply.

BUY FRESH DATED BATTERIES

Fresh batteries last longer. Dependable "Eveready" *fresh* DATED batteries will give long life and reliable service.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.


FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE MAR. 1943
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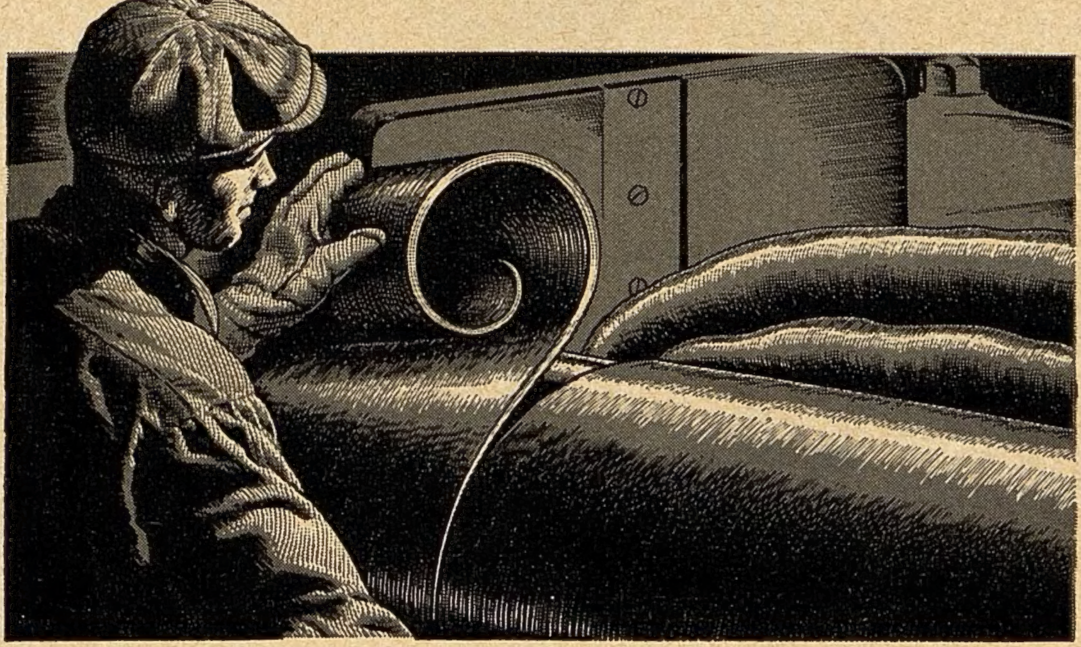
EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER...
Look for the **DATE-LINE**

LET'S GO! U.S.A. ★ KEEP 'EM FLYING!

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



What is SYNTHETIC RUBBER?

THE chemist will tell you that synthetic rubber is not rubber at all. It is made from organic materials having in themselves none of the characteristics of rubber.

There are several types of synthetic rubber. They can be derived from coal, grain alcohol, acetylene, petroleum, natural gas and other hydrocarbons by a wide variety of chemical processes.

Goodyear is familiar with all these processes. Its first patent on artificial rubber manufacture dates from 1927. This was preceded by several years of preliminary research. Since that time it has striven to produce a synthetic that would equal or improve upon the best properties of natural rubber and have none of its weaknesses.

CHEMIGUM

From this beginning more than fifteen years ago Goodyear developed Chemigum. This is a petroleum-base synthetic. We have been producing it in limited quantities during the past four years for a wide number of commercial purposes.

In workaday use Chemigum has now a number of advantages and some drawbacks. It can be made superior to rubber in resistance to wear and abrasion—or to the disintegrating action of oil and gasoline. It excels natural rubber in resisting oxidation and it can be compounded so it remains flexible at subzero temperatures.

On the other hand, Chemigum is not as elastic nor as adhesive as rubber. At high temperatures it suffers a temporary reduction in toughness. It is more difficult to process; its cost is as yet relatively high.

These limitations are not insurmountable. Under the pressures of war Goodyear is advancing and enlarging new and wonder-working manufacturing facilities in cooperation with the government program. Within another year these should simplify mass production—and greatly lower costs.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

The Secret OF VIBRANT HEALTH IS W·Y·E

THE secret of vital, glowing health is so simple that most of us overlook it entirely. And according to the eminent Daniel C. Munro, M.D., the majority of us are *half dead,* but don't know it. Of course we're not bedridden but a great proportion of people are "under par" most of the time. They go through life with aches and pains and minor ailments and never know the zest and vigor of glowing, sparkling health.

Yet, they could take steps that would bring them to buoyant health *if they knew what steps to take.* There *are* steps that they can take and Dr. Munro authoritatively tells you these very steps in this masterful book *Man Alive You're Half Dead.*

But the great secret of vibrant health is *what you eat . . . when you eat.* There is no mystery about proper eating. Dr. Munro says no grim Spartan regimen is necessary—no denial of the things you love to eat. Proper meals can be as much fun as those you have been eating . . . perhaps more. In *Man Alive You're Half Dead* you get no complicated set of rules to memorize, but an easily grasped understanding of the whole subject of Nutrition. Rules are easily forgotten but habits formed on fundamental knowledge are *naturally* acquired and maintained.

Everyone finds this book fascinating! The man of eighty, the woman who is never quite well—the business man who's approaching the "fat and forty" years—the housewife who plans meals for the typical household—people who suffer from constipation—all find it instantly-appealing, absorbing reading. Don't gamble with your health another day. Send for your copy of *Man Alive You're Half Dead* NOW. You will never regret it.

MAN ALIVE
You're half dead!

If you are unable to get this book at your own bookseller, use coupon below.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. L-912, 205 East 42nd St., New York City
Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "MAN ALIVE, YOU'RE HALF DEAD." I enclose $2.00.

Name..
PLEASE PRINT
Address..
City.......................... State..........................

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Excerpts from MAN ALIVE
You're half dead!

We obtain Vitamin A by eating foods that contain this element. If our intake of this vitamin is insufficient, degeneration of certain tissues occurs. If Vitamin A is withheld altogether, death ensues. So you see we can't afford to ignore Vitamin A or take it for granted.

* * *

Major deficiencies of the B Complex can cause all kinds of diseases, some of them ending in death. Minor deficiencies, such as we run into through dietary habits that are only slightly careless, impair our normal physiology and cause everyday aches and pains and attacks of "nerves."

* * *

In a *mild* or moderate deficiency of Vitamin C we may get any of the following symptoms, and usually more than one: General weakness, headache, restlessness, impaired digestion, tender joints, defective teeth and gums, poor lactation, lowered resistance to infection, retardation of growth, refusal of fractured bones to knit and other small ailments.

* * *

Vitamin D is essential to bone growth and tooth development, hence it favors good body form. It helps build little Willie to a great Apollo stature; it helps make little Susie look trim in a bathing suit. It controls the blood calcium level and is essential to normal glandular balance.

* * *

A marked calcium deficiency brings serious disease and deterioration, quickly and certainly. Many of the differences between a thoroughly healthy person and a sub-par ailing one are directly attributable to the difference in their supply of utilized calcium.

* * *

Iodine helps the body form thyrozine, and thus influences the size and functioning of the thyroid gland. This, in turn, regulates the basal metabolism, the ability of the body to oxidize or burn up its waste products. Insufficient iodine often results in the disease of the thyroid gland called goitre.

* * *

The MOST frequent affliction of sub-par people is constipation. Constipation occurs when the large bowel, the colon, fails to keep end-products and waste moving through itself by peristalsis, and out of the body steadily, without accumulating too much and staying too long.

* * *

People who don't smoke or drink are fortunate in many ways. Drinking is expensive and smoking is messy. But for the moderate drinker and the moderate smoker, these are the arguments which should influence their abstinence. From a medical standpoint there are many worse vices.

* * *

I have obtained excellent results with yeast, in both tablet and cake form, and prescribe it frequently. I treat yeast definitely as a food and as an excellent vehicle for the ingestion of comparatively massive doses of the Vitamin B Complex.

* * *

From laymen I have received many remarkable stories of the uplift which gelatin has given them, and as it is tied up with protein metabolism and confirms in every particular my own theories of diet, I find it easy to recognize its merit.

THIS WEEK

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* * * *

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COVER BY LYMAN ANDERSON

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NEXT WEEK

SEPTEMBER 19, 1942

A BRITISH COMMANDO TELLS HIS STORY

Few operations in the war are as secret as those of the famous Commandos. The results of some of their exploits are known, but mostly they keep the details of their adventures to themselves. Here is a first-hand, first-person account by one of them, permitted by the censorship—and it is as thrilling a tale as has come from overseas. We present it in two parts, beginning next week.

CAN WE AFFORD TO DEPORT HARRY BRIDGES?

is a provocative question indeed. Much has been said against the famous labor leader. Do you know all the facts in the case, and what it might mean if we expelled him from the U. S. A.? JOHN B. HUGHES, famous West Coast radio commentator, gives you news of these things in an impartial, arresting article.

THEY ATTEMPTED A MIRACLE BY RADIO

In a hospital in the Orient an American flyer had lain for a week in a coma. At home his friends tried to send their voices through the wall of war and sing him back to life. What happened and how it all came out are told in Voices to Remember—one of the most dramatic and deeply moving stories FRANCIS WALLACE has ever written.

ALSO NEXT WEEK: "Peanuts" Nyasses and the World's Wildest Ball Team, TED SHANE's salute to the most amazing spectacle in sport. . . . ERNEST K. LINDLEY's revealing contribution to the series, Roosevelt as I See Him. . . . GLUYAS WILLIAMS' joyously pictured Ten Commandments of the Home Front. . . . A vivid news map. . . . More fine stories. . . . Pictures, features, departments, fun. We'll be seeing you!

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Lana Elopes!

The gorgeous girl who brightens this page is Lana Turner. She's the one who was "discovered" right in her native Hollywood while sipping a soda. She made sweaters famous and her bosses call her "Hollywood's Beautiful Headache".

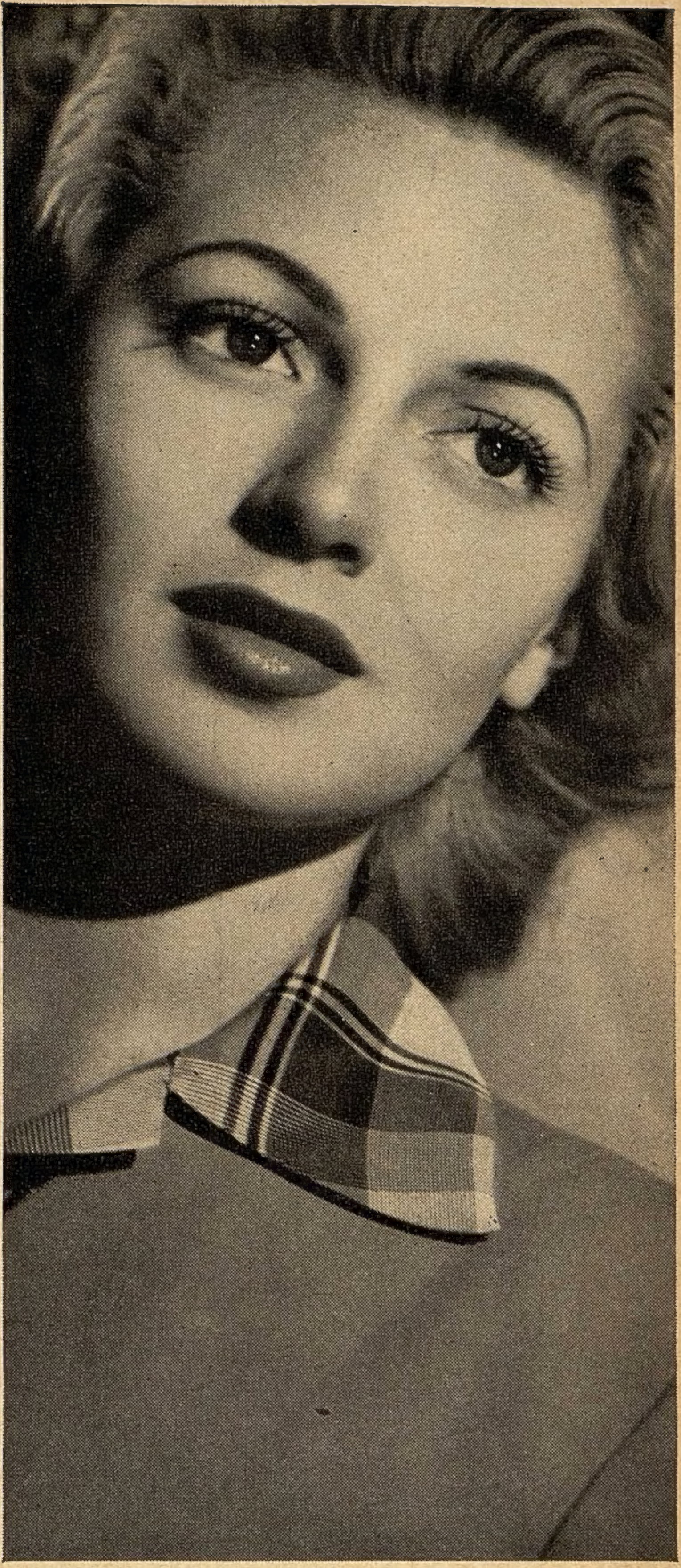
Today she is Mrs. Stephen Crane. Out of the blue she surprised fans, friends and reporters with an unsuspected elopement. But who's Mr. Crane?? In "Lana's Madcap Marriage" in the October Photoplay-Movie Mirror you will be delighted with the real story about Lana's sudden elopement and the things you want to know about her new husband including a recent photo by Hyman Fink. Get your copy today.

THE STARS—IN FULL COLOR...

The beautiful Color Section of the October issue has eight exquisite portraits in natural colors of

Ida Lupino Donna Reed
Maureen O'Hara
Mary Martin
Geraldine Fitzgerald
George Sanders John Garfield
LANA TURNER

Each a looked for addition to any collection.



INSIDE STUFF: Beneath the lovely Deanna Durbin cover are specially selected features for your entertainment... The thrilling story of the romance and marriage of *Cary Grant* and *Barbara Hutton* • *John Payne's* Life Story • a complete dramatization of "The Hard Way"—that new picture soon to be released • something about *Errol Flynn* • *Their First Dates* (what the stars did on their firsts) and loads of grand candid shots, spicy tidbits direct from the land of the movies—all in the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Get your copy today!

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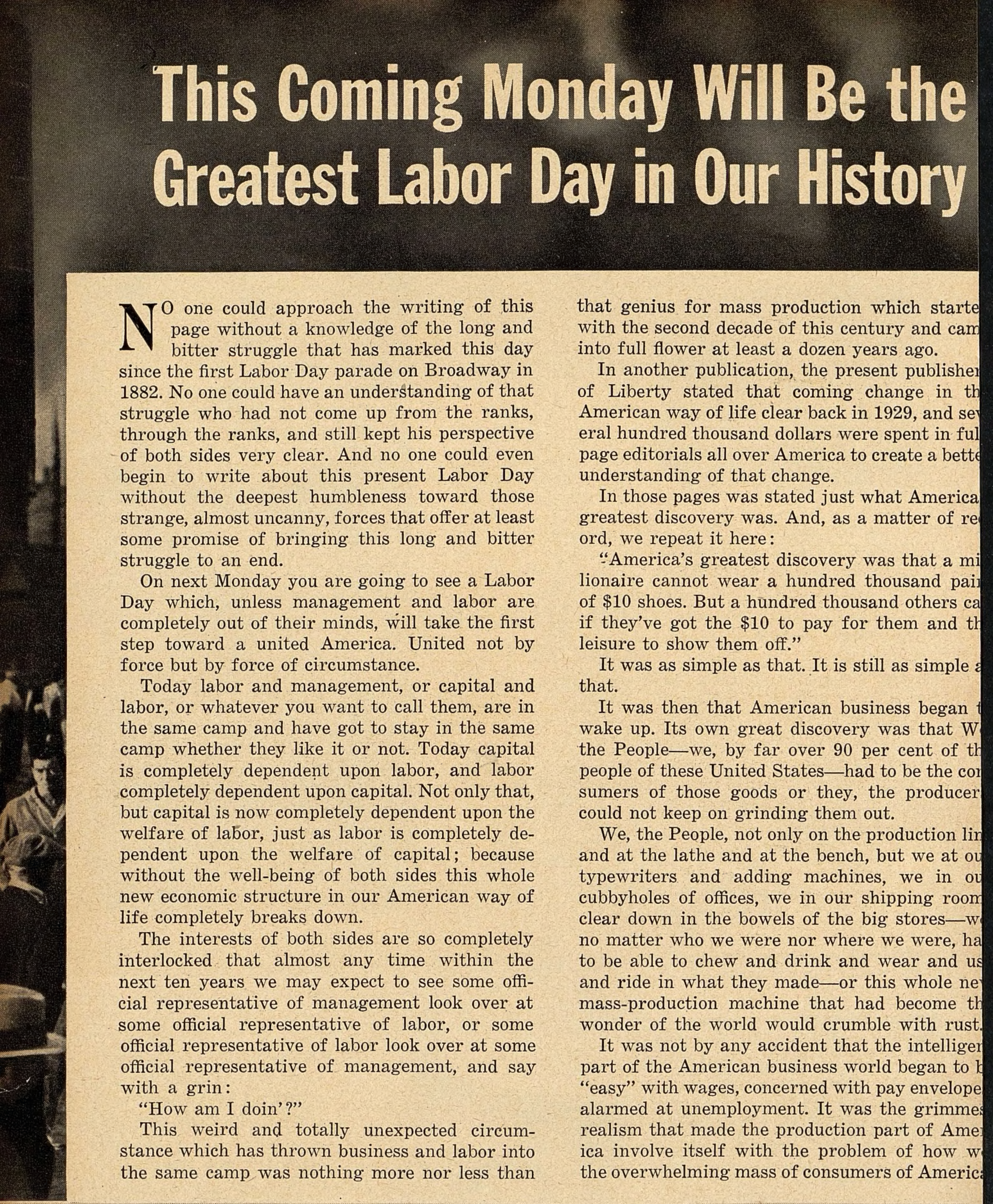


This Coming Monday Will Be the Greatest Labor Day in Our History

NO one could approach the writing of this page without a knowledge of the long and bitter struggle that has marked this day since the first Labor Day parade on Broadway in 1882. No one could have an understanding of that struggle who had not come up from the ranks, through the ranks, and still kept his perspective of both sides very clear. And no one could even begin to write about this present Labor Day without the deepest humbleness toward those strange, almost uncanny, forces that offer at least some promise of bringing this long and bitter struggle to an end.

On next Monday you are going to see a Labor Day which, unless management and labor are completely out of their minds, will take the first step toward a united America. United not by force but by force of circumstance.

Today labor and management, or capital and labor, or whatever you want to call them, are in the same camp and have got to stay in the same camp whether they like it or not. Today capital is completely dependent upon labor, and labor completely dependent upon capital. Not only that, but capital is now completely dependent upon the welfare of labor, just as labor is completely dependent upon the welfare of capital; because without the well-being of both sides this whole new economic structure in our American way of life completely breaks down.

The interests of both sides are so completely interlocked that almost any time within the next ten years we may expect to see some official representative of management look over at some official representative of labor, or some official representative of labor look over at some official representative of management, and say with a grin:

"How am I doin'?"

This weird and totally unexpected circumstance which has thrown business and labor into the same camp was nothing more nor less than that genius for mass production which starte with the second decade of this century and cam into full flower at least a dozen years ago.

In another publication, the present publishe of Liberty stated that coming change in th American way of life clear back in 1929, and sev eral hundred thousand dollars were spent in ful page editorials all over America to create a bett understanding of that change.

In those pages was stated just what America greatest discovery was. And, as a matter of re ord, we repeat it here:

"America's greatest discovery was that a mi lionaire cannot wear a hundred thousand pai of $10 shoes. But a hundred thousand others ca if they've got the $10 to pay for them and th leisure to show them off."

It was as simple as that. It is still as simple a that.

It was then that American business began t wake up. Its own great discovery was that W the People—we, by far over 90 per cent of th people of these United States—had to be the co sumers of those goods or they, the producer could not keep on grinding them out.

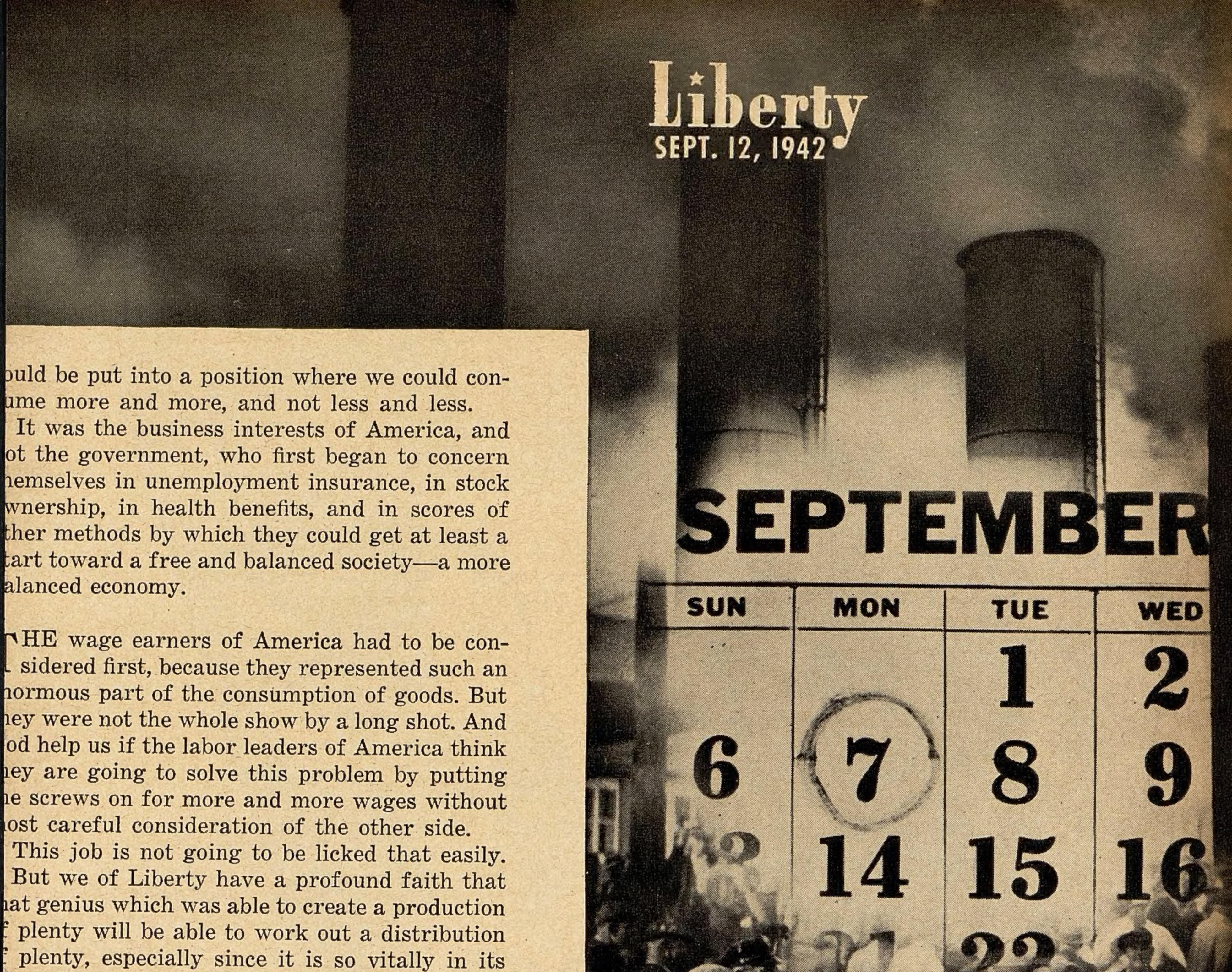
We, the People, not only on the production li and at the lathe and at the bench, but we at ou typewriters and adding machines, we in ou cubbyholes of offices, we in our shipping room clear down in the bowels of the big stores—w no matter who we were nor where we were, ha to be able to chew and drink and wear and us and ride in what they made—or this whole ne mass-production machine that had become th wonder of the world would crumble with rust.

It was not by any accident that the intellige part of the American business world began to b "easy" with wages, concerned with pay envelope alarmed at unemployment. It was the grimmes realism that made the production part of Ame ica involve itself with the problem of how w the overwhelming mass of consumers of America

"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

BENJAMIN FRANKL

Liberty
SEPT. 12, 1942



ould be put into a position where we could consume more and more, and not less and less.

It was the business interests of America, and ot the government, who first began to concern hemselves in unemployment insurance, in stock wnership, in health benefits, and in scores of ther methods by which they could get at least a tart toward a free and balanced society—a more alanced economy.

HE wage earners of America had to be considered first, because they represented such an normous part of the consumption of goods. But ey were not the whole show by a long shot. And od help us if the labor leaders of America think ey are going to solve this problem by putting e screws on for more and more wages without ost careful consideration of the other side.

This job is not going to be licked that easily.

But we of Liberty have a profound faith that at genius which was able to create a production plenty will be able to work out a distribution plenty, especially since it is so vitally in its wn interests to do so. We, the People, must give r fullest consideration and our most careful nderstanding of that great production machine hich, by every means in our power, we must elp to get into full swing once this holocaust war is done.

That is why We, the People—we, all of the eople—want to be in that Labor Day parade—anagement and mechanic, stenog and shop rl, salesman and supervisor, congressman and rmer, marching as one man toward a United merica.

Grimly enough, there will probably not be any Labor Day parades this year. We are all o busy preparing for that other parade, the rade of victory.

But spiritually we shall all be there. Because iritually we, a working nation, have a right to arch in a workers' parade.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF • SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR • ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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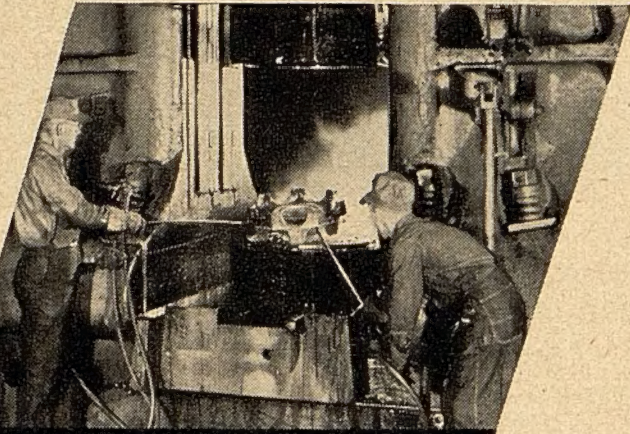
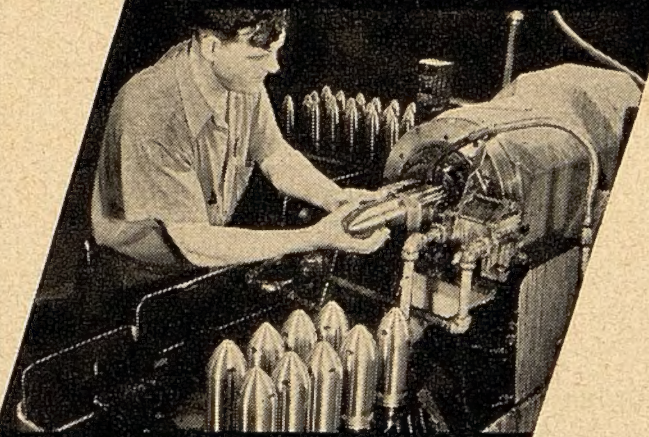
CHEVROLET

PRATT & WHITNEY AIRPLANE ENGINES—Big, powerful Pratt & Whitney airplane engines are rolling off Chevrolet assembly lines in ever-increasing quantities as Chevrolet continues to run well ahead of production schedules.

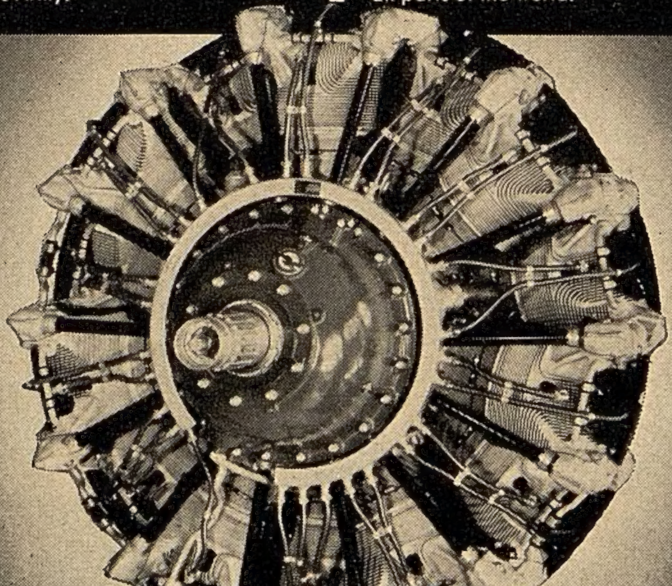


ALUMINUM FORGINGS—Chevrolet is now producing large numbers of aluminum forgings for airplanes and soon will be turning out additional thousands in a new plant that is destined to be one of the largest of its kind in the world.

MILITARY TRUCKS—Day after day, since long before Pearl Harbor, Chevrolet has been turning out thousands upon thousands of military trucks for the United States Army.



ARMOR-PIERCING SHELLS—Vast quantities of armor-piercing shells are pouring from the giant Chevrolet plants for delivery to our fighting men in all parts of the world.



CHEVROLET-BUILT PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINE

Aggressively, incomparably busy—day and night, both before and since Pearl Harbor—turning out huge quantities of many different weapons—turning out *VOLUME PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY!*

CHEVROLET AMERICA'S FOREMOST VOLUME PRODUCER OF CARS AND TRUCKS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE GUTS TO WIN

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Victory! A stirring special message, written for this issue, to a united America

"We have the guts, we have the material, we have the faith to fight to victory."

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THERE is no question in my mind that the United States has the guts and the material resources to win this war—no matter how short or long.

Perhaps we shall make some military errors before we settle down to the stride measured by our airplane, ship, and tank factories. We may waste some materials by producing too many trucks, for example, and not enough of the right kind of high-quality airplanes. We may not focus our attention at once on the key spots. The American people may perhaps not even yet fully realize the extent of the sacrifice which they must make during 1942 and 1943. It takes time for a democracy—which by reason of its very nature loves peace—to adjust itself to the necessities of war.

Our people are making the adjustments, painful as these are, in record-breaking time. They are willing to do their part to prevent inflation. No one class wants to profiteer at the expense of another. Our people are eager to share alike in sacrifices which will make certain of complete victory.

True, some individuals may grumble when they can drive their cars less than half as much as usual and when they find it hard to buy coffee, tea, sugar, and cocoa. To have to walk to the movies or to go without sugar and bananas is really no sacrifice at all by comparison with the terrible price paid by the soldiers of Bataan, the sailors on ships torpedoed in the Atlantic, and the men who every day are facing sudden death in the air.

Admitting our grumblings and our mistakes, I am convinced that nine out of ten of our American people have a capacity and a desire to sacrifice this year and next which will surprise even the most optimistic. We can and will make it a part of imperishable history that we have not lost the pioneer hardiness of our grandfathers. If need requires it, we will walk ten miles a day and work twelve hours a day. We will fight as our ancestors fought at Bunker Hill and New Orleans.

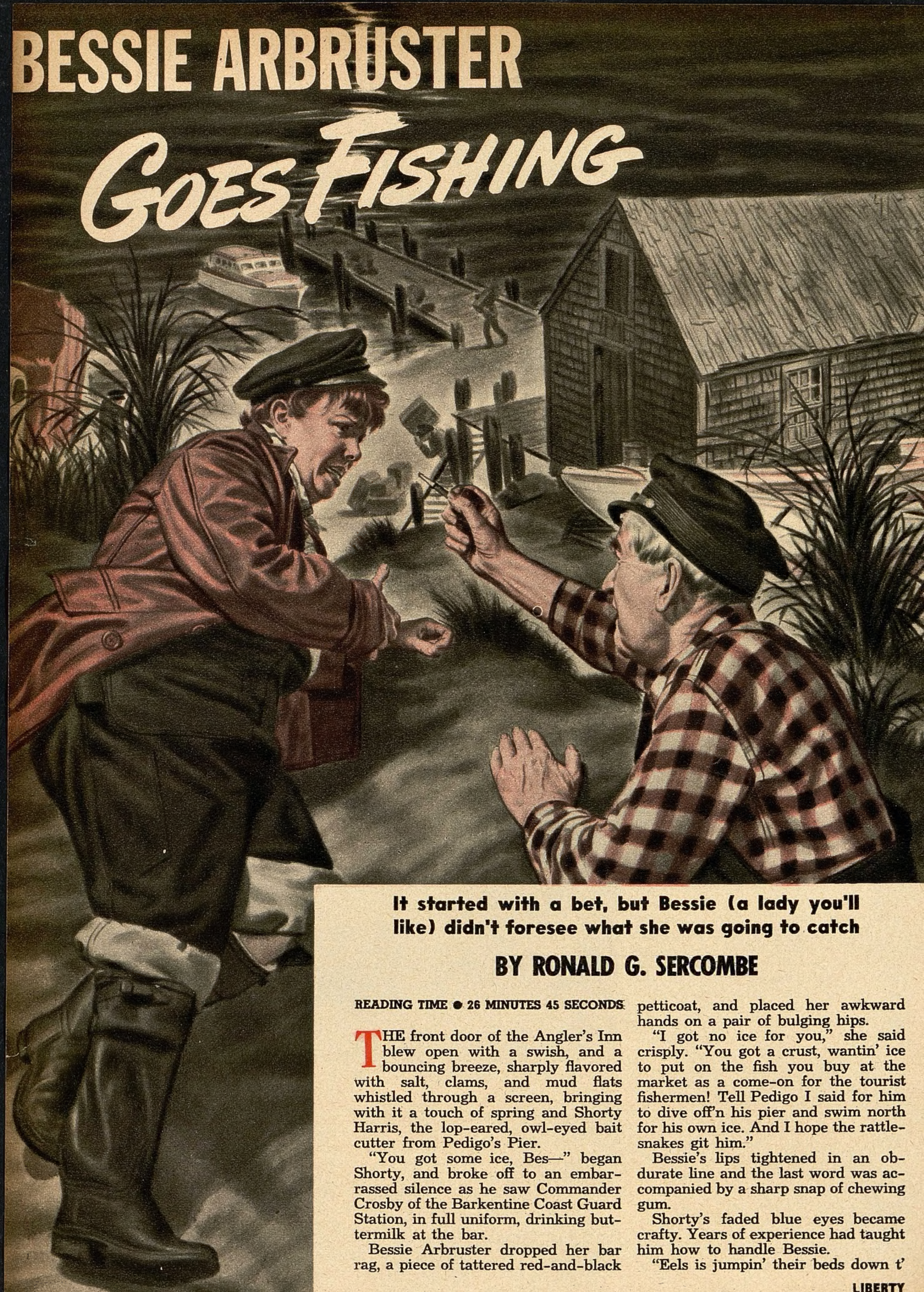
Great as is the stamina of the American people—mighty as we know our resources to be—we can double and treble our powers if we feel that we are fighting for a just peace which will point the way toward a higher standard of living for all the people of the United States.

Personally, I believe it is impossible to have a peaceful, progressive improvement in the standard of living in the United States without all the peoples of the world enjoying such a blessing, and *vice versa*. That was why I referred, last May, half jokingly and half seriously, to a conversation between Mme. Litvinov and myself, in which I said that the object of the war was to make sure that every one might have the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day; and she replied, "Yes, even half a pint."

I was using milk as one of the most readily understood symbols of a higher standard of living. Some peo-

(*Continued on page 54*)

BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES FISHING



They saw a dilapidated truck roll along the beach and come to a stop beside Jake's shack.

It started with a bet, but Bessie (a lady you'll like) didn't foresee what she was going to catch

BY RONALD G. SERCOMBE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE front door of the Angler's Inn blew open with a swish, and a bouncing breeze, sharply flavored with salt, clams, and mud flats whistled through a screen, bringing with it a touch of spring and Shorty Harris, the lop-eared, owl-eyed bait cutter from Pedigo's Pier.

"You got some ice, Bes—" began Shorty, and broke off to an embarrassed silence as he saw Commander Crosby of the Barkentine Coast Guard Station, in full uniform, drinking buttermilk at the bar.

Bessie Arbruster dropped her bar rag, a piece of tattered red-and-black petticoat, and placed her awkward hands on a pair of bulging hips.

"I got no ice for you," she said crisply. "You got a crust, wantin' ice to put on the fish you buy at the market as a come-on for the tourist fishermen! Tell Pedigo I said for him to dive off'n his pier and swim north for his own ice. And I hope the rattlesnakes git him."

Bessie's lips tightened in an obdurate line and the last word was accompanied by a sharp snap of chewing gum.

Shorty's faded blue eyes became crafty. Years of experience had taught him how to handle Bessie.

"Eels is jumpin' their beds down t'

Little Mud," he remarked. His tone was confidential.

Bessie's head jerked up from the bar as she swished the bar rag with fervor, carefully avoiding the huge mounted bass.

This was vital news. When eels desert their beds in the lagoons and mud channels that make up the inland waterways near the New Jersey coast, it's a sure sign that spring has arrived. Better still, when eels start migrating as they feel the heat of the sun down in their slimy dark winter quarters, that means the weakfish, the croakers, the kingfish, the flounders, and the bass will become active.

To Bessie, whose business was renting boats, selling bait, beer, and sandwiches to the legion of bay and channel fishemen who came from all parts of New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, it was the best news of the year. It had been a long, hard winter.

BESSIE'S jutting jaw, not unlike that of the unhappy-looking bass that reposed on the bar, relaxed.

" 'Struth, so help me," added Shorty. "Caught three of 'em on the high incomin' at full moon last night. They're headin' for the inlet."

Bessie's keen blue eyes bored briefly into Shorty's faded orbits. He cringed but withstood the challenge, and Bessie knew he wasn't lying. Then Bessie suddenly awoke to current events and snapped her gum. "Scram!" she told Shorty. "Can't you see me and the commandant is in caucus?"

Commander Crosby gulped the few remaining drops of his buttermilk and slid off the bar stool.

"It's all right, Bessie," he said, with eyes twinkling. "I wish I could go fishing for fish myself instead of—ah—rattlesnakes. I must return to the station now. Remember what I told you, Bess. Keep your eyes peeled for strange craft, and notify me if you get any suspicious customers."

"Aye, aye, sir." Bessie saluted professionally, aside from the fact that the tattered bar rag remained in her hand.

"You might cruise around Elder's Island at your leisure," added the commander. "Do a little beachcombing for rubber boats.'"

"You bet," said Bessie, unnautically.

"Meanwhile, I'll write you out a ticket as a Coast Guard Reservist. Uncle Sam needs veterans like you."

Bessie's eyes sparkled. "Have another buttermilk," she invited.

The commander headed for the door. "No, thanks; that's my quota."

"On the house, sir."

Commander Crosby smiled, waved, and retreated.

The door had no sooner slammed than Doc Harrison, who had been playing the pin-ball machine in the corner, glided up to Bessie and Shorty with hep-cat agility incongruous with his age.

Doc was a retired obstetrician, a dyed-in-the-wool deep-sea fisherman who had developed homicidal tendencies against all Nazis and Japs since the Coast Guard had banned outside angling for the duration. In an effort to lift him out of dangerous doldrums, Bessie had talked him into bay fishing. But Doc's early efforts at snaring the canny denizens of Arbruster Bay, Weakfish Thoroughfare, Little Mud, and the inlet had been futile.

"So the eels is runnin'," mimicked Doc sarcastically. "So what? All the good fish are out in the ocean. Only ones in the backwaters are those that are having babies. When a lady fish is having a baby she doesn't grab bait."

"Plenty of fish back there, if you know how to catch 'em," Bess challenged.

"I've caught bigger fish'n you've ever seen," Doc snapped.

Bessie's gum boots, amputated at the knees, squeaked as she straddled an empty half of pale ale. This was practically an insult. Bessie held the island championship in angling, both for size and quantity.

"Talk's cheap," said Bessie, snapping her gum vigorously. "I know a hole where I can snag weakfish any time of day or night in season."

Doc carefully removed a brandy bottle from his hip pocket. He proffered it to Bessie, who shook her head. He ignored Shorty, whose tongue automatically swept over his lips.

"A hundred dollars," said Doc casually, "for every weakfish you catch between now and dawn. And a hundred dollars for every fish I catch. If we come back empty-handed, you owe me a hundred."

Bessie's angular jaw hung limp.

"Say that again," she demanded.

As Doc repeated his offer, Bessie did some rapid mental calculating. . . . In the cash register, about eighteen dollars and I O U's for six—last night's receipts. Bills for lumber, for a boat motor, for fresh water, for bait, bar supplies, and new equipment. A gasoline drought, a tire drought, food costs rising, increased liquor taxes, beer taxes, income taxes, use-of-car taxes, boat taxes. Rough sailing ahead!

And Bessie needed teeth. Now she couldn't even enjoy her favorite dish—salt mackerel smothered with onions, the spring kind, and catchup.

This was a challenge not only to her piscatorial reputation but to her pocketbook. Her eyes brightened and her jaws worked furiously.

"Shorty," she ordered, "warm up the Lark. Git a dozen shedder crab, some bloodworms, some shrimp, and some clam aboard. Twenty-five pounds o' ice. Then come back here and tend bar. Close up the joint at one, and don't steal more'n one case of beer."

Shorty disappeared with alacrity.

"Bring your checkbook along, mister," Bessie said grimly to Doc.

THE smothered *pocketa-pocketa* of the Lark as Shorty gunned her motors was music to Bessie's ears as she and Doc Harrion climbed aboard the twenty-four-foot cabin cruiser.

The Lark, built during winter doldrums, was Bessie's latest pride and joy. It made her fleet of forty rowboats and two powered-towing boats the largest on Barkentine Island.

Bess was about to pull anchor when she heard a low whistle on the dock.

"What's cooking?"

It was Trix Dunbar, who ran practically singlehanded the island's weekly paper, the Tidewater Times. Black curls were tumbling from beneath her tiny red beanie. Blue slacks and a snug blue sweater accented the mold of a streamlined form.

"Come aboard," ordered Bessie, extending a leathery hand. "Meet Doc Harrison. Used to tell women how to have babies. Now he tries to tell me how to fish. Doc—meet Trixie. She says nasty things about me in the paper, but she sends me a lot of customers."

Trix chuckled infectiously as she shook Doc's hand with vigor.

Doc promptly produced his brandy bottle and they all had a nip.

"Outward bound?" inquired Trix.

Bessie explained.

Trixie's Gulf Stream eyes brightened.

"Let me go too, Bessie," she pleaded. "I've got nothing to do tomorrow but get out a paper. I'll be a witness and hold the bet."

"All right with me if it's all right with Doc," said Bessie gruffly.

"Sure," said Doc. "Have Shorty fill this flask and let's get going. Stow the palaver."

CURLICUES of ghostly steam drifted from the shimmering mirror that was Arbruster Bay, and baby bluefish flashed their silver bellies in the wake of the Lark as she nosed into Weakfish Thoroughfare and headed for Barkentine Channel.

A full moon was shining. The barometer stood pat at a happy thirty, but in the east a herringbone pattern of clouds was rapidly building up. It was the kind of night that brings out the smile creases on the weather-beaten countenances of salt-water veterans. The kind of night that brings the lubbers back for more.

Bessie's big heart purred like the motor on the Lark and she inhaled deeply of salt-marsh tonic, her ample bosom pouting like a gull's.

From a worn pocket of her salt-encrusted leather jacket she hauled a huge tarnished silver watch, held it beneath the starboard lamp, and saw that it was ten o'clock, war time. The watch was a treasured memento, the gift of Pappy Arbruster, founder of the Angler's Inn, builder of the Arbruster boats, and virtual dictator of Barkentine Island for thirty-eight years.

Three years previously, Pappy, during his annual after-season relaxing spell, had driven his self-designed station wagon off the end of Pedigo's Pier. Pedigo always insisted it was Pappy's final revenge. All that next season fishermen got their lines tangled in the wreckage.

Since that time Bessie had endeavored to carry on, and each season she had found herself more amazed to discover that Pappy, in spite of his many weaknesses, had been a wizard of a business man.

They bumped over a swirl of rip where the lazier waters of Weakfish Thoroughfare mingled with the six-mile incoming tide in Barkentine Channel. Bessie maneuvered professionally around Eelgrass Point, scene of many a small-boat wreck. She snapped the switch on a searchlight, and the beams disturbed half a dozen gulls on the point, standing, as always, with their beaks to the wind.

"Wind from the southwest, that's when they bite best," hummed Bessie, and snapped her chewing gum.

Doc Harrison emerged from the cabin and stood beside her. In the moonlight Doc didn't look his age. His profile was clean-cut, jaw firm, wrinkles vanished. Bessie sighed deeply. Once upon a time there had been a Willis with a clean-cut profile and a firm jaw. But he had turned out to be a louse. He had just hung around Bessie to learn the boating business and then had opened a rival emporium on the island. Bessie sighed again.

"HEY, Bessie!" Trixie sounded excited.

"Ye-upp."

"When'd you get the short-wave set aboard?"

"Shorty fixed it up," said Bessie, heeling the Lark over to avoid Sandbar Number Seven. "'Tain't short wave. You can't talk words over it."

"Oh-h," said Trix. "Wireless, eh? What do you use it for?"

Bessie's lips tightened. "I ain't sayin'."

Trixie chuckled. "Military secret. O. K., Bess. I've got a few of my own."

"The commander told me to keep my mouth shut," explained Bessie. "I know I can trust you and Doc, but I don't want to git in the habit of talkin'."

"Quite right," said Trixie. "I was merely interested because I'm studying code. I've passed my physical and mental for the Women's Auxiliary Corps for Coast Guard."

Doc Harrison puffed mightily on a large-bowled pipe.

"Where in the hell are you taking us, Bessie?" he demanded. "All bets off if we're going outside fishing."

"Batten down your hatches," she replied. "I'm skipper on this barge." She snapped on the searchlight and directed its rays over the oil-smeared mud flats toward Elder's Cove, an isolated rarely fished bay, accessible via Little Mud Channel only at high tide. The rays reflected against the lonely rippling waters of the cove and a score of gulls took to their wings, screaming raucously.

"Where there's gulls, there's bait fish," observed Bessie sagely. "And where there's bait fish there's big fish. That's where we fish—Elder's Cove."

Clouds suddenly blacked out the moon. Only a veteran skipper could have nosed the Lark through tortuous Little Mud, but Bessie took it in her stride. She cut the motor as they reached Channel Marker Nine.

"Now what—" began Doc.

"Stow it!" Bessie whispered shrilly. "Weakfish is sea trout. Noise scares 'em. We'll drift into the cove and drop anchor. And if you start blabbin' again, all bets is off."

The deathly silence of Elder's Cove was broken only by the hoarse periodic bleating of a bell buoy and the occasional mournful squawk of a gull. Waves lapped hungrily at the white bow of the Lark and wisps of steam from the water glowed kaleidoscopically against the red blinker light from Tuckerton Lighthouse, miles away.

Bessie's eyes bored through the darkness toward the channel bank as they drifted into the cove. Ah! There it was. An overhanging bayberry bush. In this hole last season she had snagged a sixty-four-pound drumfish. The fish had won her a twenty-five-dollar prize and every one on the island had vainly tried to learn where she caught it. Now the secret might be out, Bessie realized—but a hundred dollars was at stake.

She dropped anchor, quietly, paid out forty feet of rope, and snubbed the line on the bow hook.

"There's an extra rod and riggin'," she whispered to Trixie. "Crab on the bottom hook, shrimp on the top. If crabs steal your bottom bait, try bloodworms."

There was a resounding plunk as Doc Harrison's sinker hit the water.

Bessie bristled. "Where'd you l'arn to fish?" she asked him. "In a bathtub?"

"Nuts!" rejoined Doc hotly. "I was catching fish when you wore rubber panties. Leave me alone!"

Bessie cast and grunted. She thumbed her reel as the sinker neared the water, and it hit the surface with barely a sound. At high tide the channel was thirty-four feet deep at this spot. The bottom was hard sand, the tidal flow gentle—ideal spawning grounds for weakfish and flounder. Masses of green seaweed, which Bessie called garbage, clung to the channel banks, and the water was iridescent with what Bessie dismissed as "sea worms."

She reeled in slowly, her calloused but nonetheless sensitive fingers responding to every little crevice, mound, and hole in the bottom.

BESSIE felt her sinker plunge into a small hole and stopped reeling. She allowed her bulky frame to relax in a canvas chair. From the lapel of her leather jacket she removed a stale wad of chewing gum, carefully removed some hairs and fibers from it, and popped it into her mouth.

"This is heaven," murmured Trixie from the cabin roof, where she was stretched out, holding a rod.

Bessie felt rather than saw Doc Harrison stiffen as he set his hook.

"Something heavy," he muttered hoarsely, "A big weakie, maybe."

Bessie leaned over and tugged carefully at his line.

"Tch-tch," she said. "Cut your line."

"You go to blazes!" replied Doc. "That's no streptococcus germ."

Bessie's nature was simple and trusting. She could be easily led but never forced. Crossing her was like sticking a barb into a sand shark. But Doc Harrison was equally stubborn. He continued reeling.

Doc flipped a fish over the lee rail just as the moon briefly offered full wattage. It was an ugly black wart-covered thing about ten inches long.

"Smash its head!" ordered Bessie, forgetting to lower her voice. "Trix, the gaff!"

But Doc had his own ideas. He tried to grab the fish behind the gills. But it had no gills. It leaped, opened mammoth jaws, and Doc straightened up, cursing. "What the hell!" said Doc, studying a bleeding forefinger.

Bessie brought the gaff down on the fish. It squished unpleasantly.

"You'll never l'arn, will you?" she said bluntly. "That was a toadfish. Some people call 'em clam crushers. They feed along the bottom, smashing clams and oysters with their teeth. Last season one smart guy lost three fingers doin' what you was doin'. When I say cut a line I mean cut a line!"

Doc looked appropriately chagrined.

"Did it git you bad?" Bessie examined his finger gently. A tooth had penetrated it to the bone.

"Tch-tch," said Bessie. "Up anchor. Jake Crowther's got a shanty on Elder's Island. Got a first-aid kit in it. We'll go over there."

Trixie tugged vainly at the anchor. "Won't budge," she said, panting.

"Here," said Bessie, "Let a man—Hum."

THIS was puzzling. The anchor was caught fast. Yet Bessie knew there were no sunken roots, logs, nor rocks in this cove. She could have drawn a map showing the contour of the bottom. Only a month previous she had reported "no change" in Elder's Cove to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey agent.

They used oars to push the Lark over to the channel bank.

"Dip that sore finger in salt water," Bessie ordered Doc, "and then give us a hand."

"Dr. Arbruster, muttered Doc sourly. "All right."

The three of them, with firm beach beneath them, tugged and tugged. And they raised from the channel a rusty fifty-gallon drum the ring of which was attached to the anchor. With a heavy wrench Bessie removed the scaling ring, inserted a finger, and then sniffed.

"Cripes," she said. "Diesel oil!"

"Golly!" said Trix.

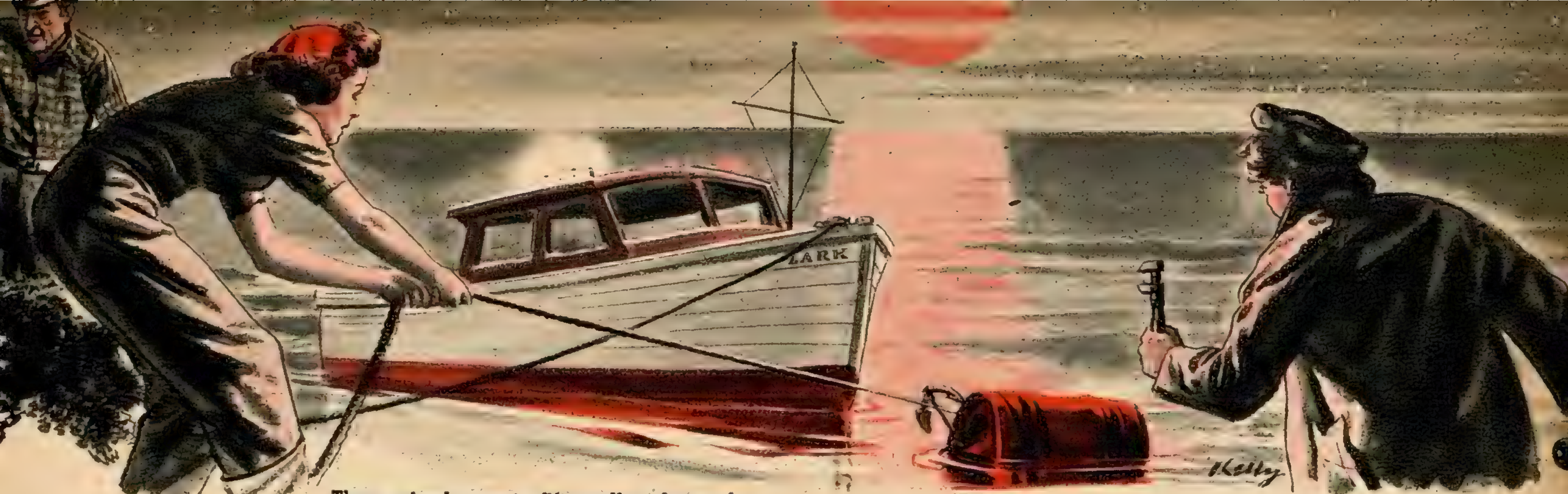
Doc felt for his brandy bottle.

"Trixie," ordered Bessie, "stay aboard. Doc and I'll go to Jake's shanty for some iodine. When we git back we'll highball up to tell Commander Crosby."

It was a quarter-of-a-mile hike across barren mud flats to Jake's shanty, and when they got there, the place was padlocked. Bessie quickly solved that problem with a wrench.

"I'm a coast guard, ain't I?" she demanded, when Doc shook his head. "Asides, I'll buy him a new one."

Bessie poured iodine on Doc's fin-



They raised a rusty fifty-gallon drum, the ring of which was attached to the anchor.

ger and bandaged it while he fumed and criticized.

"Shut up," she ordered, "or I'll pour some down your throat."

It was then that a hump in the ancient rag that Jake used for a rug aroused Bessie's curiosity. Beneath the rug she found an iron ring. She lifted a trap door, and as she directed the beams of a flashlight into the hole below, she and Doc gasped simultaneously.

Neatly piled in an iron chest were at least a hundred tins of canned foods, condensed milk, chocolate bars, and boxes of vitamin tablets and liver extract. Enough to feed a small army —or navy.

Bessie's big heart was pounding like a burned-out connecting rod.

"Cripes!" she muttered. "Let's get—"

"Listen!" Doc warned.

THE distant throb of a motor came in waves on gusts of wind. Bessie and Doc hurried out of the shack, closed the door, replaced the broken lock, and hotfooted over some near-by humpbacked sand dunes.

From a vantage point in the waving salt-marsh grass they saw a dilapidated truck with balloon tires roll over the hard-packed sand along the beach and come to a stop beside Jake's shack. It was running without lights. A heavy tarpaulin had been tossed over the hood to muffle the engine. Three figures climbed out of the truck. One walked to the shore line. Doc and Bessie saw a tiny red light, apparently a flashlight covered with red cloth, blink seven times. Far beyond the breaker line, perhaps a mile at sea, came a reply signal—seven blinks from a yellow light.

"Let's go," said one of the men hoarsely. "Gimme a hand with this motor."

Bessie nudged Doc. "That was Jake," she whispered. "And he ain't runnin' rum now. It's vitameens."

The moon conveniently violated restrictions as the trio puttered out Barkentine Inlet in a small boat loaded to the gunwales with canned goods and water bottles.

Doc and Bessie were wheezing and perspiring when they reached the Lark.

"About time," greeted Trixie. "You're both getting too old for this sort of nonsense. Moonlight strolls on Elder's Isle!"

Trix paled a little, but her eyes glowed with excitement and anger as they described what they had seen.

"Lemme at that key," said Trix. "I'll notify Crosby."

"You dope," Doc warned. "If it's a sub, they'll pick up any message."

"You forget," said Trixie, "I think I know my code."

The staccato whine of short-wave wireless reverberated in the Lark's tiny cabin as Trixie slowly tapped out a coded message. Then she threw a key and listened intently.

"I've contacted them," she whispered excitedly.

She tapped out another series of dots and dashes. It seemed to take hours. Then she threw the key and listened to a jargon of sounds that meant nothing to Doc and Bessie. Trix marked them down on a pad.

"Oh for my code book!" she sighed. It took her at least five minutes to decipher the message.

She turned to Bessie suddenly. "He wants to know if you have flares and an auxiliary boat, Bess," she said.

"Ye-upp," replied Bessie, chewing hard. "The dinghy and a two-horse motor."

Trix tapped out a dash, a dot, two dashes, a dot, three dots. On simple questions and answers she was using Morse code. On questions and answers relating to their position and what they had seen, she was fumbling, but apparently successfully, with a code.

Laboriously Trix jotted down a jumble of dots and dashes which followed. Bessie held a flashlight as she worked over them, drops of perspiration dripping off her nose.

"Cape May base notified," Trix translated. "Two—b-o-m—oh, yes; two bombers taking off. Using in—inland route swerving seaward at Elder's Island."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bessie impatiently. "What can we do?"

Another exchange of dots and dashes. Trixie's hands were trembling now and her voice faltered.

"Crosby says for you to take the dinghy through Barkentine Inlet," she told Bessie. "Approach scene of signal light as close as possible, wait until you hear drone of bombers, and then light flares. He gives you fifteen minutes."

Bessie took a deep breath and hitched up her pants. At its best, Barkentine Inlet was treacherous in a big boat. Its channel was only fifteen feet wide and it rounded a sandbar. Nine out of ten small boats that tried to make it were swamped by huge combers.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bessie.

"Doc stays here to send up two flares from the Lark in case Jake and the men return," Trix added. "I guess that means I help you, Bessie."

Bessie cleared her throat gruffly. "D'ya think you'd better—" she began.

"Try and keep me away!" said Trix.

Doc blew his nose and pulled the brandy bottle from his pocket, looked at it, then changed his mind.

"When those flares go off," he ordered gruffly, "you two get the hell back to shore as fast as you can. Why can't I—"

"Shut up!" barked Bessie. "We all got our orders."

Bessie's two-horse motor spluttered indignantly as the tiny dinghy rolled into the rip at Barkentine Inlet. As they reached the breaker line Bessie saw a huge white-topped comber bearing down abaft the starboard bow. She veered the little craft to cut it at three quarters.

"Hold onto your children," she warned Trix.

The dinghy stood on its stern, danced like a sailfish, then plopped onto its bow with a vibrating slap. They shipped about a gallon of water. The process was repeated, only this time the boat spun like a top and nearly overturned. Then they were "outside" in comparatively smooth waters and Trix was bailing furiously with her beanie.

"WHEW!" Bessie exploded, wiping her face with a sleeve.

Both were silent as they puttered through the darkness. Finally Bessie said, "We've got outgoing tide. Think I'll cut the motor and we'll drift. Don't want 'em to hear us. Nothin' like playin' safe. I was never a woman to take chances."

"It's one fifteen." Trixie's voice was low and faltering. She looked tiny and helpless, crouched beside Bessie on the wet stern seat. "We've been almost fifteen minutes."

(*Continued on page 41*)

ON STRIKE
- C.I.O -
"ON STRIKE"
N.A.D.C.W.
Local 55
ON STRIKE
C.I.O. N.A.D.C.W.
Local 55
ON STRIKE

CHALLENGE TO LABOR!

BY DR. GEORGE GALLUP, *Director, American Institute of Public Opinion*

Are union leaders missing a great bet?—The conductor of the Gallup Poll gives you impartial, arresting facts

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ACCORDING to all the surveys of public opinion, the American people are heartily behind labor-unionism. They believe that every worker has a right to join a union for collective bargaining, and they have long accepted unions as a permanent, in fact a necessary, part of American life. But the public is not behind the way it thinks organized labor is conducting itself.

Through union neglect of the all-important matter of cultivating better public relations, the country finds itself agreeing with many of the charges and accusations of Westbrook Pegler. There is strong sentiment for legislation to require all unions to make public reports of the money they take in and spend; even a majority of union members, Institute polls show, favor such a requirement. To be sure, while desiring curbs for unions, the public is equally anxious to see that big business is not given a disproportionate advantage. More than seven in every ten want strict government regulation of business profits in wartime.

Many labor leaders have been too busy in the last ten years to think about public opinion. They have been battling to achieve economic and social goals on behalf of labor. Some of these goals were achieved by extremely hard-boiled tactics. Many labor leaders would argue that such tactics were necessary—that the only way labor could achieve its ends in the 1930s was to meet force with force. Only history can pass judgment on the merits of that argument. The point is that organized labor, as it marched from one victory to another, did not successfully "sell" its case to the people.

The result is that labor unions face a serious public-relations problem today. More than a score of national public opinion surveys by the American Institute of Public Opinion in recent years show that the public holds many unflattering judgments about the way labor unions have conducted themselves. These judgments have nothing to do with the *principles* of labor unions. They have to do with labor unions' *practices.*

Organized labor would be foolish to delude itself into thinking that, because Congress and the administration have not put through legislation to curb certain union practices, no need exists to cultivate better public understanding of the union viewpoint. In the long run it is the power of public opinion, rather than the power of Congress, which will determine the future of the labor movement.

That movement has come to the point where it can take one of two courses. The unions can either continue with militant tactics, largely ignoring public opinion and hacking their way through, or they can begin to assume a greater sense of social responsibility, taking the view that it is better to convince the public and carry the public along than to move ahead with bludgeoning tactics.

The facts themselves suggest that labor unions need to develop a sounder public-relations policy—one under which the union leaders will automatically take into account beforehand the probable reaction of public opinion to any major step they contemplate. James C. Petrillo had the economic protection of his union members in mind when he ordered them to stop making any more records. But such an order is hardly the kind of thing that helps organized labor win public good will and support.

The average American definitely feels that unions are necessary to protect the rights of the "little fellow" and prevent undue exploitation by business and industry. He believes that the working classes have made social gains that would not have been possible without unions, and that these gains were valuable to the whole country. But he has been feeling for the past few years that the unions are "going too far." Jurisdictional disputes and strikes in the war industries, even though greatly diminished since Pearl Harbor, have made him question the motives of union leaders, made him wonder whether some union leaders are using their power for selfish ends. He does not blame the rank and file. Strikes are often called by the leaders, in his opinion, without the consent of the members. This he condemns as "undemocratic."

Indeed, the factor of coercion is the thing which he most dislikes about the whole union movement. He believes that a man should join a union or not, as he chooses—should not be coerced, directly or indirectly, into joining. To prevent this, he favors some kind of government regulation. The typical attitude is: "Unions are necessary but must be limited, just as capital is necessary but must be regulated."

In recent years public opinion has gone through three distinct phases. First, not so long ago big business was in the same tight spot as labor unions are now. In the early days of the New Deal it was big business which faced a serious public-relations problem. Corporations were being put through the wringer of government regulation, while labor unions were being protected and their growth fostered by the Wagner Labor Act and other New Deal legislation. The public looked on and for the most part approved. It had been badly disillusioned by many of the big-business practices of the 1920s. This disillusionment gave rise to a hostility which found political expression in such New Deal reforms as the Securities and Exchange Act and the Banking Act. It was not just New Deal reformers who put through such curbs; it was the pressure of public opinion behind them.

Then came the sit-down strikes of 1937, and with them the public's attitude toward unions entered a new phase. The sit-down strikes were opposed by an overwhelming majority of voters in all parts of the country. The public was in favor of using force to eject sit-down strikers and in favor of calling out the militia to deal with them. Although the country had previously favored more government regulation of business, the situation soon changed to the point where, for every voter who wanted more regulation of business, two wanted more regulation of labor unions. Growing majorities favored compulsory mediation of labor disputes and thought unions should be required to incorporate. A majority of persons with opinions on the Wagner Labor Act began favoring its revision or repeal. A wave of sympathy for big business began to develop across the country. In fact, the sit-down strikes probably did more to improve the position of big business in the public's mind than anything which business itself did in the way of public relations.

The third and present phase began, roughly, with the outbreak of the war in 1939, when labor-union demands collided head on with the national defense production program. The series of strikes throughout 1940 and 1941 caused a mounting public anger, particularly against union leaders of the more militant type. It would be foolish to argue that labor alone was to blame for the strikes; industry must share some of the blame. From labor's point of view, many of the strikes undoubtedly seemed justified. But that is not the point. The point is that, regardless of the merits of the union case, the union leaders were not successful in carrying that case to the public. The inevitable result was that the public began to think that some of the big unions were putting their own interests ahead of national defense. A poll in the spring of 1941 found the majority of voters saying that union leaders were not helping the defense production program as much as they should. By contrast, the public thought business and industrial leaders were co-operating to a much greater extent. That is why, up to Pearl Harbor and after, more than three in every four voters were in favor of legislation to outlaw strikes in the defense industries.

WOULD AMERICAN WORKERS ACCEPT WAGE FREEZING?

The willingness of the American workingman to make sacrifices for war is indicated in a special nation-wide survey by the Gallup Poll.

While labor-union leaders oppose government wage fixing and the government hesitates to take such a step, the workingman is ready to accept wage freezing right now as a counterpart of the price-fixing program.

The Gallup Poll, after questioning a representative cross section of workers in business and industrial organizations of all sizes from coast to coast, found their sentiment dividing as follows on the wage-fixing issue:

FAVOR WAGE FIXING	69 per cent
OPPOSED	25
UNDECIDED	6

This attitude is no reflection on the patriotism or the willingness to work of the rank and file of union members or of labor generally. The war production output of the workers in scores of factories has been nothing short of phenomenal, and the public is quick to appreciate it.

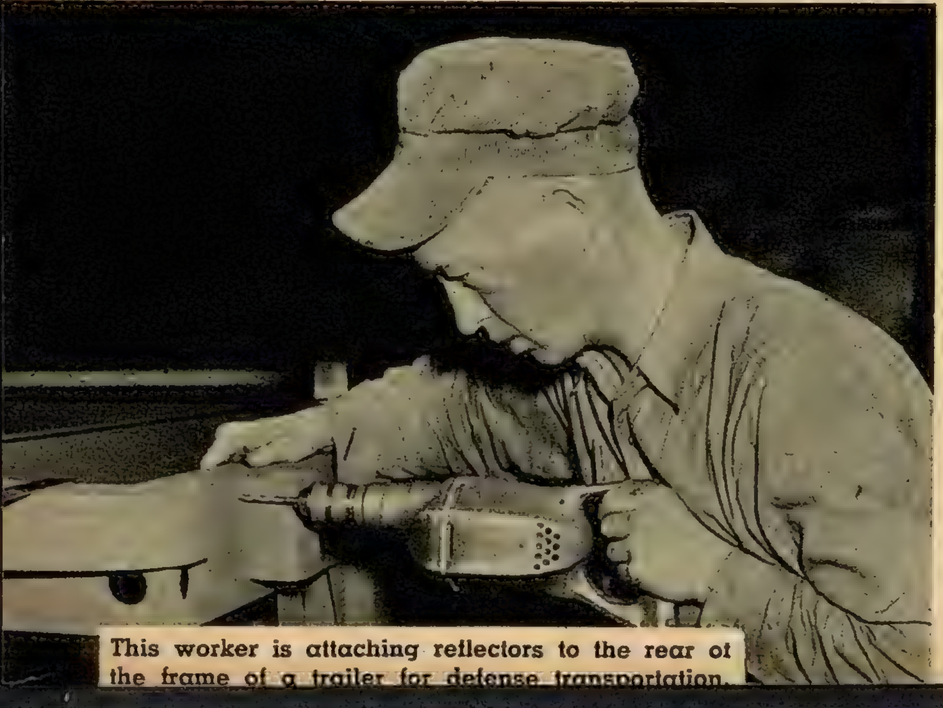
Nevertheless strikes, jurisdictional disputes, and other union squabbles have diminished to some extent the average man's basic belief in the principle of labor-unionism. Whereas from 1936 to 1940 between 74 and 76 per cent of all voters expressed themselves in favor of labor unions, by the fall of 1941 the proportion had dropped to 67 per cent. Even though so large a number continued to express sympathy with the union movement, the change since 1940 meant that more than three million voters had turned against labor unions.

Curiously enough, the greatest amount of hostility toward labor unions today comes not so much from business men as from farmers and white-collar workers. Polls show that nearly half of all farmers do not believe there should be any labor unions at all. The chances of any political alliance between the two seem slim so long as farmers hold this attitude.

Organized labor's need to win over public opinion may, as time goes on, become a pressing necessity for labor's own good. If nothing is done, there is certain to be an ever-rising public demand for anti-union legislation, just as there was strong demand for regulation of business in the 1930s. This pressure, if brought into focus under an administration not so friendly to labor as the present one, might result in the rescinding of many of the gains which organized labor has made. From the point of view of cold and practical logic, the public-relations policies of the unions during the next few crucial years may determine the fate of the labor movement for many decades to come.

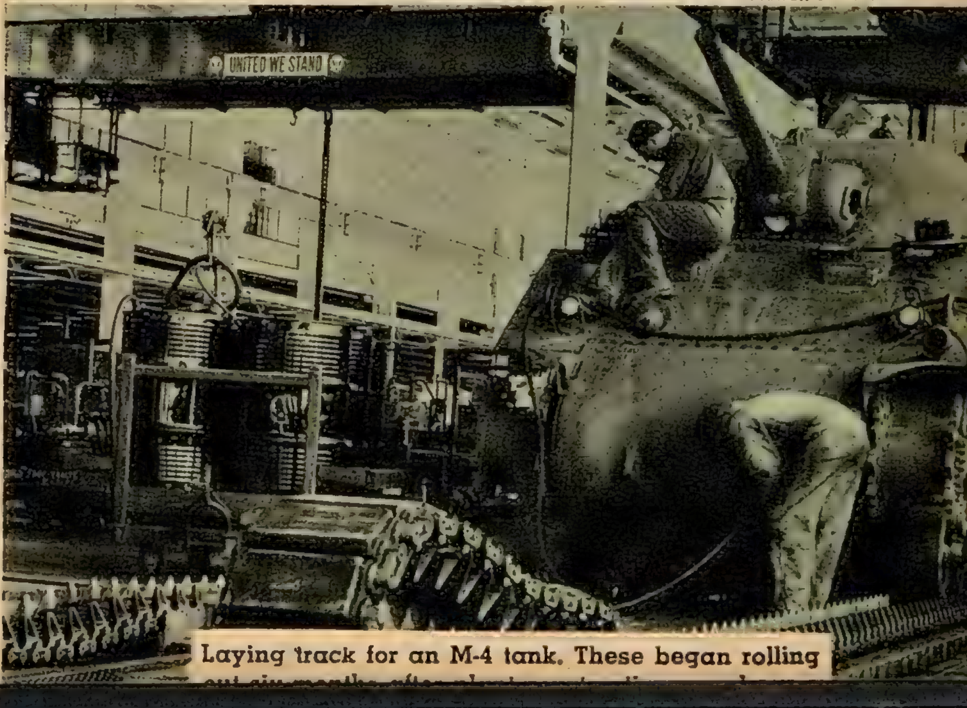
THE END

E. M. PHOTO



This worker is attaching reflectors to the rear of the frame of a trailer for defense transportation.

FISHER BODY PHOTO



Laying track for an M-4 tank. These began rolling

Frank Farrell is a typical American war worker, which makes him something special these days. He has a deep solid love for his country and it shows every day in what he does

BY JACK SHER

HERO ON THE HOME FRONT

He works ten hours a day, six days a week and when his day's "trick" is over, he doesn't look the same as when he came into the plant. His back and arms are tired, his face is covered with grease and sweat, and all he can think about right then is a couple of cold beers, a good meal, and sleep. Since the war began he has won two awards for making improvements on machines.

1. He is out of bed at six o'clock every morning. It is three and a half miles to the plant and he shares a car with three other workers.

2. Violet Farrell says good-by—hopes everything will be all right at the plant, realizes it's a munitions plant.

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THIS is the city of Bridgeport, in Connecticut, where war factories are everywhere and you know a war is going on.

As you walk through the factory you see posters and banners everywhere, with slogans like THE WAR CAN BE WON OR LOST IN THIS PLANT and WE'RE IN IT TO WIN IT. The slogans were created by the workers in the plant, the men and women who keep the machines going continuously, twenty-four hours, night and day. One of them is Frank Farrell.

He stands in the doorway of one of the shops wearing a blue denim shirt and black pants covered by an apron. The work of the factory is still in his eyes and he's a little bit embarrassed.

Frank eyes the photographer nervously. The men at the machines look up puzzled. Some of them catch on and smile. Later they will rib Frank while his picture is being taken and kid the life out of him when it appears in the magazine.

"I guess you want to talk to me," Frank says hesitantly. "They told me about it over at the office yesterday."

"Just want to ask some questions."

"O. K." Frank smiles shyly. "Only I think you better take some pictures of the wife and kid first. She's been trying to keep him clean since morning."

This is an ordeal. He would rather do a couple of extra days' work without pay than talk about himself. "But I agreed to do it," he grins. "I musta had a weak moment."

He's easy to talk to after you get him loosened up. He's good-natured, sincere, and very Irish. It takes quite some time to get to know him, but there's nothing complicated about him. His reactions are honest, his opinions intelligent and direct.

Knowing all you can about Frank Farrell is important. In the skill of his hands, the strength of his muscles, the ingenuity of his brain lies the future of our country, the difference between victory and defeat. "Labor" is not just a word, it's millions of men like Frank. Knowing Frank, you can feel their strength. You are glad we've got a country full of them.

Frank is thirty-two years old. He's been over the jumps. He's been through a couple of depressions. "There have been some tough times," he reflects. "There'll probably be more of the same, but we'll make it. We'll do all right." When he says, "we" he means you and everybody else. He's accustomed to thinking in those terms. Analyze that and you'll see why America is where it is and why it will keep on going.

When Frank was a kid, the Farrells lived up on the north side of Bridgeport. His father was a salesman and his mother worked in the Remington plant before they were married. "She also worked here as an inspector during the last war," Frank adds. "And one of my brothers and my sister are now working over at the Sikorsky airplane plant."

Frank didn't set any records at school. "I was no angel as a kid," he grins, "but I didn't get into any serious trouble. I guess I was about like any other kid in Bridgeport. I played baseball and football on the sand lots and I thought I had enough teaching when I graduated from grammar school."

The elder Farrell tried to teach his son the art of selling, but, as Frank puts it, "I was lousy; I couldn't *give* anything away." So he took to wheeling a truck, and then came a series of small jobs. Whenever he could work with his hands, Frank was happy. With money he had saved, he entered the State Industrial Training School and came out a full-fledged machinist. Today, at Remington, he is one of their most skilled workers.

As he stands with his hands on his hips, you see that his right forefinger is missing. "Fooling around with an ax when I was a kid," he explains. "But it's never bothered me." He's constantly trying to speed up his production, make the work in the plant easier and faster for the men who do it. He knows why. "We have to lick them now, and fast. We should open up a second front right away. I'm making more money now than I ever made, but I'd even be happy to be out of a job if this war were over. And what I'd like to see is a military victory, not any armistice or peace."

When he's through at five o'clock, he talks it over with the other boys of the plant. They don't indulge in high-flown phrases. They just don't like Hitler. "I really believe most of those Nazis are crazy," Frank says. "Did you ever see any pictures of them in the paper? They look hopped up." He grins. "I guess that comes from listening to Hitler."

Frank is aware of the condition of the workingman in Germany. He's a Catholic and he's also aware of the way Hitler has crushed freedom of religion. When he's talking about the Nazis his voice is quieter than usual, but his eyes are hard and despising. "I know what they stand for," he speaks slowly, "and I don't like them."

HE means it. That's why he works the way he does. That's why his absence record is unblemished. He never grumbles. In his hands is the job of assembling and keeping in constant repair the draw presses, those gigantic machines which, by stamping, lengthen a shell headed for the enemy. Frank's job is important. Operations continue around the clock; wear on the machines is terrific.

The second he steps through the door of the shop, he goes into action and his motions are unceasing. Lunch is only fifteen minutes. It's a substantial lunch put up by his wife, and he eats it right on the job. Until recently he worked seven days a week, and even now he works one Sunday a month. He'd be the last guy in the world to tell you that he's overworked.

In the factory he indicated the men at the machines, those who were ribbing him. "Quite a bunch," he said. "That fellow over there is an Italian, and the guy next to him is a Pole, and there's a Scotchman and a Czech, and Fatty there is a Yankee." He laughed "We got every nationality in the world in this shop and we all get along fine. Proves somethin' or other, don't it?"

On the way home, Frank talked

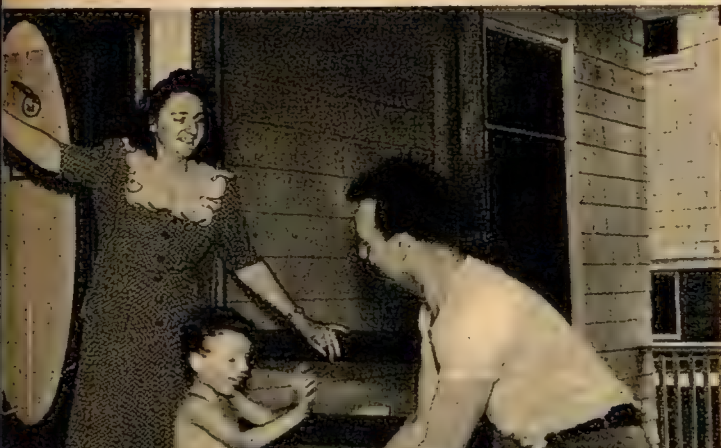
3. The Remington front gate guard is suspicious—a new frame of mind due to wartime in a factory like this.

"PLEDGE to VICTORY"
REMINGTON
IPANY, INC.
SPORTING FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION
TRAPS TARGETS, AND REM OIL
Remington

4. This plant made more cartridges in 1941 than the British Empire—an amazing record for a factory new to war munitions. In peacetime it makes sporting arms.

5. The men in the shop like Frank, but they razzed him gleefully with "Hey, Gable! Hold that pose!" when we took this picture.

6. Violet shops on Friday night at a supermarket. "Even on that night, it's jammed." She is glad there is a ceiling on food prices.



7. Mrs. Farrell and Jackie watch for Frank. She has live blue eyes, a shy smile, a nice figure which she usually dresses in slacks.

about Bridgeport. He likes the town and has never been far away from it. The population of Bridgeport has more than doubled since the Japs pulled their fast one at Pearl Harbor. At Remington alone, employment has increased 500 per cent. (Fantastic, but that is the percentage figure. Actual figures about the number of people working there are censored.)

Bridgeport is not the most beautiful town in the United States, particularly the factory district. Squat huge war plants puff smoke and a gray dirtiness cuts out the sky. There is a continuous rumbling of trucks as they pound through the streets, augmented by the clanking, hollow bump of heavy swaying streetcars. Housing projects are springing up, blocks of dull red, compact, utilitarian-looking buildings. Fading brown and white houses are built close to the sidewalks and the kids play in the streets. Shifts surge back and forth to the factory. It is a place where work is king. It is not pretty. But there is an aliveness, a sort of terrible energy imparted to it by the people who live and work here.

Frank's home is a small bungalow away from the factory district. In the yard two little towheaded kids are playing. One of them comes running.

"This is Jackie," Frank says, scooping him up into his arms. "His whole name is John Francis Farrell. He's four and a half."

FRANK'S wife, Violet Farrell, is young, medium height, with a nice figure. She and Frank have a humor all their own, and their quick glances tell you how they feel about each other.

The house, which they rent, won't be theirs for very long. The landlord has sold it. The big problem for the Farrells right now is finding a place to live.

"The landlords know there is going to be a ceiling on rent," Mrs. Farrell explains, "so they are selling their places. What's worse," she frowns, "most people refuse to rent when they find out you have children."

"Even though you only have one child?"

"Yes. Just the other day I found a swell place. Then the renting agent asked me if I had any children. I told him I had just one, a little boy, and," she laughed, "I told him he was very quiet, a regular angel. I was wasting my time."

The Doughertys are the Farrells' neighbors and best friends. They are from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Hugh, or "Doc," as he is known at Remington, works on the night shift in the rim fire division, putting charges in cartridges. He gets one day a week off, and on that night the two couples go out together.

"Fran says he's not a good dancer," says Violet. "You'd think he would be able to dance better than he does," she says. "He went to dancing school when he was a boy."

"I don't talk about that," Frank grins.

"Well, he did," his wife continues, "and he knows how to ask a girl to dance. He even bows."

8. "The only thing I haven't paid cash is my stove, but it's a wonderful stove I'll have it paid for soon," says Mrs. Far

Frank blushes. "Doc has the right technique," he says. "He just walks right up and asks the girl, 'Can I borrow the frame?' They like it."

Before she came to Bridgeport, Violet Farrell had never been to a dance. She was born in Ansonia, a small town twelve miles away. There were four brothers and one sister in the family and her father was quite strict. "He objected to us going out at night," she smiles. "But once in a while I would walk home from church affairs with boys.

"I'd always wanted to be a kindergarten teacher. But one day dad was in an automobile accident. I was there, and I watched him suffer, and I felt so helpless that I decided then and there to become a nurse."

Just before Violet graduated as a registered nurse she met Frank. Four other nurses at the hospital were rooming with Frank's mother, and she came to visit them. Frank had a job

10. It's plain that she and her husb are very much in love. You sense these two have weathered hardships toge

"I spend about twelve dollars a week for food. Now I try to have a different kind of eat every night, but always plenty of potatoes."

then in a Bridgeport electrical plant.

"It was a case of love at first sight," she says, enjoying Frank's discomfort. "When I met him, he was standing in the kitchen in an old bathrobe, trying to fry eggs. He looked pretty ridiculous and helpless," she smiles, "so, I came to live there."

"I had a girl then," Frank states defensively. "She lived next door; but that was too far to go, so I decided Vi was for me."

Mrs. Farrell's version is that Frank was going with the girl next door, but he was also taking out two of the nurses rooming with his mother. One night, when Violet went out on a date, Frank got really jealous and decided to ask Vi to marry him right away.

"You certainly picked a romantic spot," she says, turning to her husband, who is pretending to be playing with Jackie. "I had just taken a bath and was on my way back to my room when he popped out of his room, grabbed me by the arm, and blurted it out! I was so surprised I said yes."

The house is neat, clean, and simply furnished. The Farrells have a small ng room, dining room, bedroom, and kitchen.

She laughs. "Now, when we go to the movies and see a man propose, we burst out laughing. They always propose in such romantic places."

The Farrells will never forget their first year of married life. In January they had just enough money to go to housekeeping for themselves. In February one of Frank's brothers died. In March Frank lost his job. It was almost a city-wide layoff. No men needed. In April, with her husband still out of a job, Violet Farrell was lying in a hospital waiting for the birth of her child. In May, just one month after Jackie was born, Violet's mother died.

The Farrells took it. Their kind always can. Men like Frank Farrell don't jump out of buildings or go to pieces when a crisis occurs. They tighten the belt and pound the pavements looking for work. That's what Frank did. It took him five months—five of the toughest, scrimping months any young couple could endure, but they endured.

"We never lost hope," Violet Farrell says quietly. "It was bad, but it couldn't get much worse, so we hung on, and we knew we'd eventually come through it all right."

"Yeah," Frank says, smiling. "We did, didn't we?"

DURING the first two of those five months Frank got fifteen dollars a week unemployment insurance. Their rent was thirty-seven dollars a month. That left them about five dollars a week to buy food and clothing and care for their baby. Debts began to pile up. Now, four years later, they are just paying up the last of those debts. "We should be able to get along fine from now on," she continues. "Fran has been working at Remington four years, since July, 1938. He likes it and they like him."

Mrs. Farrell would like to be working herself. She plans to go back to nursing just as soon as Jackie is old enough to go to school. She has volunteered for work on the Gas Rationing Board and expects them to call her soon. Frank is one of the air-raid wardens in his block. He's responsible for five families on the street.

Frank's vacation was the first two weeks in August. Usually they go upstate to some place where he can hunt. But this year, with gas rationing, they didn't feel it was right to go. They spent most of their time looking for a place to live and dancing and taking Jackie to the open-air movie theater at the edge of town.

When Frank is home, Mrs. Farrell makes sure that he gets a complete rest. "Like most men," she smiles, "he leaves things around. But he works hard at the plant and I kind of like picking up after him."

Mrs. Farrell shops at a supermarket and even buys her war stamps there. Frank buys bonds at the plant.

"You sometimes hear people say bad things at the market," she says. "Some women talk as though Roosevelt started this war. I always try to put them straight."

Pledge to Victory

12. John Francis Farrell solemnly takes his dad's Victory pin and pins it on himself. John does this every night—a nightly ritual.

13. The Farrells met the Doughertys through their young sons. The whole families are best friends now—fathers, mothers, and sons.

14. Once a week the two couples go out together—go where food is good and where there is a small orchestra or a large juke box.

15. "I dance to keep peace in the family," Frank tells you with a grin. "I think Vi would rather dance with 'Doc' Dougherty."

16. Jackie Farrell (holding the boat) and Jackie Dougherty are inseparable. Their families may take one big house for all six.

Like her husband, Mrs. Farrell has faith in the President and thinks he is doing a fine job. She feels there will probably be even more sacrifices for her to make after the war, but it is worth it to do away with what the Nazis and Japs have stirred up. "Their idea of living," she states firmly, "and our idea of living are sure different. We'll beat them, too."

Frank generally has a couple of good stories to tell after the evening meal. The Farrells don't stint on food now. "There are always plenty of potatoes, too. In that way," she smiles, "we're very Irish. Fran is easy to feed. No matter what I put on the table, he is satisfied and knows I do my best. Even when things were bad and I had to make a pot roast last all week, he never complained."

Violet Farrell is up every morning when Frank goes to work. She prepares his breakfast and puts up his lunch. She doesn't worry, but she knows her husband is working in a munitions plant—and she remembers last March.

She remembers that day last March vividly. She and the wife of another worker were at the market buying groceries. As they stood talking, they heard a terrific explosion. Even three miles away they could feel it. The woman with Mrs. Farrell turned white. They both rushed out into the street. A small boy ran out of a house. "Remington just blew up!" he shouted.

"I don't know how I felt," Mrs. Farrell says. "It didn't seem as if I had a stomach. We got in a car and rode over to the plant. There was so much smoke and fire that you couldn't see anything. Reports kept circulating through the crowd that had gathered. Each report was worse. Then, through the smoke, I thought I could see the part of the factory that had blown up. It was that section next to where my brother worked."

She pauses. There is a tenseness in her, even now, as she tells it. "I knew Fran sometimes went to all parts of the plant to repair and assemble machines. There was no way to get into the plant. There was nothing to do but stand and wait. Then I realized that a crowd gathering around the plant might be in the way, so I went home."

Mrs. Farrell got home at two o'clock. She picked up the phone, but the wires were busy. "Then I realized I shouldn't be calling the plant," she says, "because they would need all the lines they could get to take care of the emergency. I knew Fran would call me as soon as he could."

She sat by the phone for two and a half hours. They were the longest hours she'd ever spent. At four thirty that afternoon Frank was able to get a wire, call her, and tell her that he and her brother were all right. She went back to the market, bought the rest of her food, and returned home to give Jackie a bath and cook dinner. She smiles. "Then I remembered a wedding I was supposed to attend at four o'clock that afternoon!"

No, she doesn't worry very much about her husband's work. There's no heroism in her mind about it. She knows, much more than he does, how important men like Frank Farrell are to their country. When he goes out into the yard with Jackie, she says, "The only thing that bothers me is that Fran thinks he ought to be fighting. He'd like to join the army and go across." She pauses thoughtfully. "I think he's doing just as much right here."

Standing there, still in his work clothes, he takes on heroic proportions because he represents America doing the job quietly for freedom and firm in the faith. Ten hours a day, six days a week. Look at him carefully and you'll see his counterpart in all the places where men work—in steel in Pittsburgh, in the plane factories of California, in foundries, in shipyards, and in the mines.

THE END

17. On Sundays Frank does as all other Americans do today—tinkers with his car. A car is a war vehicle for war workers.

18. It takes something special to be an American—takes what the Farrells have as they go from their homes to their jobs every day. Men like Frank Farrell represent America firm in the faith and doing the job quietly for freedom—ten hours a day, six days a week.

A RUSSIAN WORKER SPEAKS

BY NIKOLAI SHEVYAKOV

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SIXTY years ago Americans set aside the first Monday in September as a holiday in honor of labor. This year Americans will celebrate Labor Day in the fields and in the factories. This year it is a symbol of free men working to preserve their freedom. In all the United Nations men are toiling and sweating for victory. The Russian workman is also forgoing holidays, and here in this first-person story, obtained through Russian War Relief, Inc., Nikolai Shevyakov, a mechanic in a munitions plant, tells how he and other Russians are working to win the war.

By cable from Moscow.

ONCE, many years ago, I worked in Tula in a samovar factory. I was young then. Today I am fifty-one. During this span of years I have seen machines come to our land, seen factories of steel sprout from the earth. But it wasn't only our plants and our tools that changed—we workers also changed. We ceased to be serfs or drudges. We found ourselves men with a future, with a nation to build. We built that nation. I saw it grope and grow with my own eyes. And now in my later years I have my share in a grimmer job.

I work in one of our plants manufacturing bombs, shells, grenades. I pride myself on doing flawless work. What worker doesn't, if he likes his job at all? And any workman, wherever he is, will know what heartaches we suffered last October when our plant was threatened by enemy bombers and the plant officials decided to evacuate to a region in the east. The entire plant—men and machines—started on the trek eastward. The workers traveled with their families. The children cried, but the old women, who were leaving most behind, sat like wax figures. It would have been less pathetic had they wept.

We could not weep, either, as we saw our intricate lathes torn from their concrete beds and loaded on the flatcars. We even removed the old oaks that formed a dense grove around our factory. Uprooting those trees was more painful to the men than leaving their own homes.

Most of them departed with the machinery, but some of us remained with the few machines left behind. There was no time to brood; there was still work to be done, and we put these few machines to work.

Somewhere, far away, on snow-covered steppes, the other men unloaded the mill machinery and put it together again. Accustomed to a warmer clime, they worked outdoors in a biting frost without sleep, without shelter. Not until they had the factory transplanted and producing did they settle down themselves.

Meanwhile, within the old walls we few old men who remained worked and worked until again munitions poured from the remaining machines.

Last October we saw a picture of our evacuated plant — reborn, fully equipped, producing to capacity. It was at a time when we were spending twenty-four-hour days on the old plant site. No one went home to sleep, not one took a day off. Knowing how our own people were carrying on in another region gave us renewed courage and fresh faith in victory.

If I can't fight for my country, I must furnish arms for other men. The worker who today wastes one moment betrays his own people. So I work without respite, producing 220 per cent more than I did before the war.

The old plant—what remains of it—has many young workers now. Whenever I can, I help one of them to learn, teach him how the machines work best, at what speed to run them, how to set the cutters, how to grind them. We are attaching young beginners as apprentices to experienced men who assume responsibility for training them.

In these days we think a good deal about America. I have never worked with Americans, but I know when people work *Po Amerikansky*, it means they work very well. I feel close to the American worker, for it seems to me that precision, accuracy, and ability, the things I admire most, are what he has. His aim is the same as mine—to be efficient by utilizing all the material available and wasting no time and no effort. I've been trying to achieve such efficiency all my adult life, and I think I have succeeded. I can feel that I earn the 800 or 1,000 rubles I am paid monthly. Lately I have received more for extra output.

At the samovar factory where I worked before the Revolution, I was paid five or six rubles weekly. I remind myself of this whenever I see my three sons. Their childhood was nothing like mine. They have each had a fine education. My oldest boy, who is married and has two children, is a captain in the air force. He's an instructor, teaching in an air marine college. My second son is a military technician. My youngest boy is a lieutenant in the Red Army. In his last letter he told me how his detachment had captured a German gun and opened fire on the Germans with it.

I also have a daughter, but she is only four years old. I sent her with my wife to a collective farm near the Volga. Ours is a loving family and we have always liked being together. Often we went to the theater or the movies, but that was before the war. Today all that seems long ago.

All of us expect much from America, and we know we will get it. All of us are giving our entire strength to achieve victory over the common enemy. We must smite him without losing time. This is the task we workers face, here in Russia, in America, in England—everywhere there are free men who cherish freedom.

THE END

SOVFOTO

A typical Soviet skilled worker—one like Nikolai Shevyakov—on the job.

JUNGLE GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT FAWCETT

Death and danger and love set the pace in a stirring tale of strange hazards . . A novel of adventure in the Amazon rubber forests

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

WHEN Vicky Latham arrived on a freighter at the port of Manaos in Brazil, on her way to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Sue and Hugo Ackerson, at the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation, John Bartell, Hugo's assistant, met her. Also on the freighter was Alfredo Colon, a Brazilian rubber expert who was to work for Hugo.

They stayed a day in Manaos before starting on the four-day boat trip up the Amazon to the plantation, and John showed Vicky the city. He would have enjoyed it more if his thoughts had not been with Sue, whom he loved and who loved him. Sue wanted him to take her back to New York, and John, because of his feeling of loyalty to Hugo and his conviction that his work in Brazil was important to the United States in view of the need for rubber, had decided he must tell her that their affair must end.

On the way up the Amazon the boatman suddenly saw black birds hovering over an island. "Vultures," said John, and realizing there must be some one dying, he ordered the boatman to steer over there.

AS the launch made its way closer to the island, John Bartell climbed up on the gunwale. He stood ready to jump. His tall figure was tense, flexed at the knees. He watched the birds.

"They are not vultures," said Alfredo Colon. "They are buzzards."

John said, "They still mean death."

River grass swished against the boat's sides. Miguel Azora had to choose his course cautiously to avoid fouling the propeller. He passed a cove full of *Victoria regia*—enormous water lilies which would ordinarily have made Vicky Latham gasp. Now she didn't notice them.

As she stared at the black birds and the palm fronds under them, her face was pale.

The boat turned with a curve in the island's shore line. And then John saw something that checked his breath; something that made Miguel half rise to utter a stunned, *"Deus!"*

A strip of pebbly beach sloped up from the water for some twenty feet. On it lay three ragged brown-skinned men.

Two of them sprawled motionless, face down, with blood on their shirts, and clouds of insects swarmed over the stains. The third lay on his side, propped up on an elbow. His right arm hung useless. His head swayed weakly as he watched the launch approach. He hadn't the strength to call out.

Vicky whispered something, but John didn't hear it. He leaped across two yards of water to land on the beach. Then he ran up the slope.

The wounded man looked at him with the eyes of a dying dog. He stirred swollen lips. Where a bullet had shattered his right shoulder a thousand flies feasted and he couldn't wave them away.

John dropped to his knees, put an arm around the man. He scattered the insects with angry jerks of his hand, but they kept swarming back, drunk with the taste of blood.

"What happened here?" he demanded.

The *caboclo* tried to speak. His whispers were so feeble that John had to lower an ear to the puffed lips. What he heard didn't surprise him; it brought savagery into the lines of his face.

"You're sure they were white men?" he asked.

"Sim," the weak lips murmured.

Miguel, having beached the launch, came clattering over the pebbles behind Vicky and Alfredo Colon. He carried the boat's first-aid kit and a jug of water. He was visibly shocked by all this, yet it did not stop him from glaring upward and spitting with vicious disgust at the birds above.

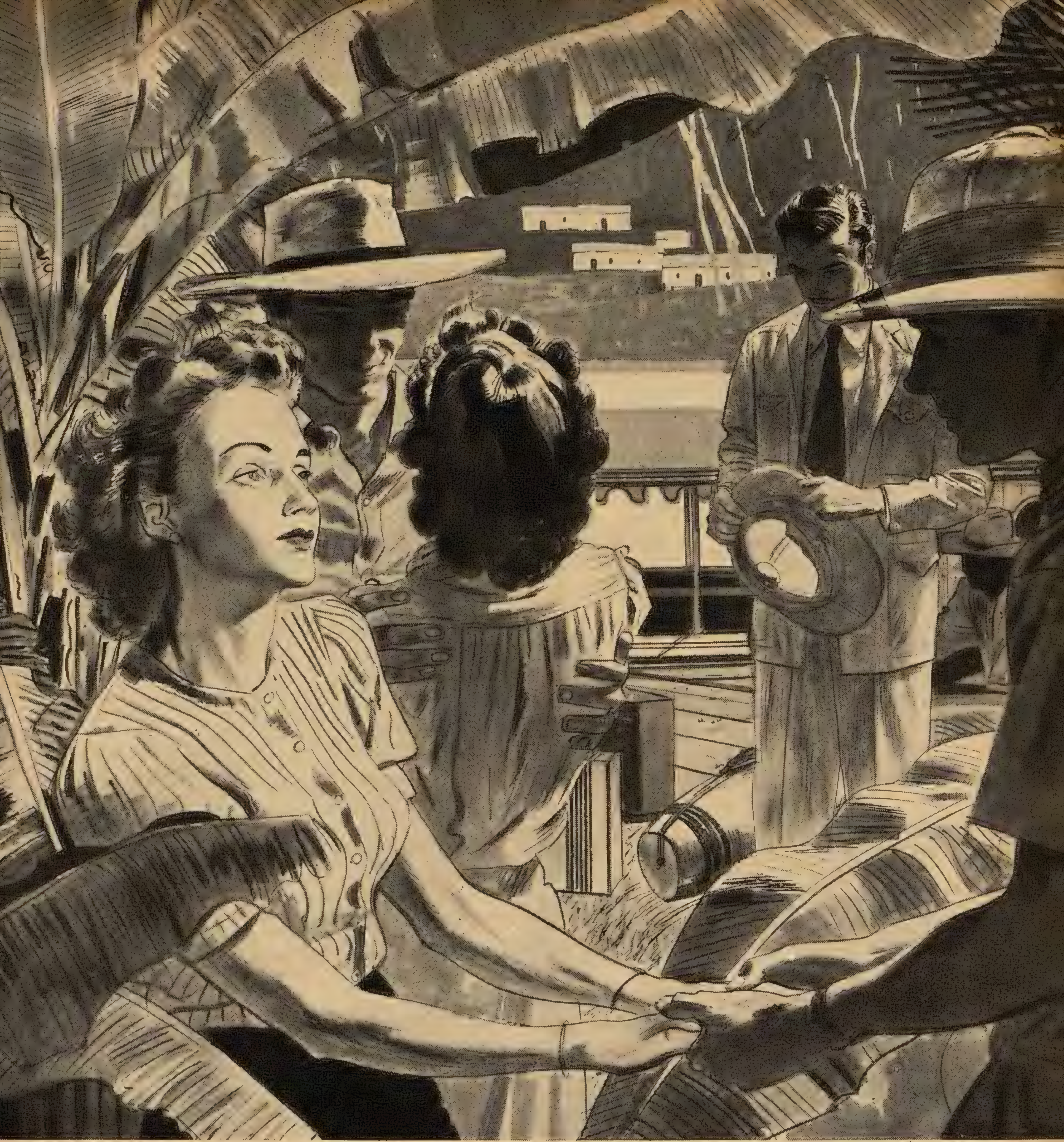
"One of you," John said, "keep the flies off him while I have a look at the wound." He turned to take the first-aid kit from Miguel. When he faced the *caboclo* again, he saw that Vicky was on her knees, using her helmet to wave the insects away. She seemed so sick and shaken that he was about to tell her to go back to the launch.

"I'm all right," she said, seeing the indecision in his eyes. "Go ahead. I can—stand it."

"You'd better let Colon or Miguel—"

"No. Go ahead."

So he opened the box and began to work on the *caboclo's* wound. While Vicky waved at the flies with her hel-



John was looking at Sue. She smiled at him and said, "John," in a low, intimate tone. Her eyes shone. Her whole face had a glow. "Hello, Sue—" Despite all determination, he wanted to take her into his arms and kiss her and bury his face in her golden hair.

met, Miguel poured whatever water was necessary from the jug.

Alfredo Colon used the time to examine the other men. He bent over each of them, then shook his head.

"Dead," he said in a flat voice. "Both dead. . . . How does he say it happened?"

"They were shot in their sleep." There was a rasp in John's words. "By white men."

"Não!"

"Paddling a *batelão* full of rubber to Manaos. Last night they camped here. During the night four white men came ashore in dugouts. With rifles. They fired without saying a word. Then they took the *batelão* out there—" he jerked his head toward the glittering yellow Amazon. "Sank it."

Vicky asked in tones that were appalled, "Why? Why was it done?"

"It's the war."

"Here?"

"Amazon rubber goes to the States. If the Nazis can destroy it they score a victory—like sinking a freighter bound for New York. It isn't the first time it's happened. They're trying to scare rubber boatmen off the river."

He stopped talking to concentrate on the wound. Overhead a few birds still flew in circles, their shadows forming a silent carrousel on the beach. Sometimes Vicky glanced at them and shuddered. But she said nothing. She waited until the wound was dressed and the arm hung in a sling. Then she drew back, brushed damp hair from her forehead.

But before she could speak the *caboclo* made anguished sounds. John bent to listen to him.

"He's asking us to take him to his home," he said. "The rubber camp is forty miles up the river. He's got a family there." He told the wounded man in Portuguese, "We'll go to the camp."

Colon motioned to the bodies. "What about these?"

"We'll have to take them along. Can't leave them to the buzzards."

"Dead men, senhor?" The Brazilian frowned. "To travel for hours in this heat with two dead bodies—"

"We're taking them," John said with finality. "We'll cover them on the foredeck. . . . Give a hand, Miguel. We'll take this one first."

A few minutes later, when they continued up the Amazon, the buzzards flew above like an aerial convoy.

VICKY sat on the afterdeck beside the wounded man. He lay in the shade of the awning. From time to time, when he mumbled, she poured a trickle of water between his lips. The launch sailed calmly, for Miguel still followed the placid creeklike channels between the jungle on the mainland and the islands.

Alfredo Colon glared up at the buzzards. They seemed to torture his nerves, and he cursed them. He didn't like, he said, to travel under omens of death.

After half an hour of it, when John went forward to Miguel—stepping over the bodies on the foredeck to reach the boatman—Colon turned into the cabin. He emerged with a rifle.

Vicky asked in astonishment, "What are you going to do?"

"Watch, senhorita."

He stepped out from under the awning to stand on the gunwale. Leaning back against the cabin, he aimed at the buzzards. The crack of his shot fell upon the wilderness with a peculiar flatness. His lips twisted with satisfaction as a great black body came flopping down to splash into the water.

"So," he said. "I will get rid of them all."

John Bartell looked back in amazement. Reloading, Colon gave him a reassuring nod.

"It will not take long," he promised.

"But, senhor," stammered Miguel Azora, "it—it is said to be unlucky to shoot them!"

Colon merely smiled. He aimed and fired again. A second bird beat frantic wings. It swerved toward the jungle. Then it dropped lifeless among the trees. The rest of the black birds promptly turned and raced back. They plunged in among the branches where the dead one had vanished. An immediate feast was better than trailing the launch.

"That is better," Colon said. "At least we do not have to travel with *such* company."

He looked quite handsome, standing on the gunwale with the rifle in his hands. A well proportioned man, with vigor in his dark face. When he went to put the rifle away, John Bartell eyed him with new interest.

"He shoots well," he muttered to Miguel Azora. "Did you see how he handled that rifle? He's used to rifles. . . ."

They spent as little time as possible at the rubber camp. It wasn't easy to watch the grief they brought to the place. They waited only until after the rains, then pushed on.

John knew the trip had been ruined. Vicky's spirits were subdued; her face was drawn and pale.

Though green parakeets and parrots shrieked at her from the jungle, she scarcely glanced at them. An exquisite butterfly, crimson and blue, alighted on a chair to preen itself within reach of her fingers, and she saw it only abstractedly. Her preoccupied gaze returned always to the interminable liana-tangled green of the shore. John smoked his pipe and watched her, wishing, without much hope, that he could restore some of her animation.

20 QUESTIONS

1. Those little cars which our soldiers bounce around in are called "jeeps." Is this the army's official name for these cars?
2. What mountain range separates Europe from Asia?
3. Barbara Hutton is now Mrs. Cary Grant. Can you name one of her two former husbands?
4. Which of these men wrote the most symphonies, Bach, Haydn, Brahms, Beethoven?
5. Texas is the largest state in the Union in area. What is the second largest state?
6. With elections coming up, senators are very much in the news. Can you name the states in which the following senators were elected: Robert Wagner, Carter Glass, George Norris, Robert Rice Reynolds, Claude Pepper?
7. Think before you answer this one. From where are these lines taken:
"Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!"?
8. Emily Brontë wrote Wuthering Heights. She had two sisters, both of whom were writers. Can you name one of them?
9. Which of these three stadiums is the largest: Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Yankee Stadium in New York, Soldier Field in Chicago?
10. Is Turkey a monarchy or a republic?
11. There are nine major planets in the solar system. Can you name five?
12. What is the difference between a blue law and a blue-sky law?
13. Are the columns of the Parthenon curved or straight?
14. In what tragedy written by Shakespeare is Desdemona the heroine and Iago the villain?
15. Negroes will undoubtedly be playing in big-league baseball next year, because the top commissioner of the major leagues recently said there is no rule, formal or informal, which bars them. What is the name of the baseball commissioner who made this statement?
16. Who is the leader of the All-India Congress Party?
17. Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony was recently given its Western Hemisphere première. Before that, it had been performed in what two countries?
18. The present capital of China is Chungking. What was the former capital?
19. What Nazi Gestapo agent who was recently assassinated was known as the "hangman of Europe"?
20. In most of the countries of the world the Church has been separated from the State for a long time. In which country did this separation take place within the last month?

(*Answers will be found on page 26*)

He didn't speak until Alfredo Colon went forward to sit with Miguel. Then he said, "Don't let it get under your skin, Vicky. Brooding, down here, isn't good."

She looked at him through her sun glasses. "I'm not brooding exactly. . . . Are you sure those men were killed by Germans?"

"Not necessarily Germans. But Nazis, yes. A Brazilian, too, can be a Nazi. There are quite a few of them."

"Have they touched—the plantation?"

"Not yet, no."

"I was wondering. Sue never mentioned *that* kind of trouble in her letters." She hesitated, then shocked him with a direct question: "She's miserable up there, isn't she?"

"Why—I wouldn't say—"

"I know." She nodded with conviction. "She's lonely and wretched and dying to get out. She isn't built for this sort of life. And yet I've always hoped she'd stick it out. For Hugo's sake. . . . I—I'm terribly fond of Hugo."

"I guess most of us are," John said quietly.

"I suppose you know he brought me down here?"

John nodded. Sue had told him about that. In New York there had been a lurid murder trial, the president of an oil corporation being charged with the killing of an actress. Vicky, who had been the man's secretary, had been involved as a principal witness; and day after day certain newspapers had splashed her pictures through their pages. The notoriety had been more than she could endure. To seek another job had been an ordeal. That was when Hugo Ackerson, understanding what must be happening to Vicky, had cabled her money and a plea to escape from New York for a visit to the *fazenda*. . . .

"MEN like Hugo," Vicky murmured, "don't come along very often." For the first time in hours a wan and thoughtful smile touched her lips. "There's a rare homespun goodness about him—"

John's mind snapped back to something Sue had told him one day as he paddled her along the shore in a dugout. "Yes, Hugo's good." She had said it with bitterness. "He's so constantly, unchangingly good it drives me mad!"

Vicky asked, "Do you think he'll be taking Sue back to the States soon?"

"I doubt it." John frowned at his pipe. "Hugo feels as I do—that we've got the most important job of our lives to do down here. We couldn't quit now. Not while America is *begging* for rubber. For Hugo, getting rubber is a sacred duty. And he's mighty strong when it comes to doing the things in which he believes."

A call from Miguel interrupted him. John looked around, then rose and pushed his pipe into his pocket. "We're pulling into a little *fazenda,*" he said. "Not much of a place. Just half a dozen huts. I've arranged to spend the night here."

That was the first of three nights during which Vicky Latham tried to sleep on Amazon plantations, her hammock shrouded by heavy mosquito netting. John guessed they were bad nights. Yet she accepted them without complaint.

Nor were the days any better, with their fierce devitalizing heat. It was the kind of heat that had weight of its own. It became worse when Miguel had to take the launch out of the channels when they became too thickly clogged with river grass, and sail out on the blazing Amazon itself.

Here salmon-colored porpoises sometimes followed them, leaping high out of the water. They did much to restore Vicky's interest in the journey. And several times, when they neared shore, she saw huge dozing alligators.

But the sense of gay adventure was gone from Vicky. And John was relieved when the fourth day came.

YET he himself became nervous. As he watched mile after mile of green jungle slide past, he kept thinking that within a few hours he'd see Sue; and the thought pounded in his heart. It lifted the accumulated tension of days toward a climax. Yet he knew exactly what he must say to her; he was resolute about the break. . . .

In mid-afternoon the launch chugged around the final bend in the river. John pushed his long figure out of the chair and pointed to a clearing a mile away.

"That's it," he said.

Vicky leaped up, and Colon roused himself from sleep to exclaim, "The *fazenda?*" They leaned on the gunwale, watching the clearing grow, watching huts and cottages and smokehouses come into sight among the palm trees.

"We will be in before the rains," Miguel announced, "if God is willing!"

John lifted a quick glance to the skies. They were thickening with a white haze. When the rains came, they'd fall without warning; but there still seemed to be several minutes of grace. That was all the launch needed.

At the plantation a few figures hurried out on a floating dock. They waved. There was a slender woman in white, her golden hair shining—

"That's Sue!" Vicky's voice was eager. "And there's Hugo!"

John saw Hugo Ackerson walk down from one of the cottages—a powerful man, gaunt, his steps long and rolling like a sailor's. Sue used to say he looked like a gnarled backwoodsman—"Lincoln without a beard." He, too, kept glancing at skies that were turning gray, as if to calculate how long the rains would hold off.

John's eyes went back to Sue. His nerves felt tighter than ever. Against a background of *cabaclos,* their women and their children, her white-clad figure stood out as though illuminated in some special way.

It took Miguel another ten minutes to bring the launch alongside the dock. *Caboclos* caught the gunwale with hooks, and Vicky was the first to leap to the float—a boyish grace in her slacks-covered legs.

"Sue!" she said. "Sue darling!" She rushed into her sister's arms.

John, too, jumped to the dock. He called, "Hello, Hugo!" and grasped the superintendent's hand. Hugo was smiling, but a smile couldn't hide the deep lines of his weariness in his face. It was a craggy face; it bore the history of long years of labor in devastating heat. You could almost see the bones jutting through the skin. Yet when you looked into his eyes, set deep under the shadows of graying brows, you saw wisdom in them, and patience, and assurance.

"How are you, John?" he said. "It's good to have you back. Never knew how much I needed you around here till you went away. . . . This is Senhor Colon, of course."

Alfredo Colon produced his most brilliant smile. He shook hands with Hugo, but he had little opportunity to speak. For Vicky, having released her sister, now claimed her brother-in-law with an enthusiastic hug. He caught her with a deep-chested chuckle of contentment, as though she were a child.

What they said to each other John didn't hear. He was looking at Sue as she gave him her hand. She smiled at him and said, "John," in a low, intimate tone. Her eyes shone. Her whole face had a glow.

"Hello, Sue—" Despite all determination, he wanted to take her into his arms and kiss her and bury his face in her pale golden hair. She seemed more beautiful than ever. Standing like this, holding her hand while a circle of *caboclos* grinned at them, was a torment of self-denial.

He had to present Alfredo Colon; and the Brazilian smiled again in that dazzling way of his, and bowed over her hand.

Miguel's shrill voice cut through all the greetings. "The rains!" he shouted. *"The rains!"*

They fell on river and jungle with a mighty thrashing roar. There were no preliminary drops to give warning. The downpour came like a solid mass of water, drenching everything in its first contact. It blotted out river and trees. It thundered on the floating dock as on a bass drum.

The *caboclos,* shouting, raced for their huts. Hugo Ackerson still had an arm around Vicky, and he ran with her toward his cottage, with Alfredo Colon behind them.

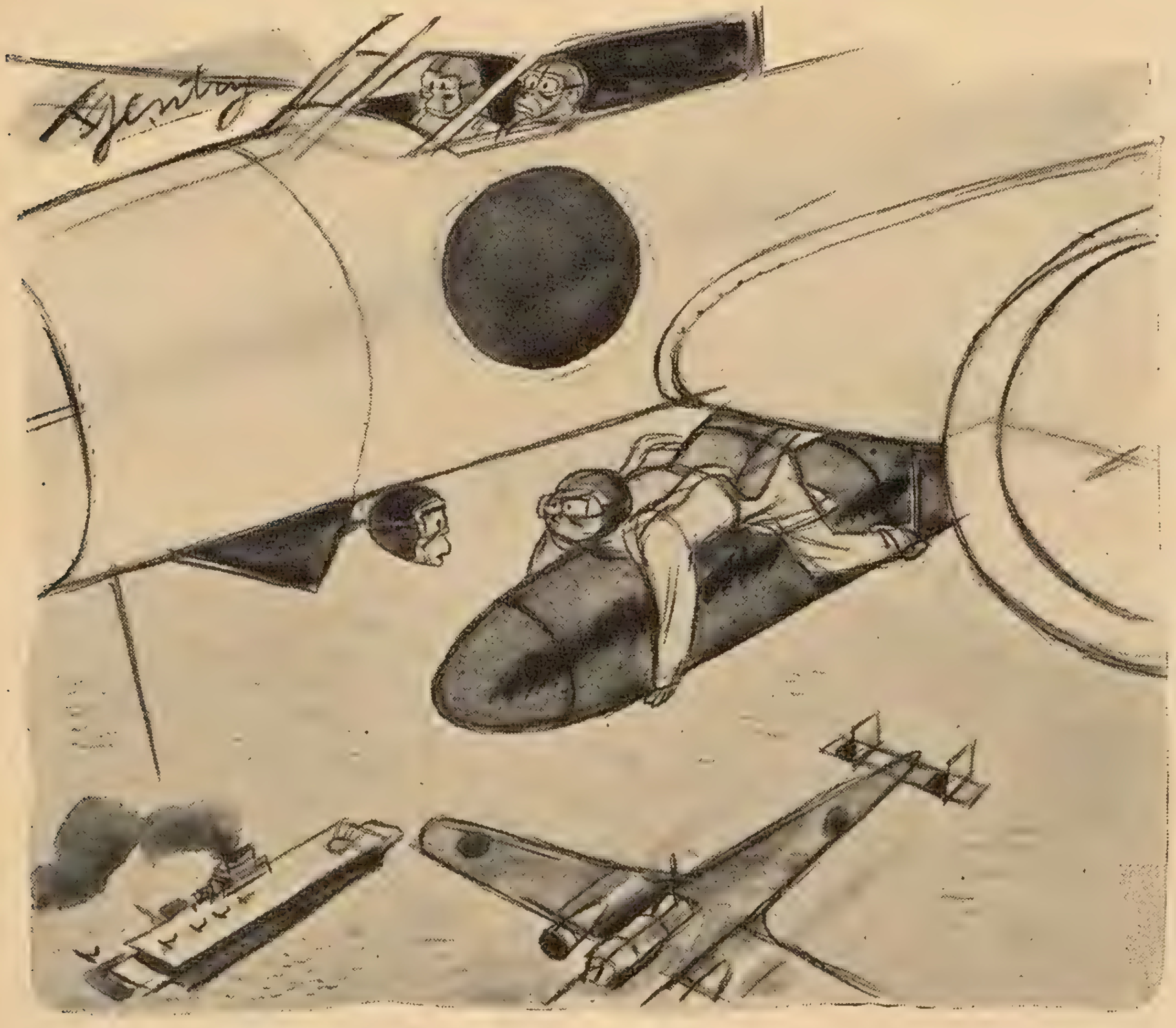
JOHN found himself left with Sue. They ran, of course; but she caught his arm, held him back. Within a few seconds they were alone.

She pulled him to a stop under a banana tree. She stood breathless, her hair soaked, rain streaming down her cheeks. And even like this, John saw, she was lovely. Drooping leaves and a wall of water screened them from the cottage, isolated them in a tiny world no eyes could reach.

"John!" She lifted a radiant face. "Oh, John, it's good to have you back! . . . Kiss me!"

There was no resisting her plea or the way her wet body swayed against his. He held her fiercely, kissed her lips. For a second he thought this was as it should be. . . .

"Tonight," she said, "wait for me tonight, John—"



"Now, when you get on board, Nagasaki, find out all you can about that new torpedo plane!"

That made him remember. He stepped back. "No, Sue. Don't come!"

Her eyes widened. "Why not?"

"No more. I've thought it all out clearly. We can't."

He saw her draw back, stunned. From the house Hugo shouted to ask if they were all right. John had to answer, and they had to go on through the rain. They were nearing the porch when she said tensely, *"I've done some thinking, too! I'm coming tonight!"*

AFTER the rains, while the trees dripped their showers of gems, John Bartell crossed the clearing to his own cottage. A crystalline quality sparkled in air that had been washed pure and candent. It brightened the green of the jungle, the yellow of the river, the brown of the soil. This was the hour he usually liked best, when for a short time he could draw breaths that felt clean instead of fetid.

But he found no pleasure in it today. As he mounted the four porch steps, his face was strained. He had a deep sense of fear—fear that he might let his love for Sue overpower all reason. The sooner he went into the jungle to seek rubber, he told himself, the better.

He found his quarters tidy. A great shroud of mosquito netting, hung from a hook in the ceiling, enclosed his cot, and the cot had been freshly covered. But there were still things for him to do in the matter of housecleaning. He had to step on several crawlers that had come up through the chinks in the floor boards.

"Bom dia, senhor!"

The cheerful greeting made him turn to a squat brown woman grinning on the porch steps. She was bare-legged and her thick black hair was in hopeless disarray. Her dress appeared to be a patchwork of several pieces of calico.

"Bom dia, Matia," he answered. "You have kept the house very clean."

"I washed the senhor's clothes also."

"Good. Come in a minute."

He opened one of the boxes the *caboclos* had brought in from the launch. Out of it he took three bead necklaces, one of them long, two short.

"For you and the little ones, Matia."

Her eyes glowed as if he had brought a treasure of rubies and gold. As she draped her own necklace about her throat, she giggled like a child. Her thanks invoked the blessings of heaven upon him.

AS he watched Matia, John had an idea that roused him like an inspiration. If he could induce Sue to come here now, when her coming could not be construed in any questionable way; if he could have a few moments to make her understand the futility of a midnight visit. . . .

"Matia," he said, "I have a box full of gifts for the other women, too. The Senhora Ackerson will know better than I how to distribute them. Will you ask her if she can come here to help me pick them out?"

"Sim, senhor, sim."

As she left he saw that Hugo was taking Alfredo Colon to the cottage the Brazilian was to occupy. A couple of *caboclos* carried Colon's luggage.

Then Matia returned, still grinning. "The senhora says the gifts will have to wait till tomorrow, senhor. She is not able to come now."

He had known, of course, that Sue would understand why he was asking her to come; he hadn't expected her to believe he wanted her merely to assort gifts. And so the rebuff brought him a sting of frustration. She was determined; she was deliberately refusing him a chance to argue. . . .

"Bom, Matia," he said harshly. "Thanks."

And so at two o'clock that morning John Bartell sat on his porch, waiting for Sue to come. He felt tense, and his face was drawn.

The night was wild with lightning—flashes that followed one another in rapid pulsations. They lit the jungle and the river with a garish sulphurous green, their explosive brightness striking blows on the eyeballs. Between flashes he was utterly blind. It was impossible to see even his hand. There was no thunder, and yet the night was noisy—alive with the clamor of cicadas and frogs.

John lit a cigarette. The Ackerson cottage was dark. Sue, he knew, would be coming soon.

She and Vicky had talked late, with three years of news to crowd into a single evening. And there hadn't been much chance to do it during dinner. For during dinner Alfredo Colon had told gay stories of Rio and Belém. He had been at his sparkling best, and he could speak with animation that compelled interest. Sometimes, finding Sue laughing at his tales, he had talked to her as if she were the only one at the table.

John, smoking his cigarette, kept worried eyes on the Ackerson cottage. And at last, at quarter past two, a brief flash showed him a figure hurrying down its steps.

He rose. Every nerve in him twanged. He had done his utmost to avoid this. Now that it was happening, he had to use the opportunity to make Sue understand exactly how he felt. In the swift palpitations of light he could see her coming toward him. He waited with his hand on the door.

Then she paused midway between the cottages. Lightning blazed, and he saw with a shock that it wasn't Sue. *It was Vicky. . . .*

He held his breath, feeling confounded. Whenever flashes revealed her, she was staring at the river, slapping mosquitoes on her arms. Suddenly she came directly toward him.

"John?" she whispered.

"Ye-es. What on earth—"

"Saw your cigarette. Mind if I come up behind that screen? These mosquitoes are awful." She ran up the steps, let herself in, and turned to watch the river. She was still in the slacks she had worn at dinner.

John demanded, "What are you doing out?"

"Couldn't sleep. I've never seen anything like this. I watched it from my window for a while. Then I had to get out—and *feel* it. It's the weirdest light in the world, isn't it? Wild and—beautiful!"

HE had a growing sense of panic. He couldn't have Vicky here when Sue came.

"You'll see plenty of nights like this," he told her with a touch of gruffness. "If I were you I'd get some sleep. It's been a hard day."

"How long does this kind of lightning go on?"

"No telling. Hours."

"Well—" She sank into a porch chair and leaned back, her legs stretched out comfortably. "May I have a cigarette?"

A cigarette meant delay. Yet he had no valid reason to refuse. He gave her one and lit it from his own. And all the time his eyes kept darting toward the Ackerson cottage. He told himself Sue had probably seen Vicky go out. She wouldn't come . . . not until Vicky had returned and gone to sleep. But it was a hope rather than a conviction. It couldn't ease his nerves.

He sat down and watched the lightning. The tempo of the flashes began to change, leaving longer intervals of darkness. From the corners of his eyes he looked at the tip of Vicky's cigarette. If only she'd finish it and go. . . . But she smoked it with maddening leisure.

She seemed to find the silence companionable. For a long time there was no sound save the cacophony of frogs and cicadas. At last, when the lightning appeared to be fading, she crushed the stub of the cigarette under her sandal. She rose with a sigh, and John was unutterably relieved.

It was then he heard the swift steps in the blackness. They came like a jolt. Before he could say a word, Sue's whisper rose from the porch steps.

"Are you there, John?" She opened the door. "Darling, where—"

The lightning flashed. She saw Vicky, and John with agony in his eyes. . . .

What will Vicky do now that she knows about Sue and John? Will John have the strength to put aside his love and go on with his work? Don't miss the eventful third chapter next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1. Yes.
2. Ural Mountains.
3. Prince Alexis Mdivani, Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow.
4. Haydn. He wrote 104 symphonies.
5. California.
6. Wagner, New York; Glass, Virginia; Norris, Nebraska; Reynolds, North Carolina; Pepper, Florida.
7. The Star-Spangled Banner.
8. Charlotte and Anne Brontë.
9. Soldier Field seats 200,000 people.
10. Republic.
11. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto.
12. A blue law is any puritanical law; a blue-sky law, one which prevents the issue of fraudulent stocks.
13. They are curved to create the illusion of straightness.
14. Othello.
15. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.
16. Jawaharlal Nehru.
17. England and Russia.
18. Nanking.
19. Reinhard Heydrich.
20. Norway.

Women Join the "*Field Artiller*

as International Harvester Dealers
Teach Power Farming to an Army of
"TRACTORETTES"

THE SUN is just over the ridge. Breakfast is just under the belt. The farmer and his helpers sample the breeze as they stand on the back steps, and the farmer says:

"I've got to go into town this morning and I'll be gone a while. Meantime, Emily, you and Ruth might as well start in on the south forty."

Emily? Ruth? Girls? Sure, why not? For Emily and Ruth are Tractorettes . . . and they know their stuff. They'll check their tractors for fuel and lubrication. They'll make those minor engine adjustments they noted mentally last night. They'll roll out early and do a first class job of field work, straight down the rows.

What is a Tractorette?

A TRACTORETTE is a farm girl or woman who wants to help win the battle of the land, to help provide Food for Freedom. She is the farm model of the girl who is driving an ambulance or running a turret lathe in the city. Like her city sisters, she has had the benefit of special training.

Late last winter International Harvester dealers began to train this summer's Tractorettes. The dealers provided classrooms, instructors, and machines. The Harvester company furnished teaching manuals, slide films, mechanical diagrams, and service charts. The girls themselves were required to bring only two things—an earnest willingness to work and a complete disregard for grease under the fingernails or oil smudges on the nose.

They studied motors and transmissions, cooling systems, and ignition. They studied service care. They learned to drive tractors. They learned to attach the major farm implements that are used with tractors. And they were painstakingly taught *the safe way* to do everything.

» BUY WAR BONDS
» TURN IN YOUR SCRAP
» SHARE YOUR CAR

• • •

Today, on their family farms or elsewhere, thousands of "graduates" are doing a real job for victory. Tractorettes are doing the wo that used to l done by the bo who now are flyi bombers or ridi the slippery, slanting decks of a destroy

Their Tractorette training cost the nothing, except the energy and intelligen which they put into it. The company co ceived and launched the program. Its fina cial costs are shouldered by both the Ha vester dealers and the company.

This fall and winter Tractorette traini courses will be broadened to meet n needs as they arise. Thousands of new gi will take the course and join the "womer field artillery" next spring, fit and rea for the every-year battle of the land. Un Victory is won, Tractorette training w continue to be one of the important *ext* services gladly rendered by Harvester de ers, as typical American businessmen, the farmers and to the nation.

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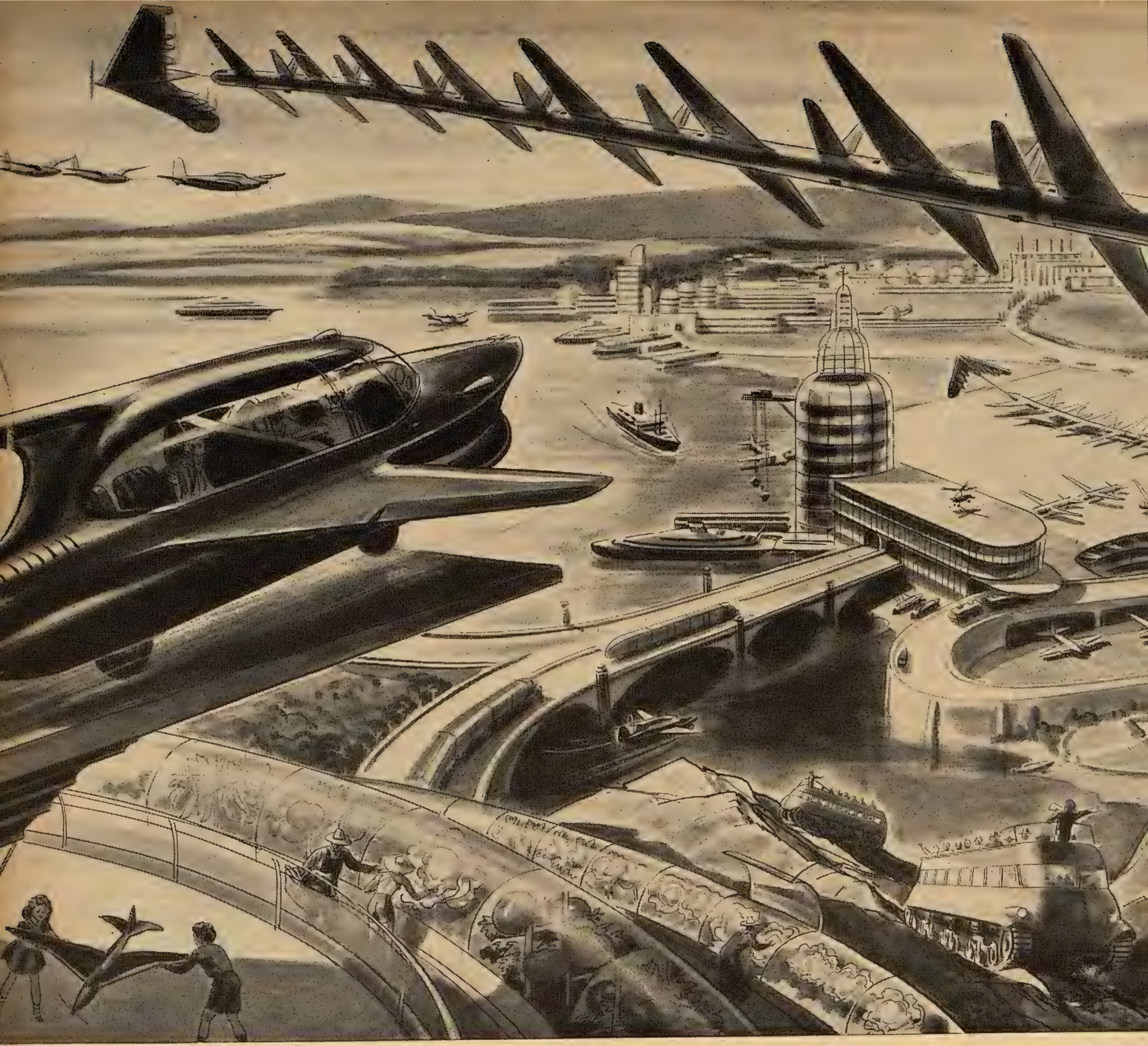
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTE



OUR NEW WORLD

What will living be like after the war?—From facts as men know them now, a Liberty reporter gives you amazing news about the days to come

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SELFISH? Perhaps it is, to be thinking at a time like this about what is going to happen to you and me after the war.

But it's human, isn't it, to wonder what our everyday life is going to be then?

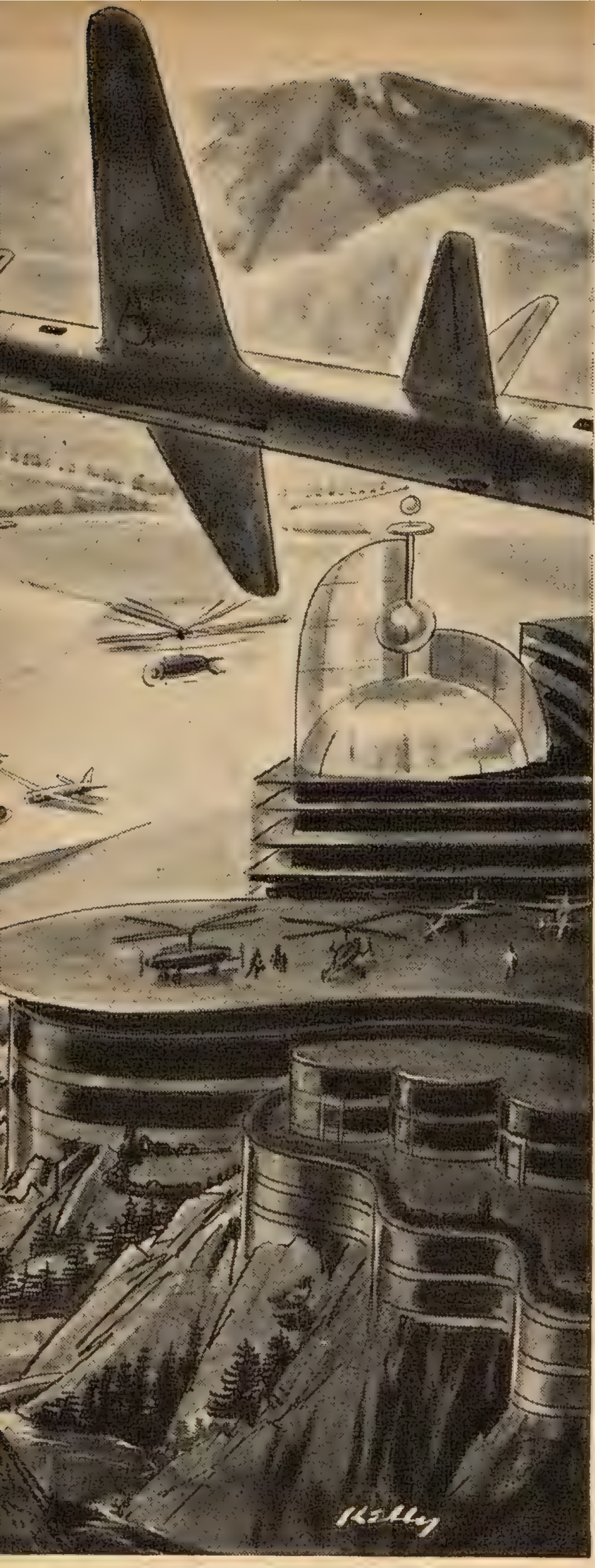
Don't say you haven't thought about it, haven't asked yourself:

What sort of house will I live in?
What sort of car will I drive?
Will it be a car or a plane?
What sort of food will I eat?

Everything will be different. We know that. What the differences will be we can't know yet in every detail. But already the really new order which is to come out of this war, the new American order, casts its shadow before, and its light. Already we can see the shape of things to come—and it's a swell shape.

It was last spring that the editor of Liberty first asked me to look into this subject, and I have since made a long and, I hope, thorough job of it. I don't pretend to be an expert on such things. But you may be glad to get a report from a John W. Citizen like yourself, who was worried and who is worried no longer. This is the factual story of things I have seen in laboratories and on assembly lines, or that famous engineers have taken the trouble to explain to me, or that I have otherwise learned on the very highest authority—things an ordinary man can see and learn.

Cloth without looms. Apples with-



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. KELLY

out seeds. Plants without soil. Life preservers without cork. Canned goods without cans. And, of course, tires without rubber.

Iron by electrolysis. Aluminum from clay. Kapok out of milkweed. Phonograph records made of glass. Oil cans of paper. Paint oil from Brazil nuts. Rubies and sapphires from aluminum oxide. Candles from petroleum. Fly killers from castor oil.

Plastic planes. Plastic cars. Plastic piping systems. Plastic kitchens. Plastic bathrooms. Plastic floors. Plastic houses. Shoes softened with plastics. Overcoats waterproofed with plastics.

Strawberries as big as plums. Plums as big as melons. Melons— But why go on? The point is that these amazing new things are here or known definitely to be on the way, in the works. They will be part of our new world.

And not all the contributions to this new world are coming from professors in laboratories. At General Motors in Detroit, in just two months, 15,000 "produce-more-for-victory" suggestions were submitted by the workers themselves. Many of them were so practical they were immediately adopted. Most of them, though inspired by war necessity, were equally applicable to peacetime needs. They, too, will be part of our new postwar world.

Revolutionary, some of these changes? Sure. This is a time when revolutions are happening in every one's life, in every business—revolutions usually long overdue.

Take the mammoth automobile industry, deservedly known for a quarter of a century as America's most change-minded group. Even this group has never until now had a chance to express itself fully, to make the ideal car of which it was capable. Why? Because drastic changes in one model would date every previous model, even the last previous year's. Old customers would be sore, new customers would be scared away. How could an owner be sure that more drastic changes the following year wouldn't date the current year's line? Then, from the manufacturer's own dollars-and-cents point of view, in ordinary times while competitors went on selling, a year's lay-off to revamp a plant —such as Ford suffered getting rid of Model T—would be a blow from which only the strongest companies could hope to recover.

But at war's end all our cars will be dated anyhow. Most of them will be junk. No manufacturer will have a time advantage over any other. All will have to retool at the same time. With their old equipment either junked or altered irreparably by the switch to war work, they will have to start all over again anyhow, and they might as well start right.

RESULT: revolution instead of evolution for our postwar car. Streamlining to end all streamlining, flatter on top, lower at bottom, roomier in between. Wheels only a foot in diameter. Tires correspondingly smaller and cheaper. Center of gravity lower. Glass expanse practically continuous, front, sides, rear. Vision uninterrupted. View panoramic. Maximum comfort. Maximum safety. Most important of all, engine in rear. No hood in front. No "blind spots" on the road.

A car of this design, so close to the ground that it almost becomes a part of it, needs no ballast for safe driving. It does not leave the road. It cannot turn over. It can be made of the lightest possible materials so long as they are strong. Magnesium, aluminum, plywood—all strong as steel for this purpose, or stronger—can replace the heavier metals. Cars will weigh from a third to half what they do now.

Engines will be lighter too, and smaller, but no less powerful. Automobile-engine designers have learned a lot in their excursion into airplane-engine making. Hundred-octane, absolutely knockless aviation gas, the most powerful motor fuel in the world, will drive these light high-powered engines. The speed of postwar automobiles will be limited only by the disposition of the drivers—and of the traffic cops. And it will be speed with a degree of safety that the most optimistic motorist has never envisaged.

And the beauty of these new-world chariots! You know what plastics are. You know in what beautiful colors they come, and their luster. They don't have to be painted or polished. They shed dust as a duck sheds water. They don't dent. They don't scratch. Ten years ago our cars had six, eight, ten plastic parts, all minor—cigarette lighters and the like. Today's cars have less than a hundred. But tomorrow's cars, bodily speaking, may be all plastic.

We can even have our windshields and windows made of transparent plastic, like the "greenhouse" noses of the new bombers, and if we wish, we can have a transparent plastic top or an all-glass top so strong that a whole family could jump up and down on it. And we can give our ears a rest. An automobile body made entirely of plastics is non-squeaking, non-rattling, non-reverberating.

THE war has already given us tires without tubes. They are being used for heavy work to save rubber. Come the peace, if they stand the war test they'll be used for light work, too. And when we get this synthetic-rubber tangle straightened out, we may even have tires without punctures! Meanwhile radios without static are now standard equipment on all army two-way radio cars.

And these are not dreams. They are already blueprints. Detroit is studying them hard. With war production far ahead of war transportation, they may soon be test models. Whenever the government gives the go sign, they will be regular models. A year later you and I will leave what is left of our old car by the roadside and toddle over to the Show—and what a Show!—to choose our new-world car.

Probable price, $400.

Corresponding changes in public or commercial transportation also will do much to cushion our place in the postwar life. Giant auto carriers, formerly used for transporting cars to market, now reconditioned for passenger traffic, carry 150 customers. Specially designed bus trailers with safety glass windows, insulated roofs, upholstered chairs, carry 100 easily, comfortably. The average prewar bus carried not more than forty. Emergency transportation for war workers forced these changes, will bring about others.

Conservative Thos. Cook & Son is already planning postwar excursions in tractor-tread rubberneck wagons that can climb mountains like an M-4 tank, perhaps will swim rivers like the new amphibians.

Transport by water is also coming into its own. Kaiser, Higgins, and others have shown us that shipbuilding is no longer a secret art. Even the humble river barge, streamlined, mass-produced—a dozen to fifteen of them pushed upstream and down by one sturdy river tugboat—has staged a comeback.

But in these, the Flying Forties, it is air transport that gets the biggest headlines. And properly. Flying freight trains, with long strings of glider boxcars hitched to the locomotive plane—one car for Toledo, another for Detroit, a third for Omaha, and a sixth or seventh for Fresno—are a breath-taking peacetime possibility. And when we read in our morning paper how a light plane of ordinary type, swooping down from the sky at 100 miles an hour, has picked up, without stopping, two loaded gliders at a time, we realize that all those flying boxcars can actually be delivered at their destinations or picked up again on the return trip without the locomotive plane touching the ground.

With passenger flying we are naturally more familiar. But not with postwar-world passenger flying. Even the glimpses we have had these last few months are blinding. "Not since Britain conquered the seas," says the New York Times, "has geography taken such a beating! When this war is over, men will never permit themselves to be restricted again."

THE postwar liners aren't built yet. Like the automobiles, they are still in the blueprint stage. But the old prewar planes, with new incentives, are showing what can and will be done in tomorrow's world. Pressed by war's necessity, one Pan American plane shuttled ten times between Brazil and Africa in six days. A regulation B-24 army bomber, serving as a transport and loaded with military brass hats, left Washington on a Monday noon, made a 21,000-mile round trip across the Pacific, was back in Washington on Friday.

Peacetime's commercial airplanes will be stronger still, and bigger and faster—great air-going luxury liners, circling the globe at 250, at 350 miles an hour. Even the staid old Cunard Line is taking to the air. Breakfast in New York, luncheon in London. Round trip, $150. Chicago to Cairo, New York to New Guinea, between dawn and dark. In the words of an anonymous ad writer:

"Aladdin, move over—while chemists remodel your lamp."

But what most of us are most interested in is just going to town or to work or to the ball game, and we want to know whether we'll go in a car or a plane of our very own. The answer is that we'll be able to take our choice. There certainly will be better private planes, and many of them.

There were several very good ones before the war in the $2,000 and $2,500 brackets. General Aircraft, a General Motors offshoot, produced an excellent Skyfarer which could be taken off, flown, and landed by a beginner after less than a half hour's instruction. Engineering and Research Corporation's Ercoupé, billed as "the airplane of tomorrow available today," lived up to its billing. Henry Ford is known to have been experimenting for years with low-priced models, and will seek to make good his promise that he will use his vast Willow Run bomber plant to "make airplanes for everybody."

There will be amazing improvements in these flivver planes as a result of the motor industry's war experiences. William B. Stout, famous Detroit airplane designer, is in the forefront of this movement with a flivver plane weighing only 900 pounds, with detachable wings and a four-wheel chassis which makes it possible to use it as a car when landed. Mr. Stout's craft requires a landing field smaller than a tennis court, and can come down on almost any city roof. Such a plane, in quantity production, is expected to retail for the usual price of a small car.

Even more exciting, although perhaps not yet so practical, are the rotor ships, giros, and helicopters. Igor Sikorsky, successful designer of many a huge plane now fighting for freedom, is developing the last named of these.

These spectacular developments may not mean so much to your future and mine as the discovery of sulfa drugs, the popularizing of hydrated foods, the general use of home food freezers, the further exploitation of television and F. M. radio, or many another innovation in less showy fields. But young America sees that future as an air future. And even old America finds it difficult not to look forward to even more startling developments which may unite air, water, and land transportation in one all-purpose vehicle!

Meanwhile let us not forget that the instruments which are making these developments possible are as amazing and as significant as the developments themselves.

It is not what an instrument is but what it does that counts. At least, that's what my favorite scientist, Charles F. Kettering, believes. "Science isn't worth anything," said this famed vice-president of General Motors in charge of research, "unless you take it out of the laboratory and apply it to everyday life."

The "ox-flame" torch is important, not because it is "the most versatile tool in modern industry" nor because it is "made not of metal but of gas," nor even because it is a flame that cuts and welds, but because it has helped to revolutionize ship and plane building by substituting quick, inexpensive spot welding for slow, expensive riveting.

The induction furnace is important not because it is "one of the three big technological developments" of recent years but because "it provides a quick, simple, easily controlled way of melting metals and concocting alloys."

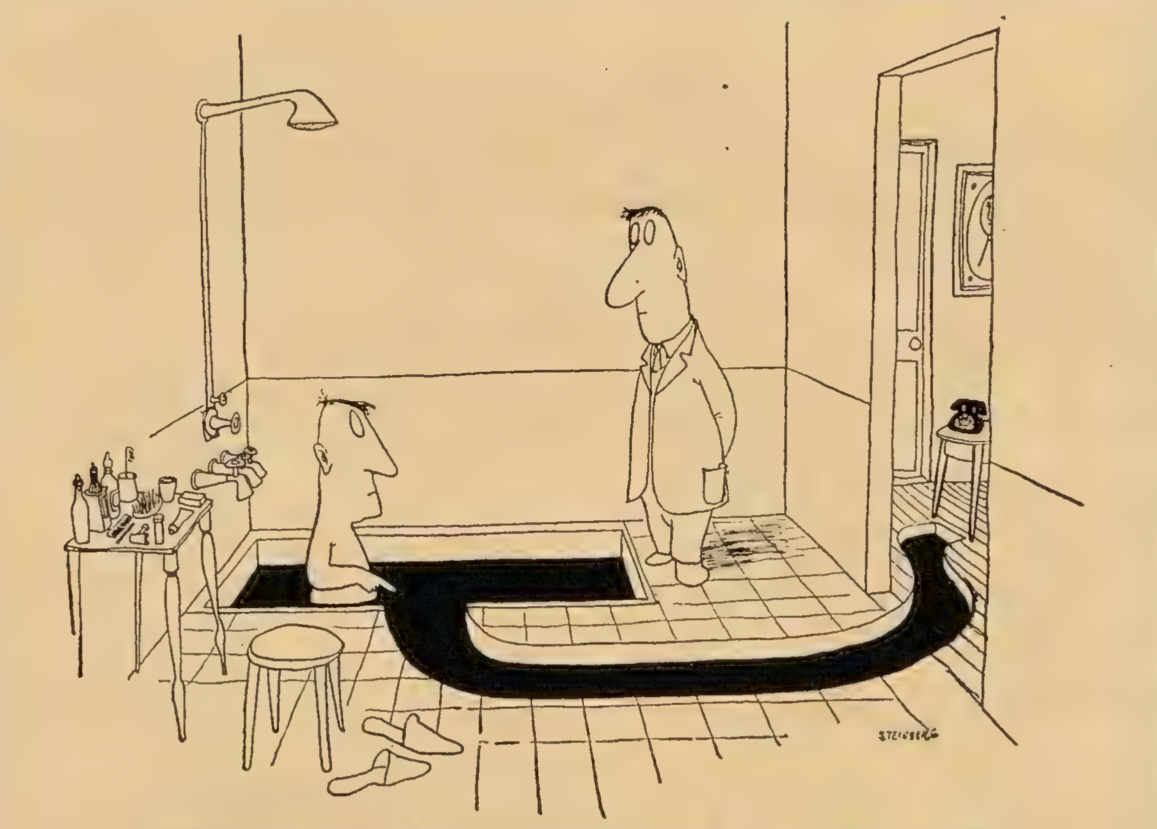
Substitution of casting for forging is important because, in the words of Henry Ford's chief metallurgist, Russell McCarroll, "by making an airplane cylinder barrel as a centrifugal casting we helped break all four of the main bottlenecks in production: materials, time, skilled man power, and machine tools."

DISCOVERY of the fact that gasoline can be made from coal, molasses, corn, wood, seaweed, even leaves, would leave us cold if it weren't for the fact that gasoline makes an automobile go.

Fluorescent lighting would mean nothing to us if it didn't hold the promise of a time, not too far distant, when we'll do more of our indoor work at night and use more of the hours of sunshine for fun.

Even a miracle worker like the electron microscope—which magnifies an object 10,000 to 30,000 times (with the aid of photographic enlargements, 100,000 to 200,000 times) and at the same time peers into the substance of

(*Continued on page 32*)

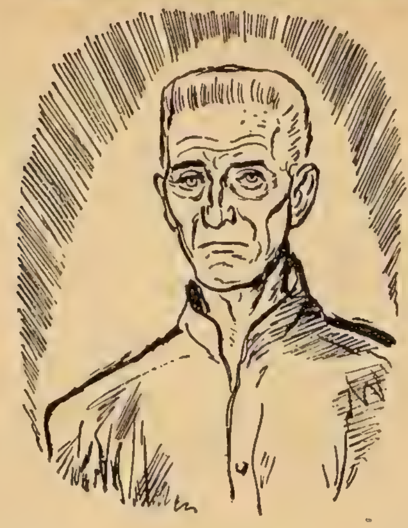


"This is in case I'm wanted on the phone when I'm taking a bath."

JOHN SMITH AND HIS JOB

JOHANN SCHMIDT

NAZI



THE war? It hasn't affected my job or way of living as much as you might think. You see, I've never had too much freedom.

The government for a long time has told me where I must work, what job I must do, what hours I must work, what wages I must accept. I don't have to think; everything is planned by the government.

My working hours are from sunup to sundown—every day. If the guards *even think* I'm not working hard enough, I'll be fined or sent to prison.

I don't have to think about who to vote for—there are no elections. I don't have to worry about gasoline and tires—since I've never had an automobile.

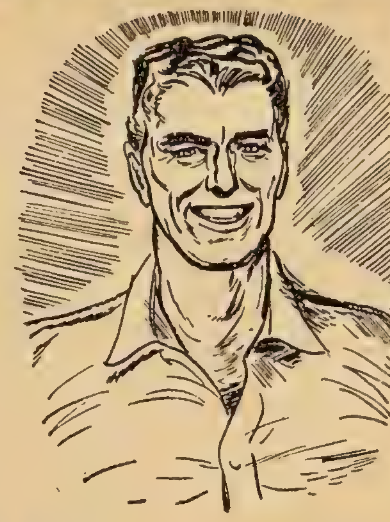
Ersatz foods and 10 ounces of meat a week leave me always hungry. Most of my family's clothes and blankets were collected during the winter relief drive. This was hard, because we had no coal in the house.

The Fuehrer says we, the master race, will rule the world. Yet I have nothing to say about how my children shall be educated, or how I shall worship.

I have a radio, but a card on it reminds me that if I listen to foreign broadcasts I will be subject to fine, imprisonment, or even the death penalty.

Sometimes I wonder about my cousin who went to America years ago. I used to get wonderful letters from him, but once the Gestapo found one of those letters. Since then, there have been no more letters from America.

Still, the war hasn't changed my life too much. The responsibility of winning or losing this war is not mine. I can do—I must do—only what I am told. I have no choice.



JOHN SMITH

AMERICAN

I'M Johann Schmidt's American cousin. In this country I've enjoyed freedoms Johann never dreamed of in Nazi Germany. Now I must work and fight for those freedoms.

I have been *asked* to make sacrifices, but I know I won't be liquidated if I don't. I'm free to work at the job of my choice, and to bargain for hours and wage rates. But I'm more concerned right now in doing the production job that will smash the Nazi system.

I'm giving the government officials all the co-operation I can. But I'm free, if enough others feel as I do at election time, to kick them out if I don't think they're doing a good job.

My wife turns out meals that millions of people would give a week's pay for. Yet we're economizing on the family budget. How I use up my gas is up to me, but I'm saving it by taking turns with my neighbors driving to work.

I can see to it that my kids study the school subjects they want to—and from textbooks written by scholars, not politicians. I can go to whatever church I please.

I can listen to any radio program, here or abroad. No one would hurt me if I criticized those who are doing their best to help win the war, but I'd rather talk patriotically.

Yes, I'm free to do, or not to do, all these things. Why am I investing more than 10 per cent of my pay in War Bonds? Why am I cutting down on luxuries? Why is my wife saving rubber and tin cans?

Because the responsibility for winning this war is *mine*. And because, too, as in no other country in the world, my family and I will share in the fruits of victory.

John Smith, American, might be any General Electric employee. A few years ago he was building turbines, motors, refrigerators, radios—electric equipment to bring the benefits of electricity to peaceful American factories, farms, homes. Today he is working harder, longer hours, with greater determination, to build weapons and war materials. He has told us why.

He is looking to victory—and beyond. To a better tomorrow for his family and himself. For although the volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now—when it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress. In those developments is a bright and wonderful hope for the future. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-342-211

(*Continued from page 30*)

it to determine the molecular structure—is important only as the information obtained through it is used to make life better and happier for you and me.

The important thing about the electron is that it has been put to work killing germs, generating new sources of light, improving our radios, controlling and speeding up our industrial machinery; that sensitive new electronic eyes developed by Westinghouse engineers are actually measuring "sunfall" to discover the effect of ultraviolet radiation on our crops and on our health.

War has made great demands on instruments and machines that can do things like those. And now that you and I know that there are such instruments and machines, and know a little about what they can do, peace will make even greater demands. But American scientists and manufacturers are used to having big jobs put up to them. In the words of C. E. Wilson, president of General Electric:

"We have been asked for the impossible. Let us do it, as usual."

Henry Kaiser, who built the Boulder and Grand Coulee dams in record time and the Bonneville dam after army engineers had told him it was impossible to build it at all, and who is now building Victory ships ten times as fast as any member of the Maritime Commission believed possible, agrees with Mr. Wilson.

"It doesn't matter what can't be done," he said. "So long as we have to do it, we can do it."

We didn't need to have a war to teach us that. I once knew a man who made a handsome living selling ideas and patents to the railroads. Few if any of them were ever used. The roads paid good money for them just to keep some enterprising newcomer from adopting them and forcing the old-stayers to do the same. And look what happened to the railroads. When the buses and trucks and planes came along, they couldn't meet the competition. They were down and almost out—until progressive managements took over and modernized the railroad business.

NOW look at them! Streamlined, air-conditioned passenger trains. Fast, heavily loaded freights. Tourist trains with all the comforts of home. Coach cars better than the old parlors. And the improvements in rail travel have only begun. Priorities have stalled them for the duration. But after the war, with the new materials and the new processes, watch the railroads go.

The point is, it took an emergency to get them going—in their case, the emergency of impending ruin. Now we have an emergency that is universal, that will get every one going, that will give us all *all at once*, this new world.

Take the houses we live in, and the way we live in them. October 1, 19??, will be the biggest moving day in history. But moving day won't be the horror that it once was now that the furniture for an entire room—writing desk, tables, chairs, bed-sofa, mirror, rug, draperies, lamps—can all be knocked down and the pieces fitted neatly into a small crate no bigger than a good-sized wardrobe trunk. A convenience for itinerant soldiers' wives following their husbands from camp to camp—that's what it is now. A convenience for everybody's wife is what it will be after the war.

"HARDTACK"
LOAM
RADISHES
BEETS

"There's one time dad isn't calling a spade a spade, mom."

And the houses themselves. We of this generation will always have a soft spot for a little gray home in the West or somewhere. But in our hearts we know that it *was* gray and sometimes dismal. Physicians, psychologists, sociologists know that, too. Even before the war most of these authorities agreed it was time for the little gray home, like the little red schoolhouse, to go west once and for all.

WELL, it's gone. A lot of people don't know it yet. But they will. And they will owe their knowledge to the war.

It was simple, really. Factories sprang up in wildernesses. The decentralization of industry, which economists had been urging for years and years, arrived overnight. Then, for the hundreds of thousands, the millions who must man those factories and must live not too far away from them, houses had to be built—built quickly and cheaply. Good houses with heat and light and air to keep us workers healthy, attractive houses to keep our uprooted families happy. Houses without headaches.

A CORRECTION

On page 54 of the August 22 issue of Liberty it was stated that Gerald L. K. Smith had been indicted. This was an error and an injustice to Mr. Smith, against whom no indictment has been returned. We apologize for the error.

And they *were* built, thousands of them—houses of types we had never seen before. Houses of carbon, of glass, of plastics. Houses with square corners and round ones, straight walls and curving ones. Houses that some ingenious chap built by inflating a balloon, shooting concrete on it with a cement gun, and when the concrete hardened, deflating and withdrawing the balloon.

Now, I am not saying that in the new world we are all going to live in houses shaped like balloons—the good Lord forbid!—or that we are going to live in any of the other assembly-line jobs that have been turned out in the past year. But we *could* live in them more comfortably than most of us have ever lived, and we certainly can build them a whole lot more cheaply. Labor is the principal cost factor in housebuilding, and labor in making these war-emergency houses has been reduced to a minimum.

"In ten hours," said a lumber merchant to the navy high command, "I can put up a six-room house, ready for occupancy, complete to the last curtain rod and brick in the fireplace—not a portable, mind you, but a finished, permanent residence."

"Show us," the navy replied. And he did, in nine and one half hours flat.

MAKES you wonder, doesn't it, what sort of job this dam-building, ship-building, plane-building Henry Kaiser could do on a house?

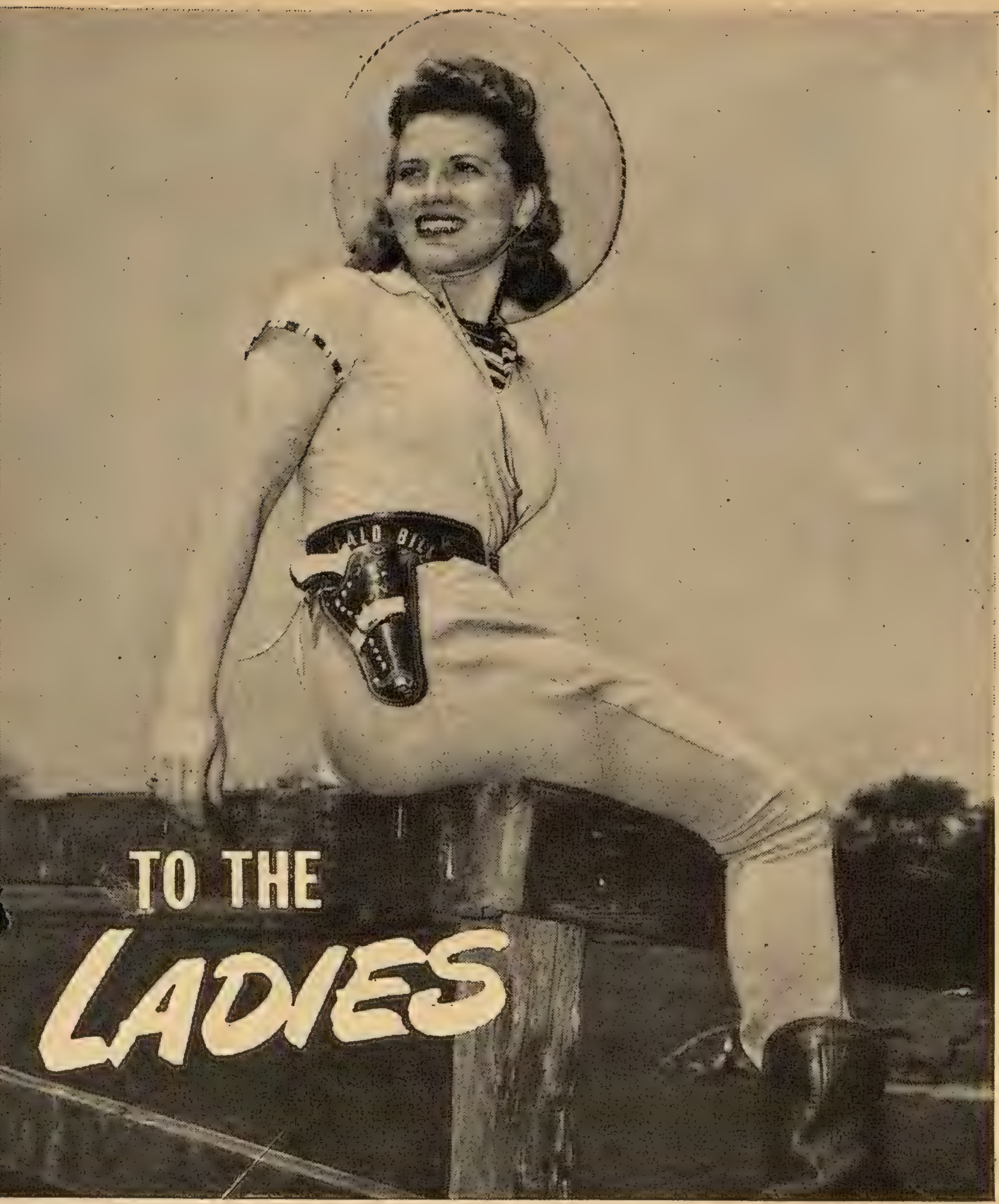
Well, a lot of good men have already had a try at it, and have not done so badly. At Middle River, Maryland, Glenn Martin built 607 houses at the rate of six a day. At Vallejo, California, the Federal Works Administration, using factory-built frames, built 500 houses at the rate of twenty a day. At Kansas City, Missouri, a company whose regular business is steel grain bins is geared to produce cylindrical houses—to sell for $1,200, fully equipped—at the rate of 1,000 a day.

Cylindrical houses? Why not? The curve is the line of beauty. There is no law that rooms must be square or rectangular, with dark, unusable corners. But we don't have to live in round houses or square ones. We can have any kind of house we want. We can, if we wish, still have windows that look out on the neighbors' garbage cans, or with the new lighting and ventilating systems we can save the windows for the room with the view. We can have a home that expresses us, not Charlemagne or Noah.

And all because we have learned from the war that housebuilding is no secret mystical process known only to the seventh son of a seventh architect, and that house-owning doesn't necessarily entail waiting months for an expensive dwelling to be built and all the rest of our lives to pay for it.

It's a great world, the new one. May it come soon!

THE END



TO THE LADIES

Tight riding pants like this rodeo girl's suit only a streamlined chassis.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HOMESICK cowboys on the rodeo trail keep a-searchin' and a-seekin' through the cities of the East for a delight that only ranch folk understand. To them no other delicacy on earth can compare with chicken-fried steak and cream gravy. You can spot a real rodeo hand from the West if he calls things or people *ratchet-headed* when he means they act crazy. A *ratchet-head* is the rodeo name for a nut. But a good many rodeo riders don't come from the West. A lot of them come, strange to say, from New Jersey and Brooklyn. Nowadays more than a few of the lady riders are Hoosier farm girls from Indiana. Ben the Tailor of Philadelphia is one of the leading makers of Wild West clothes for rodeo cowboys and cowgirls. Yet they stick to the West in one respect. Gospel of their profession is the trade paper, Hoofs and Horns, issued exclusively from Tucson, Arizona. . . . In case you wish you could be a rodeo girl, a talk with Maryon Pope would teach you it's no cinch. Privately Maryon is the wife of Larry Sunbrock—Sunbrock's Wild West Rodeo and Hollywood Thrill Circus. Maryon's job is varied. After opening the show as a trick rider, she goes to work as secretary, treasurer, and ticket manager. "Unless you attend to your business yourself," she says, "pretty soon you don't have any business." . . . Brought up on horseback in Wyoming, show-trained in vaudeville and Hollywood Western pictures, Maryon is a slim little redhead who might give a stevedore lessons in work endurance. Lost eleven pounds during a two-weeks engagement in Chicago. Bounced right back wearing a new red hat. "Red hats kill the red in my hair," she says. "In a red hat I look like a brunette, and I've always wished I was a brunette." . . . Imagine a lady as busy as she is looking for something else to be!

HERE'S how you do *Chicken-Fried Steak with Cream Gravy*: For each portion buy ½-pound slice top-round steak 1 inch thick. Tenderize steaks by pounding hard with edge of a plate. Sprinkle with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Sear in hot butter or lard. Continue cooking about 15 minutes over low flame. Take steaks out and add cream to pan, with enough water to make cream gravy not too thick. Hot biscuits with this, and coffee.

EUROPE'S kings are observing life over here, and it's a shock to some of them. At a reception I watched young Peter of Yugoslavia bat his eyes with amazement while a lady a few feet away from him repaired her face from a fancy compact. Ladies didn't do that in public where Peter comes from. . . . On the other hand, I have just seen a news photo of King George of Greece licking his fingers. He had been tasting bread and jam at a London canteen. I guess it's a stalemate. European ladies didn't make up publicly, and their kings didn't lick fingers.

FORGOT to mention that rodeo girls wear the world's tightest riding pants. So tight they have to be reinforced or they'd split. Rodeo girls wear their tight pants everywhere possible, not caring a hoot for gorgeous gowns.

EVERY year in the fall I get letters from readers who ask me to repeat my item about preserving autumn foliage. This year I'm jumping the bell in early anticipation of the usual demand. . . . Branches must be cut when the leaves turn color but before they begin to shrivel. Gather them on a dry sunny day. Strip approximately 6 inches of outer bark off the ends of the branches. Soak ends of branches 3 days in an 8-inch bath of water and glycerin—2/3 water to 1/3 glycerin. Put branches into containers partly filled with sand kept slightly moist. Treated this way, your autumn foliage will retain its vivid hues for several months.

NO doubt as a reaction against violence, more poetry is read in war years than in times of peace. Many soldiers fighting far from home treasure small volumes of verse. Ralph Gustafson has compiled an excellent new Anthology of Canadian Poetry. Fifty-six Canadian poets are represented. (Published by Penguin Books, Inc. Costs 25 cents.)

I LOVE statistics. They produce the rosiest literature in the world today if you pick 'em right. For example, I learn from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company that brides between twenty-one and twenty-six years of age who marry men about five years older now stand twice as good a chance of celebrating their golden wedding anniversary as they did fifty years ago. Wiser diet and better health conditions. . . . Not so rosy unless you're an M. D.'s wife is this statistic gleaned from another source: The average doctor lives three years longer than his average patient!

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

BY PHYLLIS MOORE GALLAGHER

Romance! A searching story with a warning to ladies in love . . . Don't use your head instead of your heart!

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE door of Betty Mitchell's Georgetown house closed behind them, shutting off motion, music, the light thin sounds of laughter—shutting off Betty's slender dark loveliness. Joan took Greg's arm and together they turned up the street. She felt hopelessly confused, her thoughts all out of rhyme with her feelings. It was almost as if she were two people. One, walking beside Greg, the cold February air worrying the loose folds of her black velvet cape, her silver sandals whispering an echo to the sharp clatter of Greg's heels. Listening to Greg; answering in that gay modern way which denied romance, laughed away enchantment.

But it was the other Joan who looked up at Greg. Worshiping him. Afraid, though—sickeningly afraid. In the moonlight Greg's profile was as perfect as a Grecian head of bronze: broad brow, straight nose, firm chin. He was tall, and his boat cloak made him seem even taller. Debonair, too. Ensign Gregory Hamilton, U. S. N.

FOR one fleeting moment Joan saw Greg again as she'd first seen him. Behind his desk in the Navy Department. He'd spoken to her gravely, but his blue eyes had been full of laughter—and something else. Something else. . . . As she had taken his dictation, her heart had locked dead still for agonized seconds. Something big and shocking and altogether lovely was happening to her. Returning to the stenographers' pool at last, she had sat at her desk, lost in a welter of homage, humility, adoration, and other unsorted tremulous emotions. She'd taken out her compact and had stared at her reflection.

Pure anguish had poured through her. So *that* was what Ensign Hamilton had faced for forty-five long minutes! All eyes, unmanageable blonde hair. But still, with that glow on her cheeks, wasn't she *different?* Wasn't she—almost pretty? She had stared and stared until she blushed, meeting her own eyes. Fool! Sentimental, drooling idiot! Nothing would ever come of it. Nothing.

Still, something *had* come of it. A little something.

"That's why I like you so much, Joan," he'd said last night. He hadn't said *love.* Not yet. But some night—some night quite soon—he would say he loved her. And then—and then—But she went no further. A wild despair suddenly blurred her dreams, and stark reality emerged from the blur. Why would he *ever* say it? In six long weeks he hadn't. He hadn't even tried to kiss her. They'd go on, yes. Being friends. Having fun.

Fun! Her teeth closed over her lower lip, hurting. Fun like last night in the dimly lit vestibule of Mrs. Kirstring's boardinghouse? She'd been so sure Greg was planning a stratagem to lead up to kissing her, wondering whether to take her hand or put his arm around her or to ask. So breathlessly sure—and so wrong! As if any one like Greg would have to plan a stratagem if he wanted to kiss a girl. . . . He was all charm; he was so clever.

But she, too, was clever. Too clever to make every date Greg asked for, or to telephone him at his sister's home or write silly notes or achieve accidental meetings which he would have known weren't accidental. Too clever to expose those feelings which she'd seen reflected in other young faces around Greg at the party tonight. In Betty Mitchell's face. . . .

Betty Mitchell! Fear which had lain as light as frost along Joan's nerves froze solid. Betty Mitchell. Debutante. Daughter of wealth and impregnable social position. Greg's sister's choice for Greg. If Greg married Betty, Helena Alexander would feel it was her own personal victory; that she'd rescued Greg from the talon clutches of that impossible government nobody.

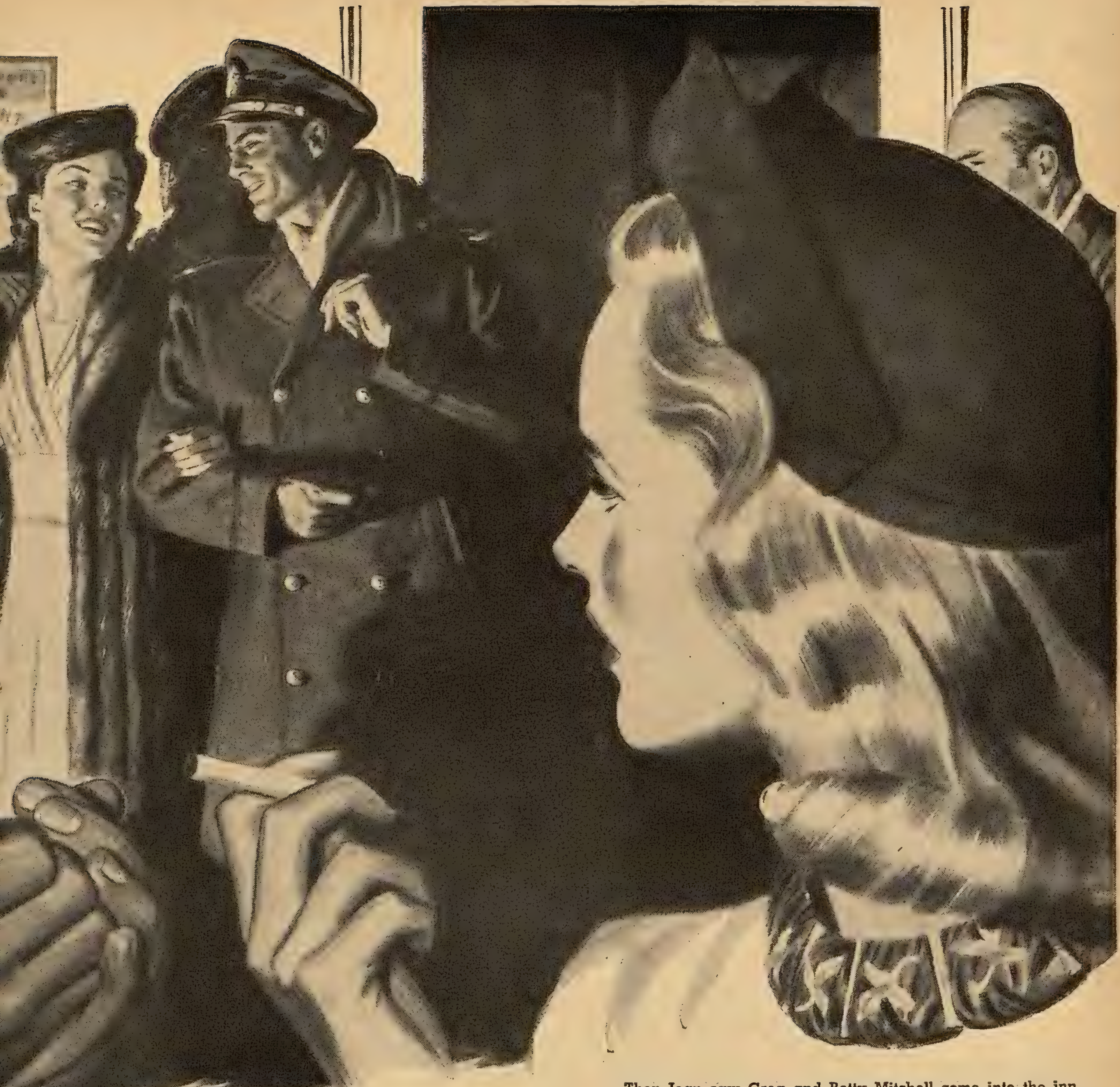
Greg's voice shattered Joan's thoughts: "I suppose we'd better go straight to your home, hadn't we, cooky?" he asked. "It's after midnight, and you aren't the stoutest feller I ever knew."

"So? Well, get this, chum," she said airily. "I may be streamlined on a small scale, but I'm vitamin-conscious. I could lick ten times my weight in Japs."

"Just the same, General MacArthur, you're going to bed and give those vitamins a chance to dig in their toes," Greg laughed.

Seymour Ball

He went on talking; but his voice slipped gently out of a part of Joan's consciousness and pictures from tonight's party tore through it with agonizing completeness. Betty Mitchell monopolizing Greg. Betty's cool, ruthless, expert maneuverings. Watching her, Joan had been shaken by a wave of emotion she'd never known before. She had hated Betty Mitchell then—*hated* her! And she'd hated Greg's sister, too. Helena on the sofa beside a woman in green velvet and pearls; Helena saying proudly, "They make a wonderful-looking couple, don't they, Mrs. Travis? They've known each other always, you know.



Then Joan saw Greg and Betty Mitchell come into the inn. They were flushed, laughing—a wonderful-looking couple.

Kindergarten, dancing class. Greg used to pretend he was slaying dragons to rescue Betty."

Goo, goo, gooey, she had thought furiously. Then Helena had glanced around. She had looked disconcerted for a moment—but, being Helena, only for a moment. "I was just telling Mrs. Travis, Joan," Helena had said smoothly, "what pals Betty and Greg have been ever since they were in folding pants."

"Betty's very lovely," Joan had murmured politely.

Helena had smiled thinly—and she had gone on hating her. Hating her later upstairs when they were powdering their noses. How had they started talking about the navy, anyway? "I've always felt," Helena had said with those wide brown eyes coldly appraising, "that a naval officer has to be more careful in the selection of a wife than the average man. I'm a commander's wife myself, and a navy wife must . . ." And there had been ten minutes of what a navy wife must be. A paragon of all the virtues. Some one like *Betty Mitchell!* Helena hadn't said so, but it was what she'd meant.

Joan had gone on calmly powdering her nose, telling herself that this was Doting Sisterhood in neon lights. Helena was an interfering louse, but she loved Greg, wanted him to marry brilliantly. It was only natural. Helena was perhaps a nice person, and she'd be even nicer in a few days when her child was born: when she was no longer short-winded and clumsy and could wear a sixteen again. *Take it easy, Joan; take it big.* But anger had engulfed her finally; resentment and hurt had poured over her like a collapsed dam. Only the bolting entrance of five-year-old Henry Alexander had saved her from getting up and walking out and slamming the door viciously behind her. Little Henry, who had been brought along to Betty's party because his nurse and the other colored help in the Alexander household had quit without notice, and there had been no one to leave him with.

Helena had eyed her offspring wearily. "I thought I told you to stay in the library, Henry," she had said. "Didn't you like those lovely picture magazines Auntie Betty found for

]

you? Daddy just loves those nice big books."

A little chill had raced up Joan's spine. *Auntie* Betty! That was counting your chickens, all right.

Henry had tossed his tow head. "Aw, gosh, those ol' silly pictures of *girls*." Then he had turned and looked at Joan—such an intent scrutiny that she'd felt the breath go short in her throat. He had started to speak his thoughts, too, with a child's forthright honesty: "Joan, are you *really* . . ." But Helena had swooped down on him. "Come on, pet," she had said nervously. "Let's see if Auntie Betty has some ice cream!" and they had left hurriedly.

THEY were crossing a wide avenue now, she and Greg. Greg's hand was on her elbow and he was talking. Then she saw the house and a shudder went through her as if a ghost had breathed down her back. It was a big house, crooked and lichened with age, standing behind its high brick wall, the windows little narrow slits like angry eyes in the moonlight. Even before she glanced at the brass plate on the garden gate, she'd known it was an orphanage.

Vague memories—mere shadows of memories—crossed her mind. Her thoughts turned back into the past—to the orphanage that had welcomed six-year-old Joan Connor when her mother and father had died of pneumonia. The nuns. Small tables, small chairs, small beds in a row. There was the garden, and a long line of children moving through dim halls and out into the fresh air, one behind the other like tiny prisoners. There were goodness and kindness there—and yet, bewildering loneliness. Loneliness born of the warmth and security and love she had always taken for granted, and missed, though she was too little to understand. In bed, she remembered, the lights out, she used to play a game. There was her own mother tucking her in again; her lovely young mother. Sometimes it was her daddy who read Cinderella. Tall and dark, with gray eyes that told her she was the best little girl in the world.

It was a lovely game, and it became increasingly real, amended and changed to follow her growth. It stayed real until she was a big girl, seventeen, ready to leave the orphanage; ready to leave Sister Maria's office, where she had done stenographic work for two years. She'd known then that the make-believe had to stop. It was childish—and the world outside was mature. She had stopped it, too. Until Ralph Stevens had hurt her so badly without ever meaning to.

"I HAD—to see you, Ralph," she'd said that night. She would always remember that horrible night.

"Did you, Joan?" Ralph had said—but he hadn't opened wide the door of his apartment or asked her in.

"Ralph, I— It's just that—the office is sending you to South America tomorrow. I got—to thinking—"

"That you've fallen in love with me, Joan? Is that it?" Ralph had asked quietly.

"Funny, you're the first one who's asked. As a matter of fact, I'm doing this to pay my income tax."

"Yes, Ralph. Yes."

"Joan, come in here. Let's talk over this raging infatuation of yours."

She'd felt the floor swaying beneath her; she had reached out dizzily for the edge of the door. All the color must have washed from her face, for Ralph had said quickly, "Believe me, Joan, I wouldn't have let you in for anything like this for the world. But, you see, I—didn't know it was happening. Not until it was too late. Come in, child."

Then his hand caught her cold one. He guided her to the sofa before the fire, took her coat and hat.

HE'D talked on for a long while, there in front of the fire—and he'd been kind. Kinder than she'd ever deserved. He'd tried to make her see that she didn't really love him. Then he'd given her some advice, as if he'd been talking to his own daughter. "Look, honey," he'd said, "even if a chap strings you a terrific line, don't go hog-wild about him right off the bat. Don't put your interpretation on a certain way he looks at you; don't give hidden meaning to his careless, flattering words. Girls so often make themselves believe things because it's what they *want* to believe desperately—and it's dangerous. If a man falls in love with you, honey, he'll tell you. So don't even show how you feel, Joan, until you've got your man nailed."

He had driven her home, and she had sat there beside him, smiling. Tears had pushed at her eyeballs and had hurt her throat, but she hadn't cried. One thing alone had stood out crystal clear in her mind: she'd never fall in love again; she'd rather die than suffer like this. She hadn't fallen in love, either. Not until Greg came along, and then she couldn't help it. Then she'd known how right Ralph had been. She *hadn't* loved Ralph; she hadn't even been infatuated. She'd been lonely.

Greg didn't know about Ralph. He didn't even know she was an orphan. Greg didn't know anything about her, really. He thought, if he thought about it at all, that she was like thousands of other girls in Washington—with a family somewhere.

THEY were on Massachusetts Avenue now, swinging through a night that was arm-deep in stars, and all at once she heard what Greg was saying; heard the artificial brightness of her own voice:

"But how wonderful, Greg! How—*wonderful!*"

Greg nodded, and she looked straight ahead again. Just in time. Because tears had begun to fall. Her pale hair grew damp beside her cheeks. And Greg, walking beside her, didn't see the tears, didn't know. . . .

He'd been ordered to sea! The words repeated themselves until they became a horrible clamor in her brain, shutting out the soft hum of passing cars, the blare of a horn, Greg's voice. *He'd been ordered to sea!* This was Saturday, and he was leaving next Friday. *He'd been ordered to sea!* And he hadn't said he loved her! he hadn't asked her to marry him; he hadn't even asked her to wait for him. . . . I can't bear it, she thought. I can't!

After a while the clamor died down, became a hushed dirge—and her tears stopped. She'd known all along that Greg didn't care; she'd known it was too good to be true. Ralph's advice swept over her like a tidal wave, and she was grateful she'd been so careful, so cool and aloof and untouchable—not answering the pressure of Greg's fingers in the movies or that look which so often warmed his eyes. Not allowing all the little things to sway her into a wrong interpretation.

They were in the small, dimly lit vestibule of her boardinghouse now. Greg was standing bareheaded beside her, looking down into her eyes. Then his hand, firm and warm, came out and gripped hers and he smiled. "It's been a swell evening, Joan," he said. "We'll have a few more before I shove off, won't we?"

"You bet we will, Greg! We'll paint the town a patriotic red, white, and blue if you like." Said it brightly, her face feeling cracked with that shellac of brightness.

"Good night, Joan." He bent swiftly and kissed her forehead—gently, as a brother might kiss his sister. Then, before she could catch her breath—before, dear heaven, she could make a fool of herself again—he was gone.

SHE tried to snap out of it that Sunday morning. At breakfast she forced herself to think of something else—anything: the progress of a water bug across the dark floor; Virgie Mace's new hair-do; the sardonic twist of Alan MacAdams' left eyebrow. In the parlor afterward she listened to the radio and read the newspapers and searched for Blondie among the scattered comics. The telephone shrilled, and every nerve in her body tensed. She heard Mrs. Kirstring's sensible brogues crossing the hall, and they seemed to make a terrific echo until she realized it was only the wild pounding of her own heart. *"It's the boy friend, Virgie!"* Mrs. Kirstring yelled lustily—and the tension went out of Joan. After Friday she wouldn't be listening for the telephone like this. After Friday . . .

She pushed that thought away and tried to follow Blondie's antics. Then a brown hand rustled her paper. She looked up, and Alan MacAdams was smiling down at her.

"How about dinner today, Joan? Somewhere in the country."

If she went with Alan, she wouldn't be sitting here listening for the telephone.

"I'd love it, Alan," she said.

They drove out into Maryland, along the Rockville Pike.

Alan stopped at an inn off the Pike, and they ordered dinner. Joan realized she was undoubtedly being the drippiest date in Washington to take out for a good time. There was simply no life in her. Finally she roused herself. Alan wasn't paying two fifty a plate for silent communion. It was a little better then, for a few minutes . . .

Until Greg and Betty Mitchell came into the inn. They were both flushed, laughing—a wonderful-looking couple. Greg in uniform; Betty's mink coat lustrous, her mink toque just right on her dark curls. They chose a small table in a corner, and it was Betty who saw Joan first. She was shrugging out of her coat with Greg's help. She smiled and nodded, and for a moment a queer little spark flared in her dark eyes—a challenge, defiant, laughing, scornful. It was only a second before Betty looked up at Greg—but it was long enough. Betty Mitchell *knew!* And at the realization Joan's whole being flamed with such humiliation that it was beyond heartbreak, even beyond pain. She could scarcely see, could scarcely nod, when Greg smiled over Betty's head at her. If Betty knew, then surely Greg knew too. Only he didn't *want* to know! That was the story.

Dinner was over, after eternities. There was the long ride back to the city, the movie with Alan—which she didn't see—the boardinghouse. Sitting on the edge of her bed in the dark, her palms were against her throbbing temples and her stomach felt like a hollow drum. Maybe if she walked in the night air—maybe if she exhausted herself—she wouldn't think or feel. . . .

"JOAN! *Jo-an!"* Mrs. Kirstring's voice roared up the stairs. *"Jo-an,* the lieutenant's here."

Joan shot off the bed, answering. In split-second time she was in her new black velvet, her black suède pumps. She stopped and caught her breath; made up her face, combed her hair. . . . And there was Greg standing in the hall, his blue eyes watching her leisurely descent. *Slow now, Joan; easy does it.*

Greg apologized for dropping by without telephoning. "Betty had to push cookies at some hen affair near here," he explained. "I wondered if you were free."

"As the air, Greg. I'm glad you stopped in." She smiled. But not as if it mattered—not as if her heart was pounding and pulses were drumming crazily in her throat and wrists.

"Good," Greg said. He left his coat and cap in the hall and followed her into a typical Sunday night at any boardinghouse in wartime Washington. A mixed group was at the battered piano singing Elmer's Tune, but girls were in the majority: knitting, gossiping, playing bridge. Joan noticed how they stared at Greg. She was used to predatory eyes like these now. Greg *was* special; very special. He could get any girl he wanted, and he knew it. She'd been a fool for six weeks to think, to even hope— She strangled that thought, too miserable to finish it.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Mrs. Kirstring came into the parlor and blinked her pale eyes resentfully at the wild blaze of electricity. She focused on Joan. "Oh, there you are, honey. There's a Commander Alexander on the telephone, wanting your captain."

Greg laughed. "Maybe I'd better cultivate Mrs. Kirstring," he said. "I was a lieutenant when I came in; now I'm a captain." He went out into the hall, and when he returned he was rather white, but he was still smiling.

"Helena's about to present Jim with another heir," he explained. "And the devil of it is, there's no one to stay in with little Henry while Jim does the frantic father act. How about helping me play nursemaid?"

Joan hesitated. She thought, *I shouldn't.* Not alone in that big house with Greg. Not where she could fling her arms about him, make a fool of herself, with no curious eyes to check her. But she said slowly, against her will, "All right, Greg."

They walked to the Alexanders' in less than ten minutes. Helena was ready to leave, her husband's boat cloak draped over her shoulders, a suitcase at the door, Jim Alexander hovering anxiously.

"JIM'S nuts," Helena said. "I told the dope I could drive myself, but he wouldn't hear to it. Such carryings-on! Do you know where Henry was born, Joan? On a transport at sea, in the midst of a typhoon!"

Navy wives—paragons of all the virtues. They could even have babies in typhoons without turning a hair. . . .

Greg was staring thoughtfully at Jim Alexander's shaky hands. "Look

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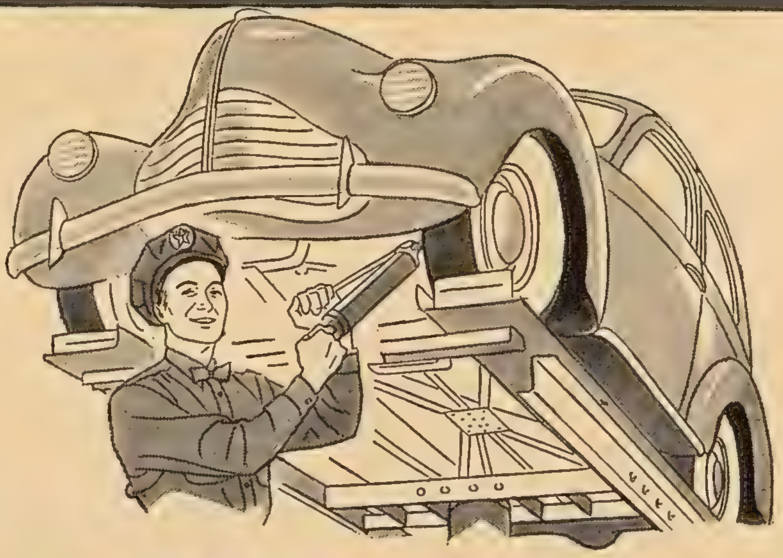

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here, Jim," Greg said seriously. "I think I'd better drive and get you *both* squared away at the hospital. Joan'll watch out for Henry until I get back."

They left hurriedly then, the car easing out of the driveway. . . . Greg's hand was waving, and Helena reached out to make Jim quit sitting on the edge of his spine.

Joan turned from the door and went into the drawing room, wandering around aimlessly. A commodore with a battle raging behind him glared down at her; the admiral, Greg's father, smiled from a tropical setting; there was Greg in his midshipman's uniform. And now Greg was going off to war, as the commodore and the admiral had before him.

A lump rose in her throat, and she ran her mind hurriedly down the list of young men she'd be dating after Friday. Alan MacAdams, Leo Carstairs, Reed Jones . . . Suddenly tears blurred her eyes. It wouldn't be any good, not any of it—not after Greg . . .

"Mommy! *Mom-my!*"

Joan flew up the stairs. She opened the nursery door, and the broad slice of light showed Henry standing up in bed. He blinked sleepily. "I've got a bruise on my arm, mommy," said Henry. "The Japs did it. Uncle Greg's going to sea and kill every damn one of 'em, too—that's what." Then he saw Joan. "Where's mommy?"

She told him the ancient fable of the stork, and Henry sighed. "That darned bird sure took his time getting here," he said—and Joan tried to keep her lips from twitching. As she tucked him in, he reached out and touched her arm. He looked startled.

"WHY, you don't feel *cold,*" he said, meeting her eyes. "You feel *warm.* Uncle Greg said you were cold clean through, and mommy said she bet you didn't even love your mother and father. She said if Uncle Greg wanted to sleep in red flannels and a raccoon coat, it was his funeral, and to chalk her down for a spray of frost flowers. Why do you hate your mother and father?"

Tears pushed at her eyes. So this was what Henry had started to say yesterday. And what a distorted picture they all had of her! Or had Henry simply distorted the picture, not wholly understanding, quoting inaccurately? She'd never know.

"Did your mother and father—*beat* you?" Henry persisted.

"Oh, darling—no," Joan said miserably—and suddenly she was telling Henry the truth, because she couldn't bear those wide eyes looking at her as if she were a monster. Pouring out her entire being, it seemed, in an abandonment of pretense. At last she stopped, conscious of a vast weariness. Henry was almost asleep, no longer interested. She tucked the covers carefully, kissed the warm softness of one small cheek, and left.

Downstairs in the drawing room, she wandered restlessly around, looking miserably at the painting of Greg. Then she picked up a book from a Sheraton table and glanced at the title. The Iceland Fisherman, by Pierre Loti. She'd read it once, and she'd cried a little. A story of the sea. . . . She flipped the pages aimlessly, and presently words leaped out at her:

> But he never returned. One August night, out of gloomy Iceland, mingled with the furious clamor of the sea, his wedding with the sea was performed. It had been his nurse; it had rocked him in his babyhood, and had afterward made him big and strong; and then, in his superb manhood, it had taken him back again for itself alone.

Suddenly she was lost in a hallucination she was powerless to shake off. It was Greg's mouth that was "already filled with water," Greg's arms that were "stretched apart and stiffened forever." *Oh, dearest God,* her heart whispered in agony, and she put the book down, buried her face in her palms, sobbing.

"Joan! Why, Joan—you're *crying!*"

She swung around. *"Greg!"* It was wrung from her heart.

He stood looking at her in surprise—a surprise that appeared to deepen and widen until presently it seemed to throw a great white light over everything, even her own mental processes. He came to her quickly.

"Joan, I've known for days how you feel about me, and I've got to say this even if it makes you unhappy—" His voice broke.

HORRIFIED at what he'd read in her eyes, detected in her voice, she stood mute, watching uncertainty, anxiety, even fear move in his blue eyes. She'd never dreamed that any one so self-assured, so debonair, could know fear, could be—shy. But, like Ralph Stevens, Greg was kind. He hadn't meant for her to love him, any more than Ralph had. He was going to be kind now, and she wanted desperately to make it easy for him.

She looked straight into his eyes. She'd never been able to do that before; she hadn't trusted herself to. "Greg, please—" she began, but her voice wavered, trailed away into nothing.

Greg said, "I've been trying to get this out for days, Joan—and I couldn't. But you were crying just then—about something—and I know now you won't laugh at me, that the worst you'll say will be no. Of course I know you don't give a hang about me. Even Helena had to toss in the sponge when all of her machinations went haywire. But you'd like navy life, especially after the war—"

"GREG—" Her voice was smothered. "Greg, are you trying to tell me—"

"That I love you, Joan. If you're willing to take a chance—"

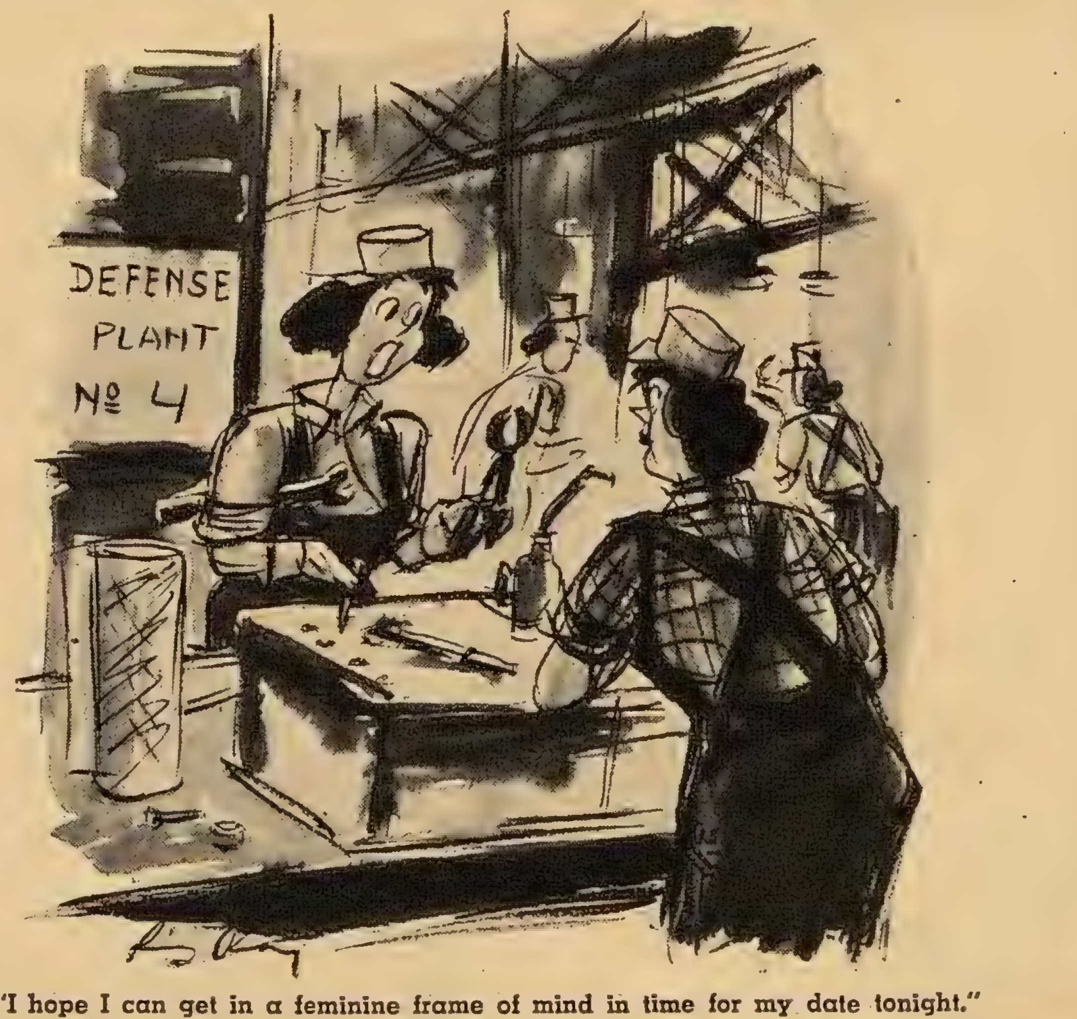
The world slipped out from under Joan. This couldn't be happening! It was too good to be true. But this was Greg looking down at her with his heart in his eyes, Greg talking about not coming back—as if she wouldn't *care.*

"Greg, even if we're married a million years, don't ever talk about not coming back. I *know* you'll come back! *I know it!*"

She said it shakily, with the swift surrender of her body against him, with the pressure of her slim arms about his neck, with her tears that were wet and salt on his cheek. It was a full moment before he understood. Then his arms held her so savagely that they hurt.

"Joan," he said huskily, "what happened to us, anyway? How did we get so damned balled up? Why did we waste all this time!"

THE END



"I hope I can get in a feminine frame of mind in time for my date tonight."

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Charles Boyer and Rita Hayworth in one of the dramatic episodes in Tales of Manhattan.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ TALES OF MANHATTAN
(for acting field day)

If that's what you're looking for, this picture has famous players and expert staging. As a matter of fact, it boasts one of the most fabulous arrays of stars and feature players you will ever see in one film. A dozen outstanding scenarists prepared the script, and the great French director Julien Duvivier screened the show. Yet, for all of these virtues, Tales of Manhattan doesn't quite hit the bull's-eye.

Perhaps there was too much talent involved in the production. Put Ginger Rogers, Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, and the Hall Johnson Choir in one show and it is hard to keep one piece of vivid make-believe from blurring another. Give the work the form of a group of short stories and it is hard to keep the audience's interest sustained through the episodic continuity.

There is little question that you will like parts of Tales of Manhattan tremendously. The film spreads its nets wide to snare your interest. From the sophisticated melodrama of the opening section, in which an actor is shot by a jealous husband and plays a real death scene as though it were a bit of make-believe, to the fantasy about Negro share-croppers in the climax, the show has a bit of everything in the way of screen entertainment.

Each episode is complete in itself. The only sustaining link in the action is a dress coat, which brings luck or misfortune to those who wear it. Thus Boyer, as the actor, is killed in it. It saves Cesar Romero briefly from an embarrassing situation when his fiancée, Ginger Rogers, finds him with a blonde. Charles Laughton gets it from a secondhand shop to make a musical debut, which starts disastrously but ends in a triumph.

The coat turns up in a Bowery mission and inspires Edward G. Robinson, as a bum, to rehabilitate himself by attending his class reunion. Then a gangster (J. Carroll Naish) uses it to hold up a gambling joint, but it causes

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
THE LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.

Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—*Leo*

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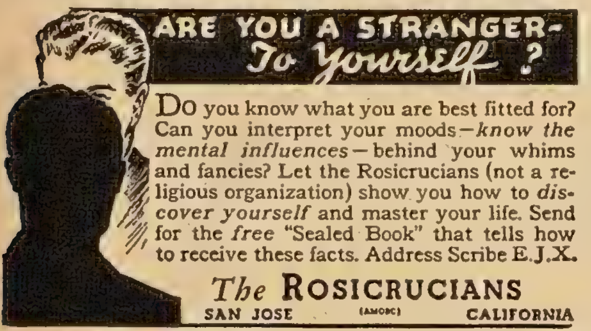

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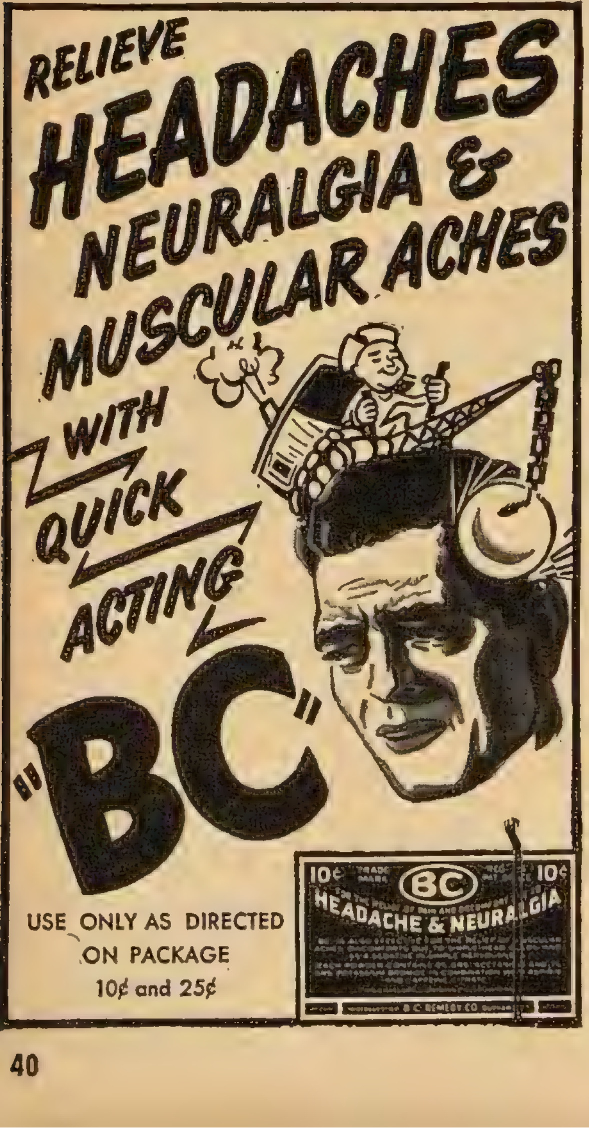

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his death in a get-away and drops like manna from heaven in a poverty-stricken Negro village. In a sense, Tales of Manhattan is the story of a dress coat, but it is much more a trick device to stage a field day for a lot of stars.

They are invariably on their toes. Boyer, Miss Hayworth, and Thomas Mitchell are excellent in the first episode. Romero, Miss Rogers, and Fonda play a deft scene of romantic satire, in which the coat proves none too good an alibi. Laughton goes all the way in his portrayal of a boogie-woogie pianist who makes good with the Philharmonic. Robinson and Naish are fine, and Robeson, Miss Waters, and the other Negro players of the finale are splendid.

Duvivier has always been one of my favorite directors, but he has been a bit nonplused by the sprawling continuity of this script. The show has a tendency to be disjointed and jerky. It is even confusing at times.

You'll certainly see a lot of top-notch acting in this fancy motion-picture goulash, but I repeat that there is too much talent and too little unified dramatic imagination for complete satisfaction.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ MEN OF TEXAS
(for horse-opera hoop-la)

ONE of the finest music critics in this country has always insisted to me that outdoor action pictures are the only good pictures. I have a vague notion of what he means. There is a terrific bang in a wild chase through spectacular landscape. There is suspense and excitement in almost every foot of a Western.

My musically minded friend would like Men of Texas. For this saga of the reconstruction period along our Southwestern frontier is a tough adventure melodrama with plenty of patriotic accents for our day. With Robert Stack in the role of a Civil War correspondent who discovers the plan for the secession of Texas by Confederate malcontents, Brod Crawford giving one of his blustering portrayals as the Texan terror, and John Litel, Anne Gwynne, Jane Darwell, and Jackie Cooper in lesser roles, the show has plenty of vivid acting.

Then there is Leo Carrillo, playing a photographer assigned to the reporter hero, who gets several laughs out of the proceedings. He does his usual stunt of murdering the king's English, but he does it with a great deal of effectiveness. A little broad comedy always mixes well with Western melodramatics. It leavens the action in Men of Texas.

Give the exteriors and the fast-paced staging lots of credit for a good entertainment. Not only are the Texan backgrounds stunning but the camera work is particularly fine. Here is an excellent horse opera which lends power to the music critic's feeling that Westerns are altogether the best pictures made.

(Universal.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

★★★—The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation.

QUIZ KIDS OF THE MONTH

LIBERTY announces the selection of another pair of lucky youngsters as Quiz Kid Boy and Girl of the Month by Quiz Kids, the popular radio program. As were the first pair, they were chosen on the basis of the contribution they have made to the nation's war effort. Every month the Quiz Kids program will honor another boy and girl, announcing their names over the air on the first Sunday in the month. Each will receive a portable radio, a certificate making him—and her—an honorary Quiz Kid, and a gold-plated Quiz Kid key.

Robin Burt of Salt Lake City is Utah's candidate for Boy of the Month because of his outstanding contribution to the war effort. Although only eleven years old, Robin is officially a top sergeant in the United States Marine Corps, assigned to recruiting work. He serves without pay, but the Marine Corps supplies his uniform. During summer vacations he reports every morning, except Sundays, at nine. When attending school he works only on Saturdays. He handles much of the marine mimeographic work, has made recruiting trips to all parts of Utah with marine personnel, and has assisted in scrap-rubber and scrap-metal drives.

Robin has done his bit for the West's labor shortage, too. During a two weeks' furlough from the marines this summer, he picked fruit in the orchards of Davis County. Every cent of the money he earned went into War Bonds and War Savings Stamps. Half of his regular fifty-cents-a-week allowance also buys a War Stamp.

Georgie Lou Cartwright of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has been doing about as many jobs to help win the war as any fifteen-year-old girl *can* do.

First, she is her family's chief salvage officer. She washes, cuts out tops and bottoms, and flattens all tin cans; piles and ties papers and magazines; strains grease and gathers scraps of rubber and all other household wastes essential to the war effort. Second, as a member of the Junior American Women's Volunteer Service, she has made and sold War Stamp corsages, and has played a principal role in staging a carnival to sell candy, peanuts, and homemade gadgets to raise money to help our soldiers. Right now she is in the midst of the biggest project of all—the establishment of a canteen, where service men can go for a good time. Third, she is organizing a Cooky Club, to meetings of which members bring ingredients and make cookies and candy to be packed, along with cigarettes and magazines, and sent to soldiers and sailors, especially those who are not likely to receive packages from home.

Georgie Lou is a senior at Mount Mercy Academy.

She wonders how she will find time to keep on with all her war work after school begins, but she is going to try her best to do it.

BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES FISHING—

Continued from Page 13

Bessie grabbed Trixie's left arm and squeezed until it hurt.

"Look!" she whispered tersely.

Less than 300 yards away, slightly to the starboard, a yellow light was bobbing up and down. Voices drifted to them.

"Ach," they heard, "you *Dummkopfs* waste valuable time. There iss strange messages on the short wave. Now giff speed!"

From offshore came a dull drone, a vibrating, spine-tingling drone, as though a million angry bees were migrating. It rose steadily in volume. Simultaneously the moon ventured a sneak peep, and Bessie and Trix could see, riding high on the green rollers, a gigantic submarine on whose deck were half a dozen uniformed figures. Snubbed to its starboard bow was the rowboat containing Jake and his two cronies. The men on the U-boat deck appeared in a frenzy.

"Cast off," one shouted gutturally. "We're crash-diving."

"Now!" whispered Bessie, handing Trix a flare. "Hold this end tight."

Bessie struck a match. A sharp hiss, and Trix automatically raised the stick above her head. The powder exploded with a reverberation that almost tore it from her grasp. A red, egg-sized pellet soared skyward, burst with a roar, and night became day.

The drone of bombers changed to thunder as they zoomed over Elder's Island in the direction of the flare. Two figures, etched vividly against the U-boat's conning tower, which they were about to enter, turned as they started below, and spied Bessie's boat.

One of them sprang to the top of the tower. He raised an arm.

"Down!" shouted Bessie, roughly yanking Trix off the seat into the bottom of the dinghy.

A PISTOL barked six times. Tracer bullets whined. One crashed through the port bow, and Bessie said "Ugh-h!"

Bessie painfully pulled the starter rope on the outboard and headed the dinghy toward Elder's Island at full speed. Above them, flashes of blue and yellow flame tongued from a navy bomber as it screamed seaward. Trix closed her eyes and gripped a gunwale as she heard a sickening *s-swish!*

She held her breath, and then it came as the ash can struck home: *Cr-rumph! Br-room-m!*

The sky was a red gash, the shore line an orange strip. Trix thought she heard screams and shouts. Another bomber dived. Again that sickening *s-swish,* the *cr-rumph,* and the *br-room-m.* A huge wave caught the stern of the dinghy, picked it up like a cork and tossed it shoreward. The outboard roared frantically as the prop turned on air.

"Oh f-for a c-camera," muttered Trix. And was suddenly violently ill.

She took a deep breath of air and turned to Bessie. It seemed to her they were getting dangerously near the sand bar.

"Bessie," she began—and then she screamed. Bessie was slumped over the top of the outboard motor and her brown jacket was stained and sticky.

The next moment they were on the bar and water was gushing through a gaping hole in the bow.

THE white-tiled room in the Barkentine Coast Guard Station smelled strongly of chloroform, because Doc Harrison had probed painfully deep for the bullet in Bessie's big shoulder.

"Will she be all right, Doc?" asked Trix. Gray streaks of dawn from the dispensary window reflected on her drawn face.

"Couldn't kill that old mud hen with a cannon ball," comforted Doc.

Commander Crosby, hat in his hand, stood on the opposite side of a makeshift operating table.

"How'd you ever get the Lark through the Inlet?" he asked Doc curiously. "That takes navigating, mister."

"Pshaw," muttered Doc, reaching for his brandy bottle, "I had a scow just like that for seventeen years. Still own it, but Uncle Sam's borrowed it. I figured the girls were in a mess of trouble after the ash cans fell, and I figured they'd wash up on the sand bar off the point."

A boatswain's mate entered with a message for the commander. As he opened the door, the clipped, excited words of a news commentator, belching from a loud-speaker in the control room, reached their ears. The commander motioned to the boatswain's mate to hold the door open.

". . . Two direct hits shattered the enemy craft, a U-boat of the latest design," the broadcaster barked, "and she sank with all hands aboard. Three unidentified men, believed by coast guards to have been enemy agents supplying the submarine with provisions, were killed or drowned when their supply craft was struck by bomb fragments. This action took place early today off the eastern coast. And that's all the news from here."

The commander accepted the message and dismissed the boatswain's mate.

"More good news," he said, with a leathery smile. "My divers report at least 200 drums of Diesel oil in Elder's Cove. That may mean a nice check for Bessie. Wouldn't be surprised if she received a Treasury draft for five hundred dollars or more."

Bessie groaned.

"What's all this mumbling she's been doing about teeth?" inquired Doc. "Just hysteria, I suppose."

"Hysteria nothing!" said Trixie indignantly. "She's needed new teeth for years. And she'll get them, too. My boy friend just got his dental degree."

Bessie groaned again, opened her eyes. They riveted on Doc Harrison.

"Cripes!" Bessie muttered. "You operate like you fish, you butcher!"

THE END

It tastes better with

DIXIE BELLE

The Great American Gin
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED BY LONDON DRY PROCESS
DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED London Dry GIN

90 Proof
Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

RECOGNIZED ADVERTISING . . .

Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

Remember...
THE BOYS IN SERVICE GET AWFULLY CANDY HUNGRY!
SEND
Miss Saylor's
COFFEE-ETS

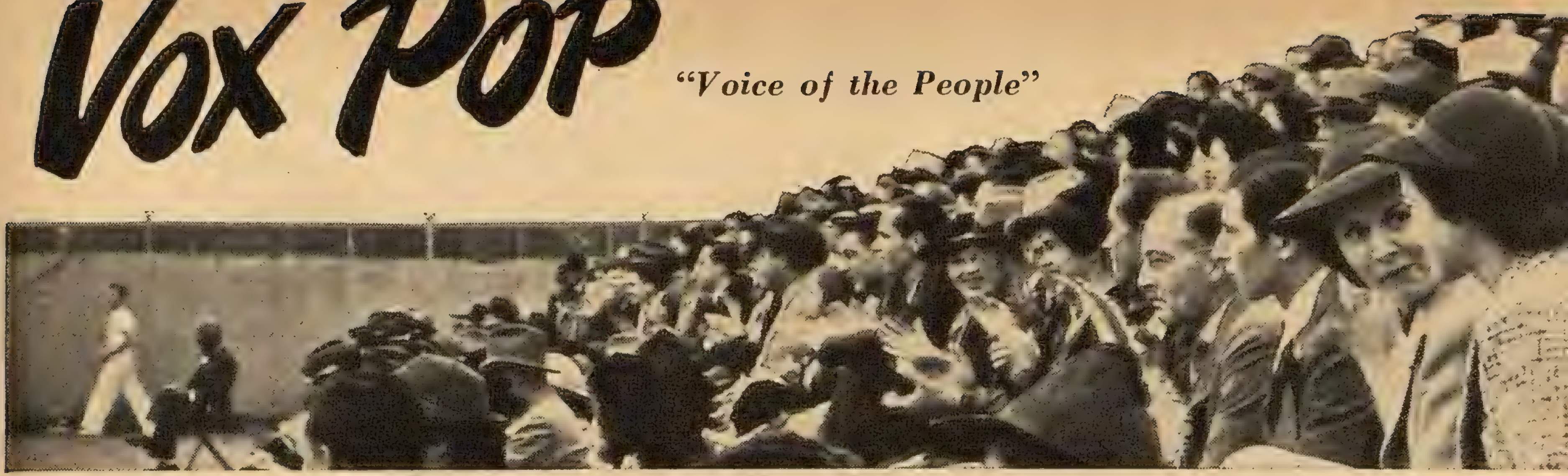
They're wonderful little pepper-uppers, made of pure cream, real coffee and fresh dairy butter. They taste like home to lonely boys in distant places.

No matter where your boy may be, COFFEE-ETS can go and will arrive fresh, delicious and oh so welcome!

Send today.
Service mail always goes through.
7½ oz. 60¢ 1 lb. $1.10
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.
MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
Incinel Avenue • Alameda, California

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"



KEEP IT UP, JERRY—WE'RE PROUD OF YOU

LYNWOOD, CALIF.—I'm sending you a picture of myself to illustrate one of the ways Liberty is helping us to win the war.

I've been selling Liberty since August 16, 1941, am a member of the 49 Club (boys who sell at least 49 copies a week), and my earnings have helped me buy $100 worth of War Bonds. This represents my entire earnings; no one else has given me help.

Perhaps some other boys who work for you have bought even more War Bonds than I. Wouldn't it be interesting to find out how big an investment in democracy the Liberty salesmen have made? Maybe it would inspire the grown-ups to try a little harder.—*Jerry Kinney.*

SHANE'S SHAMEFUL SHENANIGANS

LODI, CALIF.—I believe Ted Shane wasted enough gas in his article of August 8 Liberty to last him for the duration of the war. If he has any more to waste, I would gladly pay him for it before it is too late. If he happened to take the notion to strike a match to himself instead of his car, it would blow him to kingdom come and his neighbors for two blocks around would still get a free ride on him.—*H. B. Rowe.*

THIS DOESN'T HURT *OUR* FAITH IN HUMANITY

AUSTIN, TEX.—I want every woman in America to invite soldiers to dinner at least once. You owe it to yourselves. Yes, *yourselves;* for you'll get more out of it than anybody else, make no doubt. It's a wonderful experience.

Just for instance: On successive Saturday nights I've asked the U. S. O. to send me soldiers, two at a time. A week ago, came two timid lads from a distant mountain state. They weren't very certain about their forks, but there was nothing uncertain about their spirit. Last night I got all set for two more timid country youngsters—and in stepped, right on the hour, two of the most distinguished, sophisticated, well mannered gentlemen I've ever met. They had candy for me, and enough aplomb to cover my confusion! They'd left big jobs in one of our greatest cities to become—private soldiers.

The two mountain lads said, "Lady, we didn't know folks could be so fine." The city men said, "It renews one's faith in humanity." They said *that*—to *me.*

Well, Army of America, I give your words right back to you. I didn't know folks could be so fine. It renews my faith in humanity.

Don't miss out on this, Mrs. America. And don't forget that all the "common" soldiers are in the armies of Hitler *et al.* The soldiers you'll entertain are uncommonly fine men.—*Anne W. Yarbrough.*

The only comment we can add to your letter is that those "uncommonly fine men" are meeting some uncommonly fine civilians.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BUT IT'S SO BORING TO BE RIGHT *ALL* THE TIME

DIABLO HEIGHTS, C. Z.—Judson P. Philips has all the earmarks of being a good mystery writer, but at bridge he is definitely an amateur.

I refer to the arrangement of illustrating a hand in Part Two of The Fourteenth Trump (July 11 Liberty). The cards are *always* listed in suits in the following order: spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs. Would-be bridger Philips had the temerity to reverse the spade and heart holding! It just isn't done!

Anyway, Coyle seems to be a pretty shrewd chap, so here's hoping he frees poor Mona.—*David R. Cervin.*

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE SUGGESTIONS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—SUGGEST RECLAIMING COINS AND SUBSTITUTING COINS OF NONVITAL PLASTIC OR SIMILAR SATISFACTORY MATERIALS. I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE $1,198-582.72 IN PENNIES IN CIRCULATION. WOULD SAVE 410 TONS METAL BROKEN DOWN TO 95% COPPER AND 5% TIN AND ZINC. $112,301,-314.20 IN NICKELS WOULD SAVE 12,379 TONS 75% COPPER AND 25% NICKEL. SIMILAR SAVINGS ON DIMES, QUARTERS, HALVES PLUS CONTINUOUS SAVING ON REPLACEMENT COINS. THIS SUGGESTION MERELY AN AVERAGE AMERICAN'S INTEREST IN HELPING WIN THE WAR. WILBUR TECHTMANN.

AUTHOR BELONG TO CALIFORNIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE?

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.—Referring to Allan Vaughan Elston's story Reprisal (August 8 Liberty), I shiver to think what the people of Florida will say about Mr. Elston for having his Nazi sailor escape their attention while hitchhiking through the Sunshine State clad in an overcoat.—*George Harbison.*

FOOEY TO FASCISTS—PUT 'EM IN THE PEN

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Why can't we throw our Fascists in concentration camps before they sell us out like the Lavals and other traitors? I fear the American Fascists more than I do our enemies.—*Martha Rhodes.*

THIS GUY IS GUYING THAT OTHER GUY

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Tell the guy who criticized the guy who made the cover of Liberty for June 13, 1942, to get himself a flock of blisters as big as the ones on the cover guy and see how *his* face looks when he takes his shoes off'n those blisters.—*C. A. J.*

YOU BET!

MENTOR, OHIO—Keep the fiction peppy and light, and more airplane stories.—*Jeanne Stiess.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thanks a lot for giving us the *facts.*—*J. O'C.*

A STRONG KICK FROM THE WEST

CHUALAR, CALIF.—Liberty Salutes California . . . with a lot of misinformation. The valley quail, which is our state bird, is not the size of a robin. It is the size of a pigeon. And the California poppy is not red nor yellow. It is orange. It is not bristly hairy in any sense. The foliage is soft.

I hope you get the information about other states in better shape, or they will be very annoyed.—*Marka Johnson.*

AGAIN? THEY'RE REALLY "WILD ABOUT HARRY"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Regarding the letter written by Private Harry Norton in July 25 Vox Pop:

I think he's being rather unfair. It's true that there are girls who go around with their heads high and noses up, but what of the other girls? Don't they count?

Surely you don't have to pay any attention to a girl with her nose tilted. You can always find a much nicer girl.—*Alyce Brent.*

WE'LL TAKE GRANT'S WORD FOR IT

NEW CASTLE, PA.—I have had the opportunity of seeing your issue of August 8 and to absorb the intimate portrait of Bill Dickey given by Grantland Rice. This article is certainly a fine picture of a fine diamond performer, and I want to thank you and Grantland Rice for it.

Bill must be another Tris Speaker; for I remember (I think it was in 1924 or 1925) the tribute paid the Gray Eagle by none other than Grantland Rice when, in answer to the question as to what in his opinion was the easiest position in baseball, he replied, "Left or right field with Tris Speaker in center."—*Richard E. Johns.*

WORDS ON WALTER

DES MOINES, IA.—Liberty, from the outset, has well reflected its name. You have reached a new peak of service to our country in publishing the Winchell articles, Americans We Can Do Without.

There should be a new word in American dictionaries to describe fearless, intelligent exposure and verbal blasting of enemies within, and it should be "Winchelled."—*Frank Miles, Editor Iowa Legionaire.*

CLIFTON, N. J.—I would suggest Winchell return to the information he formerly gave about infanticipating, etc., and let this vital matter of which he now writes be taken care of by the proper authorities.—*Mrs. James Campbell.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations! We need more light on these pseudo-Americans.—*Benjamin Starr.*

Working overtime these days?

SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

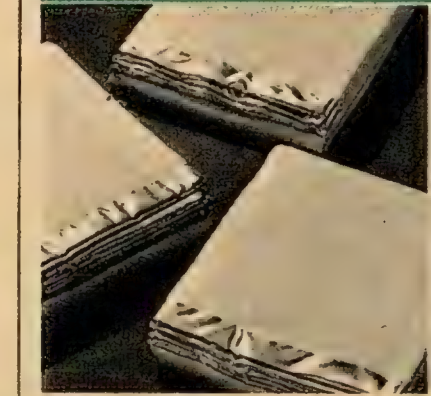
Give your throat a change and see how much brighter life becomes! The mild menthol in KOOLS makes each puff crisp and refreshing as a dipper of spring water on a hot and dusty day. Get a pack of KOOLS today...then light up and relax! (And save those coupons for luxury premiums.)

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KOOL

UNION MADE
NOW AT
POPULAR PRICES

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK . . . TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these



Lady Pepperell Blankets of a wool, rayon and cotton blend for year-round medium weight. 72" x 90". Pastel shades: blue, green or rose.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS
FOR B & W COUPONS

FREE! New Catalog #20. Color illustrations. Full descriptions. Many new premiums. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

Lady's Umbrella. New Koroseal waterproof rayon. Blue, white, green or red—with attractive matching handle. Well made on rustless frame.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

1 Blemish
5 Something assumed for basis of argument
10 Fish
14 Character of sound
15 Without company
16 Again
17 Copy
19 Thought
21 Note of the scale
22 Take away
23 Asterisk
24 Purpose
25 Part to be
26 Antennae
28 Electrical unit of power
30 Conveyance
31 Sulked
34 Anger
35 Map
36 One who makes a noise of disapprobation
37 Negative
38 Increase
39 Dislike exceedingly
40 Egyptian god
41 Spirit
43 Despicable
44 Domestic animal
45 Antitoxic blood lymph
46 Weary
47 Roman god of war
48 Ear-shaped gastropod
50 Era
51 Harbor
53 Domesticated
54 Shafted, as a feather
57 Exist
58 Coarse hair
59 Work
60 Mature
62 Musical study
64 Golf club
65 Paradise
66 Lassoed
67 Coin

VERTICAL

1 Disturb
2 Move toward
3 Alive
4 Rejoinder
5 Fruit
6 Beverage
7 Preposition
8 Bound together
9 Commemorative piece of metal
10 Cry, as of a sheep
11 Article
12 Prefix: half
13 Glide smoothly
18 Hail!
20 Hermit
23 Perceived
24 Snake (pl.)
26 Imperfection
27 Flower
28 Alcoholic drink (pl.)
29 Got up
30 Narrow opening
32 Weird
33 Hauls
35 Church dignitary
36 Healthy
38 Dig up
39 Employ
42 Beseech
43 Climbing plant
44 Get ready
46 Vegetable
47 Pertaining to a fungus
49 Tardier
50 Playing card
51 Naked
52 Surrounded by
54 Hastened
55 Kind of jacket
56 Dinge
58 Japanese coin
59 Poem
61 Hebrew letter
63 On high

1	2	3	4	▨	5	6	7	8	9	▨	10	11	12	13
14				▨	15					▨	16			
17				18			▨	19		20		▨	21	
22						▨	23				▨	24		
▨	▨	25			▨	26					27		▨	▨
28	29			▨	30				▨	31			32	33
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37		▨	38				▨	39				▨	40	
41		42				▨	43				▨	44		
45					▨	46				▨	47			
▨	▨	48			49				▨	50			▨	▨
51	52		▨	53				▨	54				55	56
57		▨	58				▨	59						
60		61		▨	62		63			▨	64			
65				▨	66					▨	67			

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

S	T	I	C	K	E	R	S	▨	G	A	N	D	H	I
P	U	M	A	▨	L	E	A	D	▨	H	E	R	O	D
A	B	E	L	▨	E	D	G	E	S	▨	W	I	L	L
G	A	R	L	I	C	▨	E	A	T	▨	E	P	E	E
H	▨	▨	▨	D	T	S	▨	R	O	L	L	▨	▨	▨
E	M	P	H	A	S	I	S	▨	R	O	S	E	S	▨
T	I	R	E	S	▨	S	C	A	M	P	▨	R	A	M
T	E	A	T	▨	T	S	A	R	S	▨	S	A	B	U
I	N	N	▨	H	O	Y	L	E	▨	O	A	S	E	S
▨	S	K	O	A	L	▨	D	A	B	B	L	E	R	S
▨	▨	▨	P	Y	L	E	▨	S	A	E	▨	▨	▨	O
B	A	L	E	▨	E	G	G	▨	D	R	I	V	E	L
I	V	A	N	▨	D	O	U	S	E	▨	R	I	D	I
B	O	N	E	R	▨	S	M	U	G	▨	O	V	E	N
S	N	E	R	D	S	▨	P	A	G	A	N	I	N	I

Last week's answer

You're in the groove for shaving joy
When you try Thin Gillettes . . . oh boy!
You skim tough beards off in a flash—
Use fewer blades—look slick—save cash!

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Gillette

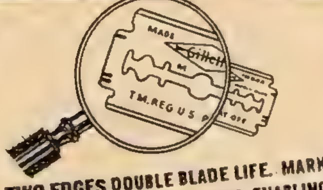
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
12 for 27c

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

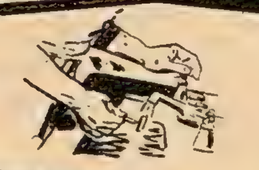
Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

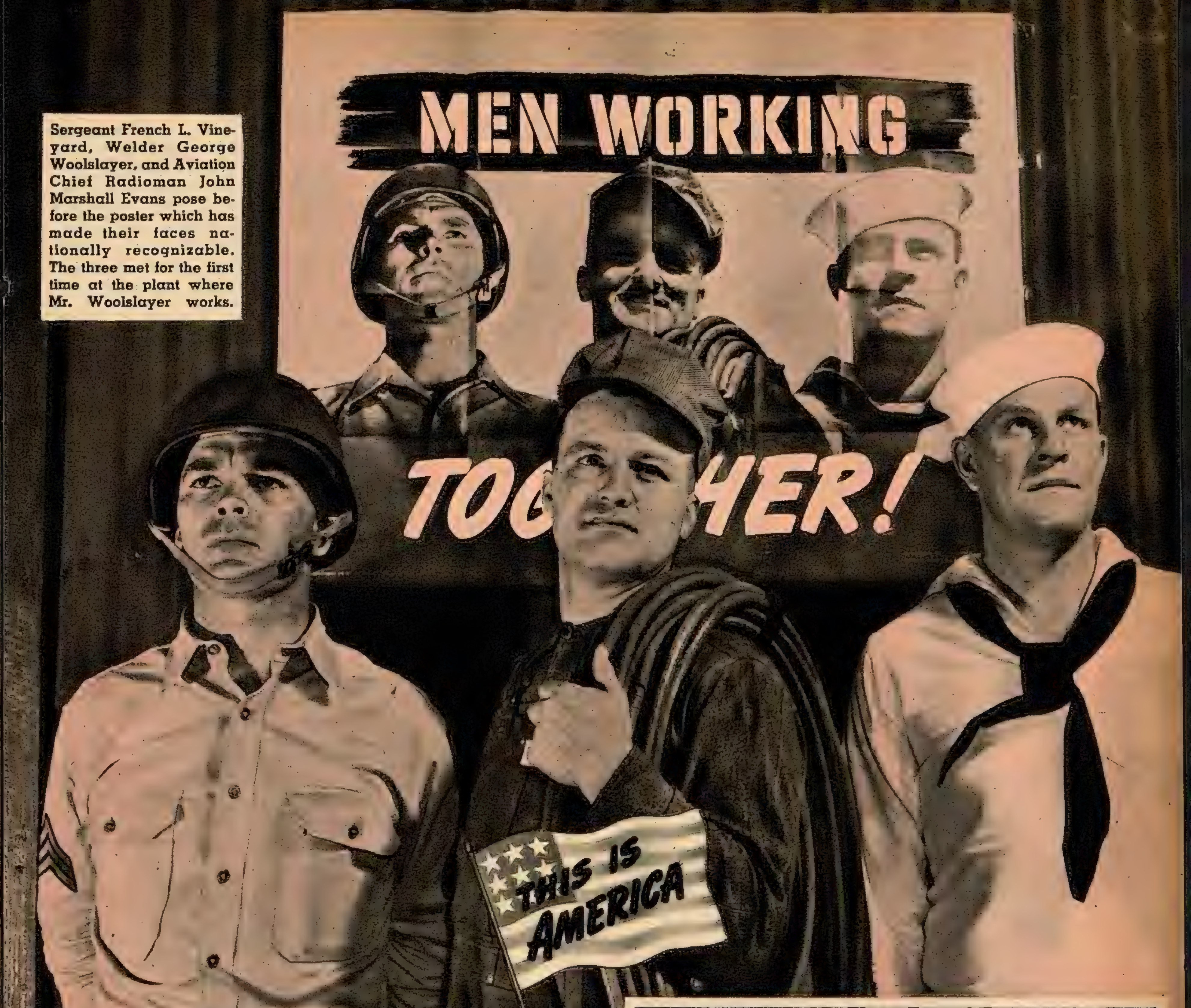
1. WASH FACE THOROUGHLY WITH HOT WATER AND SOAP TO SOFTEN BEARD AND ELIMINATE ACCUMULATED GRIT THAT DULLS SHAVING EDGES

2. APPLY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM WHILE FACE IS WET. IF LATHER IS USED, WORK IT IN WELL WITH BRUSH OR FINGERS



3. TWO EDGES DOUBLE BLADE LIFE. MARKS INDICATED ABOVE IDENTIFY EDGES, ENABLING YOU TO GIVE BOTH EQUAL USE AND GET EXTRA SHAVES


4. CLEAN BLADE IN RAZOR BY LOOSENING HANDLE, THEN RINSING IN HOT WATER AND SHAKING. WIPING THE BLADE IS LIKELY TO DAMAGE THE EDGES



Sergeant French L. Vineyard, Welder George Woolslayer, and Aviation Chief Radioman John Marshall Evans pose before the poster which has made their faces nationally recognizable. The three met for the first time at the plant where Mr. Woolslayer works.

THE POSTER THAT CAME TO LIFE

DURING an assignment at an Eastern plant of the Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation, a photographer took a picture of George Woolslayer, a welder. Later the picture was selected for use in the now familiar poster, Men Working Together, which dramatically illustrates how the soldier and sailor in the front line and the worker on the production line are linked together by a common purpose—winning the war.

A few weeks ago the Office of War Information arranged for the three men on the poster to meet for the first time. Sergeant French L. Vineyard, the soldier, and John Marshall Evans, the sailor, went to the steel plant to visit Woolslayer, who proudly showed them how he and his fellow workers are turning out the steel that will go into ships and tanks and trucks and planes and guns and jeeps to speed America toward victory.

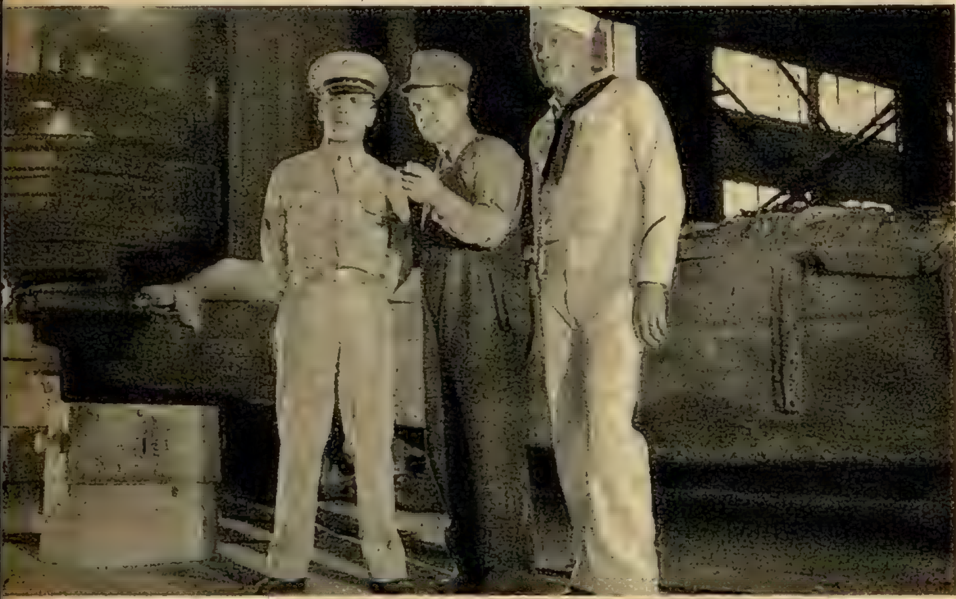
Official Office of War Information Photographs by Palmer

MEN WORKING
TOGETHER!
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS
TAKE CARE!

George Woolslayer, acting as guide and host to the soldier and sailor, starts out with them on an inspection tour of the steel plant.

"I've been waitin' for this moment, and I'm mighty proud," said Woolslayer, as he shook hands with his poster-model colleagues.

In a 140° temperature, they look into the open door of an electric steel furnace. "This is what I call warm hospitality," remarked Evans.



For six days Woolslayer acted as guide for his army and navy poster-companions, and even then they failed to cover the entire mill.

Woolslayer entertains his two friends at a party at his home. The fun started at eight in the evening and lasted well into the next morning.

In the background are raw materials; in the foreground the men who mold and use them. The composite result—winning a war.

The three men pause for a moment to watch the beginning of a tapping operation on one of the small thirty-five-ton electric furnaces.

They pass the scrap charge for a battery of open-hearth furnaces. The left line of buckets shows what is happening to discarded auto parts.

Mrs. Woolslayer and Sergeant Vineyard chat over beer and pretzels. That's Radioman Evans reaching for a snack off his hostess' plate.

They pass through a mill yard. Behind them is another scrap pile of materials which the furnaces will transform into sinews of war.

They meet a gang of furnacemen. "We're the fellows who start making those jeeps you guys bounce around in," one told Vineyard.

In the mill's blacksmith and maintenance shop, Woolslayer and Vineyard see men at work on a drop hammer shaping a big red-hot hook.

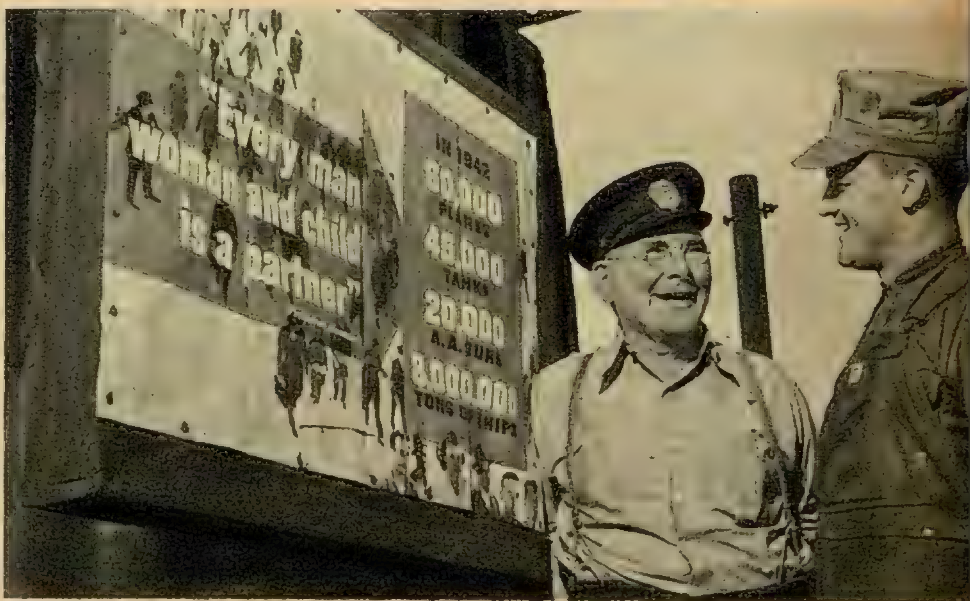
Standing on the bridge, the intense heat rising toward them, they look down on men pouring molten metal from the furnaces into ingot molds.

Woolslayer points out a pile of stainless steel seamless tubing, stacked and ready for shipment to food-manufacturing and chemical plants.

"This reminds me of home," said Vineyard, enjoying Mrs. Woolslayer's devil's-food cake. Next to him is Georgie Ann Woolslayer, aged eight.

STEEL WORKERS
HEADQUARTERS
ON

Meet the boys." Woolslayer takes his guests down to the local union headquarters, gathering place for many of the workers at the plant.


"Every man woman and child is a partner"
IN 1942
60,000 PLANES
45,000 TANKS
20,000 A.A. GUNS
8,000,000 TONS OF SHIPS

Woolslayer stops to chat before a poster designed by the same government office as the one on which he, Vineyard, and Evans appeared.

ROOSEVELT

AS I SEE HIM

A revealing series by ten authorities, from ten points of view—Here an eminent columnist and commentator writes of Roosevelt the reformer

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE Roosevelt administration consists of one large central office and two anterooms. In one of these, a group of progressives, university people and liberals impatiently clacks its heels against the floor and wonders when Prexy is going to get rid of the professional politicians and corporate conservatives with whom he has been spending so much time recently. In the other chamber, a number of professional politicians and corporate conservatives yawn wearily and ask each other, with gestures, when Mr. Big is going to get tired of the seers, visionaries, and prophets with whom he has been so thick of late. This has been going on for almost ten years, and both groups are still waiting for a decision, each firmly convinced only a slight additional delay is involved.

The ten years began with Mr. Roosevelt's airplane dash to the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1932. The new man raced West to meet the new era. As he left, he was handed an acceptance speech written, in part, by brain-trusters Moley and Tugwell. He took it, said "Thank you." When he landed, he was handed a second acceptance speech, written, in part, by a professional politician, Colonel Louis McH. Howe, and a conservative, Bernard Baruch. He took it, said "Thank you." On the platform he used the first page of the second speech and the body of the first, weaving them together.

Donald Richberg, one of the big early New Deal names, tells another story: In that first frantic spring of the New Deal, the President would sit at his desk, with ten or twelve men standing about, "shooting ideas at him": Tugwell, General Johnson, Raymond Moley, A. A. Berle, others. The President would listen, sometimes for hours. Then he would wave that cigarette holder, tell them to form a small working committee, go into the next room, and "weave it all together."

Does Mr. Roosevelt hate the Supreme Court? When he first came to Washington, he informed the dazed Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, that he

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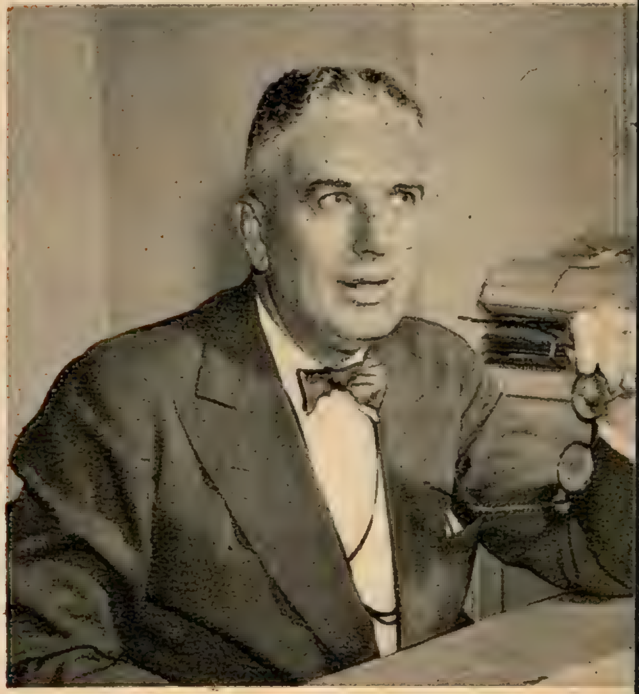

Rex Tugwell's starting point for a brave new world was the now-in-work rural electrification.

fessional Politician Colonel Louis Howe
ved as sage adviser and unselfish friend.

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Brain-Truster Raymond Moley, head of the first planned-economy group from Columbia.

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Colorful "Iron Pants" Johnson broke his heart over NRA—but its labor clause became law.

would like to be able, from time to time, to discuss matters of state informally with him and with some of the associate justices. (He had so used the Court of Appeals in Albany while Governor of New York.) It is recorded that Mr. Hughes was so shocked by the proposed breach of custom that he was speechless, merely holding up his hands in horror.

The President's passion for collecting opposites reached its climax in the middle period of the defense program, when he finally succeeded in installing industrialist William Knudsen and labor leader Sidney Hillman as the twin heads of the arms drive, staring somewhat sourly at each other across a table top and wondering which of two men could have the last word when both held equal power.

That administrative fantasy had been foreshadowed in 1937, when Mr. Roosevelt agreed with Henry Morgenthau that the time had come to reassure business by balancing the budget and agreed, almost simultaneously, with Tom Corcoran the time had come for an anti-monopoly drive.

Today, as the world casts an anxious eye on the Washington line-up, it observes a Bureau of Economic Warfare, under idealist Henry Wallace, busily promising a quart of milk a day to all the inhabitants of earth, the end of imperialism, and freedom for all nations, and then it hears a Presidentially endorsed radio speech by Secretary of State Hull taking a good bit of it back in an old-fashioned, down-to-earth, brass-tacks, low-tariff-and-no-nonsense oration.

THE President's curious ability to make himself at home in a magpies' nest of opposites carries over into his foreign policy. He co-operated with Chamberlain until Chamberlain was ousted; then he co-operated with Winston Churchill when Churchill came in; alone among the democratic leaders of the world, he was able to maintain perfect understanding with both. He was one of the first democratic statesmen to denounce the Fascist aggressors; yet when all the world had broken with Fascism, he stood alone as the last democratic leader to keep official contact with Vichy, Madrid, and Helsinki. He will go down in history as having made America the world's greatest air power; he is doing so with an old-school big-battleship admiral, Leahy, as his personal chief of staff. He is the liberator of China who permitted the sale of oil and steel to Japan until all America was shocked by it, and called a halt, almost forcibly. He foresaw the whole world conflict, yet was deep in conference with the Japanese, Kurusu, when we were caught unready at Pearl Harbor. For many months he was the man who would not deal with Fascism or break with Laval.

These smaller paradoxes are only the frosting on the basic paradox of the Roosevelt administrations:

He is the man who was able to combine the conservative politicians of the South, the political machines of the Northern cities, and the expanding political power of labor into a working instrument for putting over a legislative program of reform. He was able to get Tammany Congressional support for LaGuardia ideas, so to speak; to get Rayburn of Texas and the Bankheads of Alabama to work with him on a program ardently desired by the CIO. He was able to get campaign contributions from labor unions to finance Democratic election sweeps which left almost every committee in Congress in the control of Southern Democrats who were tepid, to say the least, about labor's objectives. He was able to get Boss Hague's congressman to vote for a labor Magna Charta at a time when the Boss was defying labor organizers to show up in Jersey City. He was able to get country congressmen to vote for a collective bargaining statute which left them dizzy, and he was able to get back-of-the-gashouse congressmen to vote for a crop-reduction plan they could not possibly understand. Mr. Roosevelt, the close, close friend of both frugal Jesse Jones and spender Harry Hopkins, did it. He wove them all together.

It is time, in this tenth year of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, that we began to understand his method.

We think of a reformer as a hot-eyed man, filled way up to here with

nmy Corcoran's concerns were share-crop-
rehabilitation and a righteous Wall St.

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Starting in social work, spender Harry Hopkins still speaks for "one third of a nation."

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Virtual dean of the New Deal, ex-dean of Harvard Law, now Justice Felix Frankfurter.

definite ideas, watchful for chances to put them into execution, intolerant of all opposition. Mr. Roosevelt is not hot-eyed; he says "yes" ten times for each time he says "no," and it may even come about that history will write him down as no reformer at all, but rather as an amiable and willing vehicle for the currents of his age, a kind of yes-man to historical process.

A CLASSIC of the White House is the famous "yes . . . yes" story: the tale of two senators on opposite sides of the fence who came to see the President one day. Each left beaming, the legend goes, but totally unable to recall anything that had been said to him during his ten minutes except "Yes . . . yes" and "Go on."

The President spoke to those two senators separately. More often he likes to get opposing pairs into his office together, as sometimes he seems to like to set up bureaus with opposed powers. It is part of the Roosevelt method to let such men and agencies work out upon each other, while he, sitting apart, interestedly watches to see the resultant of these forces. When he was working on dollar devaluation, he called both Senator Carter Glass, who hated the program, and Senator Thomas Gore, who loved it, into conference. Henry Pringle tells how the President put the question of whether he had the right to devalue the dollar not to Glass, who would say no, but to Gore. Gore said:

"Mr. President, you could go down the street right now, knock down an old man, drag him into the White House, and take his clothes. You could sell them secondhand. It would be just about as legal as what you are planning to do. But that doesn't matter. You can do it anyway."

It is recorded that the President "roared with laughter," shouting to the gloomy senator from Virginia: "Do you hear that, Carter?" That is the laugh which echoes from behind the closed doors of Cabinet meetings.

The Roosevelt laugh is part of the Roosevelt method. The laughing President does not play the game as, say, Mr. Hoover played it. Mr. Hoover had to put on cheerfulness; Mr. Roosevelt has to put on gravity. Here are the unwritten rules of the cheerful world in which Mr. Roosevelt prefers to operate, and which he has compelled much of Washington to accept:

1. First-name relationships may be retained even with men on the opposite side. (After the President had "purged" Senator George of Georgia, during the Barnesville speech of 1938, he turned to George, who had been sitting on the platform, shook his hand, and said, "Let's always be friends. God bless you, Walter."

2. Formality may be dispensed with in political action, as in personal relationships. An attractive legislative idea will be accepted, regardless of the source. A hunch that some obscure clause in some obscure law provides sufficient power for taking certain action is as good as a careful study; a decision will be made on such a hunch; the experts will be asked to verify it later. The President's world is not stuffy.

3. The President's world is a specific world. He is impatient of generalizations. Transcripts of his press conferences are rich in references to, say, certain farms he has seen, mentioning precise acreage and soil composition; he will talk about the difficulties of growing a particular crop; he will discuss the cost of a kilowatt hour of electricity in one area as against another.

But when Moley showed him two drafts of a tariff plank for 1932, one, by General Johnson, advocating trade treaties, and another, by Taussig proposing a flat 10-per-cent tariff cut, he put the dull scripts aside, saying to the astounded Mr. Moley, "Weave the two together."

When, however, the simple basic idea of CCC was first suggested, he suddenly broke out, "Look here! I think I'll go ahead with this—the way I did on beer!" He dashed off a message to Congress at once, and sent it, without consulting any one.

4. To an extraordinary degree, the President's world is without bias. He is more interested in the personality, charm, vividness, humor, and characteristics of the people about him than in their schools of politics or economics, their social backgrounds, race, or religion. His world, therefore, is marvelously eclectic; it was big enough, for a long time, to include both Farley and Corcoran, the professional political and the torch-carrying liberal. It includes, even today, men of the deep left and the far right. This all-inclusive quality of the President's circle has had an enormous effect on his reforms.

THE above may be considered a blueprint of inconsistency. It is infinitely more than that. It is perhaps the only method which could have enabled a man to function, in a period of deep changes, as the President of all the people.

I, a supporter of the President, have been quite frank in citing apparent Presidential weaknesses and indirections. This article will appear in wartime and during hotly contested elections. I have not felt it necessary to be any less frank therefore. But, standing on my copyright, I now forbid any quotation from this article which does not include the all-important qualification in the paragraph directly above.

For the time has come to put forth a new theory concerning Roosevelt, the reformer: I ask you to consider this amiable and kindly man, a man without special training in economics, or even interest in it; a man without experience in business, who inherits an appalling government situation in 1933. All the country goes at him instantly with ideas, the "Columbia group" of Moley, Tugwell, etc., with its desire for economic planning; the "Harvard group," Frankfurter, Corcoran, etc., with its deep belief in regulated competition and government umpires over business excesses; the "purchasing power group," Hopkins, Wallace, etc., with its belief that deliberate government investment must make up for the shrinkage in private investment; the "business group," with its faith in self-curative processes, if only we can keep budgets and taxes down and let low prices revive trade; the labor movement, trying to work through better hours and wages toward industrial democracy; the old-fashioned "trust-buster group," with Thurman Arnold as its key spirit, hating bigness, either in corporate or labor-union form; the "inflation group," which believes that higher prices and "more money" will cure anything; the "low tariff group," Hull, etc., with its belief in the curative power of restored international trade.

THE curious thing about Mr. Roosevelt is that he has never belonged to any one of these groups continuously, and yet has worked with every one of them from time to time. We are not done with paradoxes yet: Mr. Roosevelt came into office firmly attempting to cut 25 per cent from government expenditures. He remained to spend more than any predecessor. He outlawed the company union. He has used troops against strikers. He put Thurman Arnold into office to bust trusts. He adopted NRA, which virtually suspended the antitrust laws. He fostered a price rise by devaluing the dollar. He has condemned monopoly for boosting prices.

A man once came to him with an idea. An adviser objected that the idea was inflationary. The President said merely this: "So far as inflation goes, you can say that we're not going to throw ideas out of the window simply because they are labeled 'inflation.'"

The President, on another occasion: "It is common sense to take a method and try it; if it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But, above all, try something."

The plain truth is that Franklin Delano Roosevelt came to the White House without a theory.

(If that knowledge bothers you, toy with the thought of what might have happened had he had a theory, a fixed idea, to which he was determined to cling for years through hell and high water.)

If Mr. Roosevelt seems to have been inconsistent sometimes, let us ask ourselves whether the country over which he presided was consistent.

If he seems not always to have known what he wanted, let us ask ourselves whether the country always knew clearly what it wanted.

If he seems not to have traveled in one straight line for ten years, let us ask ourselves whether this country was prepared to travel in one straight line for ten years, either to the left or to the right.

I have pictured the President as a sorter-outer of ideas. That is the secret of the mood of sureness which seems to surround him on large occasions. He is never the lone man, committed to the lone theory, condemned to stand or fall with it. He is never the complete partisan, bound to one group of men, the partner of their fate. He is curiously uninvolved in his biggest fights.

Corcoran is gone; but the hundreds of bright young men whom he pushed into government agencies from his "employment office" in the "little red house on R Street" remain; their one-time chief is in the outer darkness, but they are still feeding hot lunches to school children, rehabilitating share croppers, and keeping watch on the stock market.

General Johnson was brought in to run the NRA. He wanted to assure fair prices and fair competition to business, so he gave a sop to labor in the famous collective bargaining clause, 7A. Watch closely; the codes are gone, the trade-practice agreements are gone; but 7A remains, now grown up and become the Wagner Labor Relations Act. That act made too many enemies when Chairman Madden ruled the Labor Relations Board. Madden is gone, on the Court of Claims, and so the headlines are gone. But the act and the board remain.

The bill to enlarge the Supreme Court failed miserably. The fight over this bill was a major fight. It was the kind of fight which, typically, could make or break a statesman. The fight did not break Mr. Roosevelt. He obtained the Court he wanted, a year later, through appointment. Characteristically, he then picked one of the Court's earlier members, Harlan Stone, as Chief Justice.

Jerome Frank has left the Securities and Exchange Commission, and so the Commission has left the headlines. But the Commission remains, doing exactly what it did while Frank was in.

Tugwell is gone; when the pressure against him became too great, he had to leave. But his defeat was his defeat, not the President's; the man is out, but the ideas he generated remain, in a dozen aspects of the Agriculture Department's work and in the development of rural electrification.

I STARTED this piece by citing a number of Presidential paradoxes. There is a Congressional paradox, too. How does it happen that Congress defeats this man as often as it does, then turns round to find him still intact, amiable as ever, and perhaps even a bit more Olympian?

The answer gives us the final detail of the Roosevelt method. He is not irrevocably tied to any particular man or any particular proposal. Remove any subordinate, kill any specific reform, and you still do not touch him. He is tied irrevocably only to a method, the method of using any man, or any idea, in a trial-and-error progression, and that method is bafflingly hard to kill. It is too much like the method of nature, the method of life itself, to be oppossed very easily.

Mr. Roosevelt is the easiest President in American history, in the sense that he considers himself free to dip into any current of American brains and ability. He will use the chairman of the board of United States Steel to work on the refugee problem, and the head of the steelworkers' union to work on an aviation wage problem. He does so in both cases without self-consciousness and with dignity. It will not occur to him that the past (with its wild noises and bitter furies) has erected a barrier between him and the corporation head or between him and the union leader.

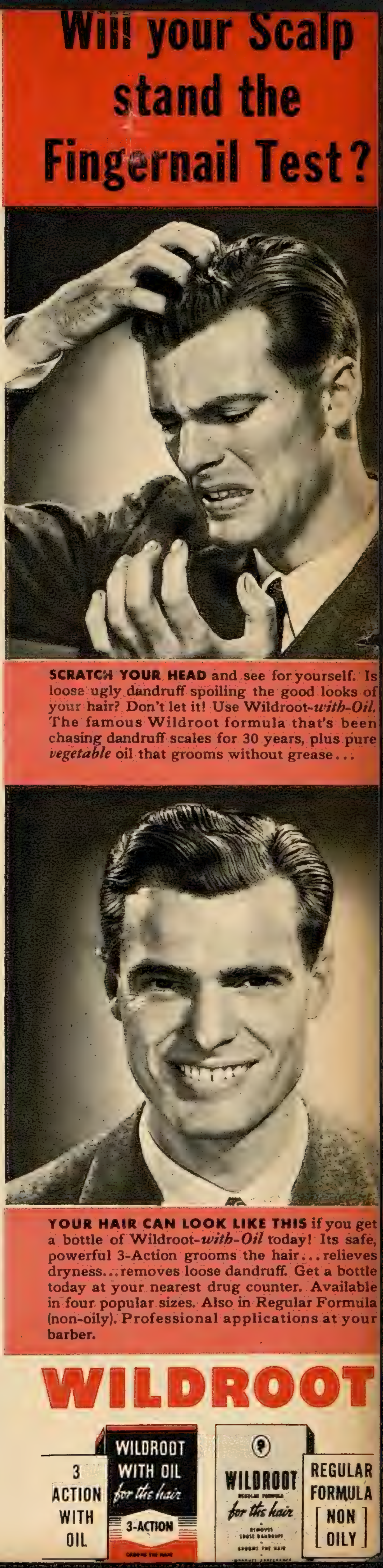
An early story tells how an intimate adviser heard him roaring with laughter, stepped into the President's room, saw him quaking with mirth. He pointed to a newspaper headline over a story telling of the reaction to one of his proposals: "Experts Confused." The President does not take too seriously the anguished attitudes and bitter doubts of other minds unable to approach the world with his own huge gusto, inclusiveness, and abiding faith in human invention.

AT the very beginning, in 1932, he let the "Columbia group" of his advisers set up a hotel suite in which to dream up the future only one city block from where political democracy, with which the President was equally intimate, maintained another hotel suite in which to gather votes. This curiously amiable, curiously Olympian man bridged the two. He has set up bridges between the impossible and irreconcilables ever since.

And he has never gone seedy. That is curious. On paper, a collector of political opposites, a bridger of irreconcilables should have been a pierced bubble long ago. Mr. Roosevelt has not gone seedy because he believes in his method. It was not adopted out of desperation. He really believes in it. When he took office, "liberalism" meant a state of mind. He has made it mean a process, a certain free and flexible manner of conducting the public business, in which the premise is a refusal to accept any ill as irremediable. It is too early for the last word on that curiously paradoxical process. We are still in the heat of controversy, we are not scholars yet, discussing an historical figure; we are still disputants, fighting for place.

Yet we can say this: Mr. Roosevelt has never pushed on to a predetermined goal. He has conducted enormous and sometimes curious experiments in equilibrium instead. No one has won finally. Therefore debaters' noises often fill the air. No one has lost finally, either. One wonders, as we fight our war, whether even a sometimes paradoxical equilibrium is not exactly as much as we deserve. The President has given us no final answers. Are we ready for final answers? One thinks not. One remembers France, where unyielding men, haters of their opposites, thought they had the final answers and slugged it out as the thing came closer.

Next week Ernest K. Lindley, Washington correspondent and political commentator, traces Roosevelt's career, tells how he became a figure to reckon with in Democratic politics.



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WILDROOT

THIS MAN'S WAR

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

A farmer at Camden, South Carolina, looks on as troops charge over a haystack during training maneuvers.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU seem to know *all* the answers, so how about these questions on military courtesy? (1) When the national anthem is played over a radio, does any one, either military or civilian personnel, stand up? (2) Does a soldier salute each and every flag he sees, off or on duty? Please give your authority.

Sgt. R. O. W., Fort Lewis, Wash.

I'd be the last to claim to know *all* the answers, but here's what *you* want to know. (1) No one is *required* to come to attention when The Star-Spangled Banner is heard *over the radio*. No regulation can instill patriotism, and personal feeling alone should dictate the proper attitude, although the formality of the occasion will often determine the right thing to do. (2) Let's get the record straight, as Al Smith used to say. Do you mean flags, colors, and/or standards? Flags are made of bunting and the salute is not required unless the flag is draped over the casket of a deceased member of the Armed Forces. (When the salute is rendered at retreat, you salute the national anthem or To the Colors, not the flag.) Colors and standards, made of silk and fringed with gold, are the formal flags of dismounted and mounted organizations respectively. In accordance with the 10th General Order, "To salute all officers and all colors or standards not cased," you salute whenever and wherever the latter are flown. Authority: Army Regulations 600-25.

* * *

As a former Warrant Officer I have been permitted the use of the Officers' Clubs at many different posts. But at this field Warrant Officers are barred from the club. There are only a few of them here, it's a very small town—and there you are. In my opinion, the grade is of sufficient importance and the duties of such a responsible nature that there should be a specific regulation rather than leaving it to the discretion of the local commanding officer.

Since many single posts have only one or two Warrant Officers, it's obvious that they can't have clubs of their own. The Warrant Officer is a soldier ill-defined at present.

Commissioned Officer,
Hendricks Field, Fla.

Possibly the publication of your letter will achieve the desired effect—I hope so. I was in the Army quite some time before I knew what a Warrant Officer was and did and whether he rated a salute. Still seems to me to be "neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring," and I too would like to see a complete and definitive regulation.

* * *

When war was declared, I tried to enlist but was rejected. Later I was reclassified from 1-H to 1-A, whereupon I went to my draft board and signed a paper volunteering and waiving deferment. Then I was inducted. Am I classified as a volunteer or draftee?

Pfc. R. H. J.,
Camp Blanding, Fla.

All inducted men, whether voluntary or not, are classed as selectees. Voluntary enlistments are through the Army Recruiting Service. Serial numbers ("dog tags") in the 10,000,000s identify enlisted men; in the 20,000,000s National Guardsmen; in the 30,000,000s selective service men who have been inducted either as volunteers or through operation of the law.

* * *

I have read that the draft age is going to be lowered, and I will be nineteen in October. I had planned to go to college this fall and take an R. O. T. C. course along with my other studies, but now do you think this is advisable? How much schooling could I get in?

R. G., Las Vegas, Nev.

There's nothing definite about lowering the minimum draft age at this time. Unless you want to volunteer now, as so many other youngsters are doing, my advice is to go ahead with your college education under one of the officer-candidate plans offered by the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. You may enroll in the Army's Enlisted Reserve Corps, where you will be placed on the inactive service list and can finish your college courses under certain conditions; or you may enroll in the Navy's V-1 (elementary) program; or in the Marine's program, which is similar to the Army's. In all cases satisfactory academic standings must be maintained and periodical examinations passed.

* * *

I have made regular deposits with the Finance Officer of this station. Is it possible for me to withdraw and receive this money on *any* type of discharge? I mean medical, dishonorable, or any other kind.

S/Sgt. A. W. C., Las Vegas, Nev.

Moneys deposited with the Finance Officer are payable only on final statements which are given upon permanent separation from the service by discharge or retirement. The type of discharge does not affect the payment.

* * *

A frequent subject for discussion and cussin' in these parts is what to do about playing cards that become sticky and limp. In the dry lands cards recover their youth and stiffness when dusted with talcum powder, but not on these warm, salty waters. Do you know of any method to tide us over until payday? Right now our one pack is unmanageable even for solitaire.

C. P. J., Miami, Fla.

As a poker player from way back, I'd like to reveal a secret system of rejuvenating cards, but that same problem has always had me licked, too. Any reader know the answer?

* * *

A very raw recruit approached his sergeant. "Please, sir," he said, "what does that AUS mean that they've put after my name?"

The sergeant looked at him pityingly. "That stands for Army of the United States."

The rookie was obviously relieved. "Oh," he said, "I thought that stood for Australia and I wouldn't have time to learn the language."

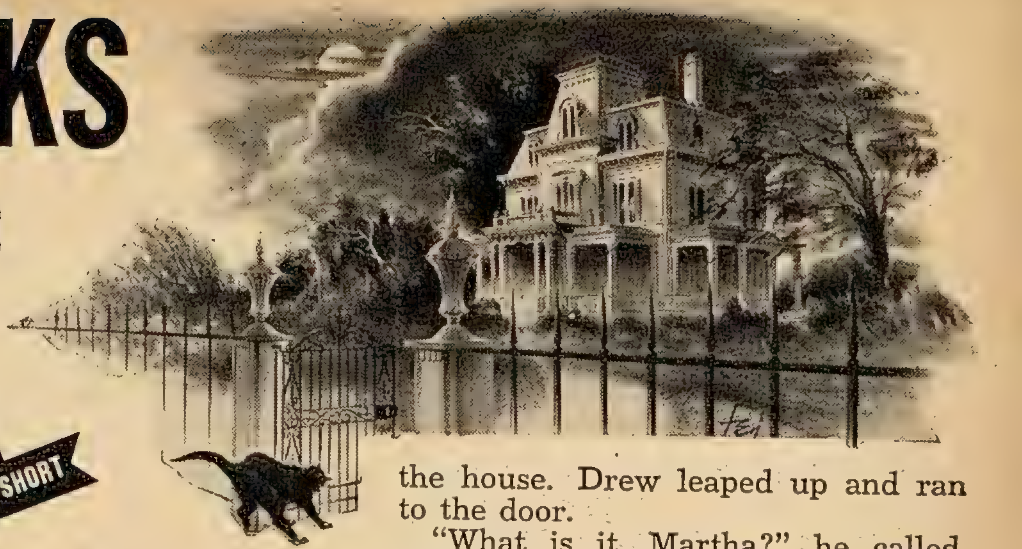
NCC Service-grams.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

MURDER SPEAKS

BY MARGARET MOCHRIE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

DREW DARRELL regretted that it had been necessary to kill Aunt Hortense. Not that he liked her. She was a fat, opinionated, penurious old woman, neither decorative nor amiable. It was the planning and carrying out of the killing that had been so distasteful to him. And now, the waiting.

But he needn't wait much longer. The cuckoo clock on the wall of the dismal heavily furnished dining room said twenty-five minutes past nine. And every morning at nine thirty Martha lumbered up the back stairs to bring down Hortense Jasper's breakfast tray. Would the dour old servant scream, Drew wondered, when she found her mistress dead?

He poured coffee and spilled some into the saucer. His hand was trembling. Not from fear, he told himself hastily. He had nothing to fear. It was just that his nerves had been strung taut these past few days.

And all because of an old woman's stubbornness. If only Aunt Hortense had been more like his mother! Even those terrible doctors who came two years ago when he had the nervous breakdown were unable to shake *her* faith in her son and his work. They called the pictures he painted morbid, evidence of some strange mental condition. They advised a sanitarium. But his mother sent them away, told no one of their recommendations. Instead, she turned the whole top floor of the New York house into a studio, gave him money to travel when he chose, to spend on gambling, women—for an artist needs stimulation. She loved him, believed in him.

And then she died.

He stirred his coffee absently, his dark eyes clouded with memories. Suddenly a soft sound punctured the silence. He looked up with a start and met the yellow eyes of Aunt Hortense's old black cat, Ichabod. The cat stared insolently. Drew shivered. As if, he thought, the beast knew—

His lips twitched and he pressed them together tightly. This was ridiculous, to let a cat's eyes unnerve him so. He didn't like cats, and probably Ichabod sensed it; that was all. The first time he had come to see Aunt Hortense in this hideous monstrosity of a house, the animal had glared at him. He had spoken of it.

"Ichabod doesn't care for many people," his aunt had said. "And now—what were you saying about the will?"

That was a week or so after his mother's death. He had been trying to explain his position. Of course, he told her, even though, by the terms of his grandfather's will, his mother's share in the family trust reverted—quite unfairly—to her, she would be willing to make him an allowance sufficient to permit him to live as he had always lived.

"Not a bit of it," she replied briskly. "Your mother always spoiled you, but that's ended now. You'll get the money—hers and mine—when I die. That's how your grandfather left it. Until then, you can live here with me. If that doesn't suit you, if you want a place of your own, you'll have to earn it."

So Drew went to Long Island to live in the ugly old house with two ugly old women. He stood it for four months. She has a bad heart; she will soon die. He clung to the thought. But although she spent half the day in bed and Martha brought her heart medicine every few hours, she didn't die. And he stayed on—until—

She sold the New York house, and he went over to have a final look at it. In his mother's medicine closet he came across a drug that had been prescribed for her. It was then, by sheer luck, that he recalled something he had heard about Aunt Hortense's type of heart trouble. This stimulant which had helped his mother would, in a larger dose, be fatal to his aunt.

He went to the public library, read about the drug, looked up the symptoms of his aunt's disease. He came away certain that if Aunt Hortense were to die from a dose of his mother's medicine, Dr. Carter, the general practitioner who had attended her for years, would certify her death as a natural one. Unless his suspicion were roused in some way and he definitely *looked* for signs of foul play, Drew would be safe.

The key to his prison was in his hand.

This morning he had used it. It had been absurdly easy to pour the liquid into the coffeepot on his aunt's breakfast tray when Martha had left it unguarded while she went to the icebox.

The cuckoo clock struck the half hour, and Drew heard Martha's heavy footsteps on the stairs. It was nearly over now, this agonizing waiting.

His hands gripped the edge of the table. Would she suspect anything? But no, why should she? She, as well as the doctor, realized that Hortense Jasper might die suddenly at any time. . . .

A piercing shriek crashed through the house. Drew leaped up and ran to the door.

"What is it, Martha?" he called. "What happened?"

"Mrs. Jasper—she's—oh, Mr. Drew, I think she's dead!"

"Stay there!" He was surprised that his voice was so steady. "I'll run next door and bring Dr. Carter."

THE doctor bent over the shapeless bulk on the ornate walnut bed. Drew stood at the bed's foot, his eyes averted. He hated ugliness. Martha's haggard eyes were on the woman she had served for twenty-five years. On the wide windowsill was the breakfast tray. Drew saw that the coffee cup was less than half full of pale brown liquid. Aunt Hortense always took her coffee heavily sugared and creamed. He had counted on that to mask the taste of the drug.

Dr. Carter straightened. "It came suddenly. With a heart like hers one never can tell. It's hard for you, my boy. First your mother, and now—this."

"Yes," said Drew. "It's—it's a shock, doctor."

"Well, if there's anything I can do, call on me. I'm—" He broke off. "What is it, Drew? For God's sake, what's the matter?"

Drew's face was gray-white, sweat stood out on his forehead, his lips twitched but no sound came. His eyes, glazed with horror, were fixed on the window sill. Dr. Carter followed them, but all he saw was Ichabod, drinking from Mrs. Jasper's cup.

"It's just the cat, Drew," he said soothingly.

"She—she often used to give him a sup of her coffee," said Martha. "There, he's finished now."

She put out her hands to lift the animal. Before she could touch him, Ichabod, with a sudden heaving of his big black body, rolled off the sill onto the floor. Martha bent over him.

"Doctor!" she cried. "He's dead!"

Drew uttered a moaning sigh and swayed dizzily. The doctor stared down at the cat. Then his eyes traveled swiftly to the cup on the tray, flashed to the dead woman, and came to rest on Drew's tortured face.

"I think," he said, "that this is a case for the police."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE GUTS TO WIN—

Continued from page 9

ple given to willful distortion inferred that I said, "Come the revolution, you've got to drink milk, whether you like it or not."

One of the leading cartoonists of the United States drew a three-layered cartoon of the honeybees and the grasshoppers. In the first layer of the cartoon the chief honeybee, orating from a platform, was quoting me as saying that the time had come to give the honey of the hive to the hungry grasshoppers. In the second layer of the cartoon, the bees, set on fire by my noble words, were busy handing out their sweets to the grasshoppers pouring in from over the fence. In the third layer, the grasshoppers had cleaned out the bees and the beehive and had disappeared, leaving only a fence in which they had chewed holes.

Horrified economists denounced me for holding out the promise of a milk-and-honey age just around the corner. Appeals were made to the American people to look on themselves as a superior race which could continue to hold on to the good things of life regardless of what happened elsewhere in the world. It was assumed that our own people could be safe and prosperous no matter what war and famine and pestilence might do to the peoples abroad.

This shortsighted point of view, I am glad to say, has been manifested by only a few. But, unfortunately, these few have control of avenues of publicity which reach perhaps 20,000,000 of our people.

I am glad to write this article because I believe it is so important to the winning of both the war and the peace to knock down this misguided selfishness, which, because of its un-Christian denial of the dignity of man, would make the destruction of the United States as certain as was the destruction of the ancient kingdoms of Israel and Judea.

THE United States is not composed of bees, and China and India are not composed of grasshoppers. Chinese, Indians, and Americans are all human beings. It does happen that 95 per cent of the families of India earn less than $100 a year. It is true that in India and China it takes three or four farm families to produce enough food for themselves and for one family in town, whereas in the United States one family on the farm can support itself and four families in town. Because of our larger farms and the use of science and machinery, the farm family in the United States is perhaps fifteen to twenty times as productive as the farm family in Asia, and four times as productive as the farm family in Central Europe.

Efficiency on the farm is the basis of industrialization, and industrialization is the basis of a high standard of living. Because the farm population of India and China is so dense on the land, it will never be possible for one farm family there to support even one family in town. But it may easily be possible to increase the efficiency of Chinese and Indian agriculture by 30 per cent, and thus lay the foundation for an expanding industry which later will increase the output of agriculture by 50 or even 70 per cent—possibly within a generation.

Science and inventive power have not yet been put seriously to work on the problem of adapting rural electrification and improved garden tractors to the small farm. We have just begun in the United States to work on this problem in a practical manner. Harry Slattery of the Rural Electrification Administration, M. L. Wilson of the Agricultural Extension Service, and Harry Ferguson, the inventor of the Ferguson tractor, are all intensely interested in this problem and have looked into it far enough to know that the potentialities are great indeed.

I HAVE in mind a new type of cottage industry, based on rural electrification, operated in connection with a small farm, where the head of the family has part-time work in a nearby factory, and the wife and the children do much of the farm work, with the help of potentially inventible gadgets. Such an industry can double the standard of living of millions of poverty-stricken people over the entire world—including a large number right here in our United States.

The standard of living depends on the productivity of human hands. Eighty per cent of the human hands of the world have not at their disposal the power which modern science, invention, and social organization can give them.

The cartoonist, in his horror of the grasshoppers, later wrote an article in which he proclaimed the certainty of the Hindus and the Chinese packing the earth solidly with human beings unless they were kept properly under control by starvation and pestilence. He proclaimed that he was a student of Malthus who knew all about the laws of population. As a matter of fact, nearly every one who has studied population trends in the different countries of the world knows that the surest way to lower the birth rate is to bring about the industrialization, the education, and the increased standard of living of a people. A situation is then brought to pass where there is danger of too few children rather than too many.

The law of declining birth rate seems to apply universally. In stage of decline, the United States is perhaps ten or twenty years behind western Europe, Argentina is possibly ten years behind the United States, and the rest of Latin America may be twenty years behind Argentina. The law seems to work just as surely in Japan as among the white races. It has not been given a chance to work yet among the Chinese and the Hindus, but undoubtedly it will work with them as with all other human beings.

When Christ said the meek shall inherit the earth, He enunciated a fundamental sociological and biological truth. Usually they have larger families. But there is no reason why any one nation should have a monopoly on meekness and large families, and another nation a monopoly on pride and small families. If the Western civilization, of which the United States is now the leader, is not to be pushed eventually off the face of the earth, it is vital that we show some interest in the problems of the densely populated countries of the Orient. It is essential for us to put our science, inventive power, and organizational ability at the service, in the most friendly way possible, of those parts of the world where misery continues to bring about such a high birth rate.

BECAUSE we in the United States understand extension work, visual education, and the popularization of science, we can, if we will, raise the standard of living of Asia faster than it can be done in any other way. The Japanese objective is to keep the Chinese and Hindus forever as hewers of wood and drawers of water furnishing raw materials for the Japanese industrial machine. Germany wants to do the same kind of thing in Europe and Latin America. But the world has passed beyond this kind of thing, as Sir Stafford Cripps made clear in his broadcast to the United States on July 26.

Americans were moved by the idealism of Woodrow Wilson to fight wholeheartedly in World War No. I. But neither the Americans nor the Europeans were willing to provide this idealism with a solid base in the postwar period of the '20s. Instead, both Americans and Europeans embarked on various types of short-time selfishness which quickly brought the disaster from which we are now suffering.

We are all paying the penalty of our selfishness with our own blood or the blood of our dear ones.

We have the faith to believe that this time our postwar leaders will not betray the generous impulses which are in the hearts of the American people. These impulses give us the courage to go forward day by day. These impulses can be given practical form. The impractical, visionary thing is not the unselfish desire to serve which is in the hearts of the American people, but the selfish shortsightedness of those who proclaim that Americans are a superior race who have no interest in the standard of living of the crowded masses of humanity in Asia and Europe.

We have the guts, we have the materials, we have the faith in the future.

In the strength of these forces we shall fight through to victory in the war and then build a lasting peace, realizing always that our own best welfare is inevitably linked with the best welfare of our fellow men everywhere in the world.

THE END

DUCKY AND THE DUSTER

The strange story of a baseball mystery: the Medwick slump

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"IF he gets ahead of you," somebody croaked in the new hitter's ear, "watch out for a duster." It was probably Chuck Dressen on his way from dugout to coaching pulpit. But the new hitter couldn't remember later. All he remembered were the words. When they were croaked at him, he was hefting three new bats. He was to be fourth man up—Walker, Lavagetto, Joe Vosmik, then he.

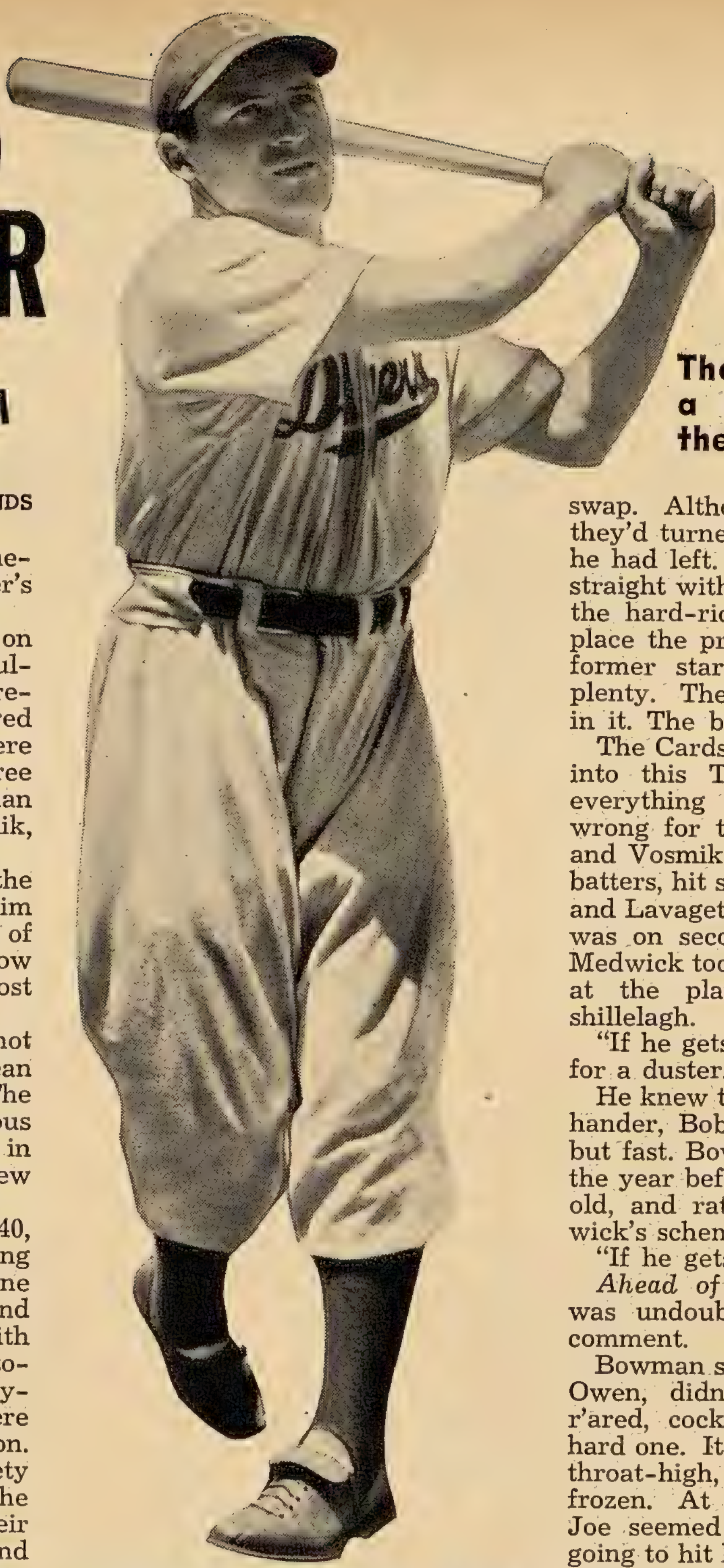
Decoded from baseballese, what the coach, or whoever, had said to him was, "If the pitcher gets a couple of strikes on you, he'll probably throw the next one hard, high, and almost close enough to hit you."

A duster is rated as strategy, not skulduggery. It isn't like the bean ball. Its theory is legitimate. The pitcher, being "ahead of" a dangerous batter, can afford to waste a pitch in the effort to drive him back a few inches as a safety-first precaution.

This was the 18th day of June, 1940, flush in the middle of that terrifying period when the Nazi war machine was smashing Holland, Belgium, and was already deep into France, with the British isolated and backing toward Dunkirk. Everybody and everything were on edge. There were ragged nerves all over this nation. Steam was hard against the safety valve. Baseball was no exception. The Cardinals, for instance, fired their manager in the first week in June, and sold the biggest star they had left in the second.

There was a special tension underlying this particular mid-June series between the Dodgers and the Cards. They are now the Hatfields and the McCoys of major-league baseball, and this game was where their spectacular feud started, and how!

The game was in Brooklyn, and Brooklyn was wild, two ways—wild with pennant fever for the first time in twenty years, and acutely wild from having dropped four straight ball games. But there was the making of trouble between the Dodgers and the Cards anyhow, and most of it centered around the case of Joe Medwick. The days of Gashouse glory in St. Louis were gone. The Deans, Pepper Martin, Jimmy Collins, Ernie Orsatti, Bill DeLancey, "Wild Bill" Hallahan, Leo "the Lip" Durocher—most of that colorful and championship crew had moved on. The mantle had fallen to, or been snatched by, these same Brooklyn Dodgers Durocher now managed.



He's himself again—Joe "Ducky" Medwick, possibly better known to you as "Muscles."

The Cards still had one of the greatest of that classic crew of Gashousers and one of the greatest outfielders in baseball on their roster. This was Joe "Muscles" Medwick, otherwise variously dubbed by his admiring public "Ducky," "Mickey," "Ducky-Wucky," and "Yussel the Muscle."

Medwick had staged a bitter holdout that spring. He had finally dissolved his differences with the hard-hearted office and signed, but exactly six days before this particular game he had been traded to Brooklyn in a spectacular transaction.

And now here were the Cards in Brooklyn for the first time since the swap. Although still in fifth place, they'd turned red hot just as soon as he had left. They'd won the last five straight without him. They'd dumped the hard-riding Dodgers out of first place the previous day, holding their former star hitless and riding him plenty. The riding had had a snarl in it. The boys had called names.

The Cards were cocky as they went into this Tuesday ball game. But everything promptly started going wrong for them. Walker, Lavagetto, and Vosmik, the first three Brooklyn batters, hit sharply and safely. Walker and Lavagetto scored and Joe Vosmik was on second, with nobody out, as Medwick took his right-handed stance at the plate waving his selected shillelagh.

"If he gets ahead of you, watch out for a duster."

He knew the pitcher, a young right-hander, Bob Bowman, a little fellow but fast. Bowman, up from Rochester the year before, was twenty-six years old, and rated as a rookie in Medwick's scheme of things.

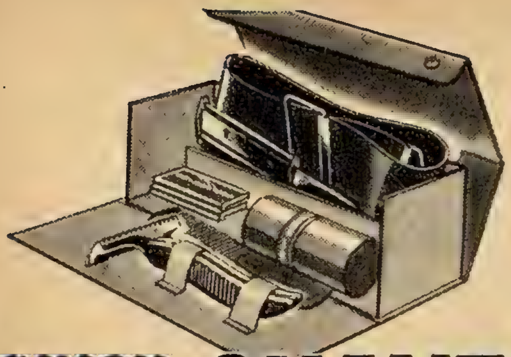
"If he gets ahead of you . . ."

Ahead of whom, and what with? was undoubtedly Medwick's mental comment.

Bowman shook off a sign on Mickey Owen, didn't bother with Vosmik, r'ared, cocked, and let go with his hard one. It came straight as a string, throat-high, and caught Medwick frozen. At the last possible second Joe seemed to realize the ball was going to hit him. He tried to turn and drop, but he only presented a worse endangered target.

The ball struck him exactly between the ears on the back of the head. There was the dull, sickening smack, and then a woman screamed. It was his wife, Isabelle. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of ballplayer fell like a poleaxed steer. The 10,000 fans came up with a roar which gradually subsided into a sepulchral hush.

A riot had already started on the diamond. The Dodgers had boiled from their dugout and had made angrily for Bowman. The Cards had rushed in to protect their young pitcher. The umpires wrestled manfully to keep the struggling players apart. Somebody had the sense to let nobody touch Medwick. A doctor was found, and after he had diagnosed it as concussion and not fracture, Medwick was eased onto a stretcher and borne to an ambulance.



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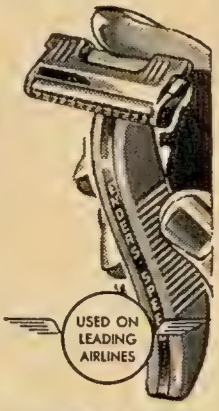

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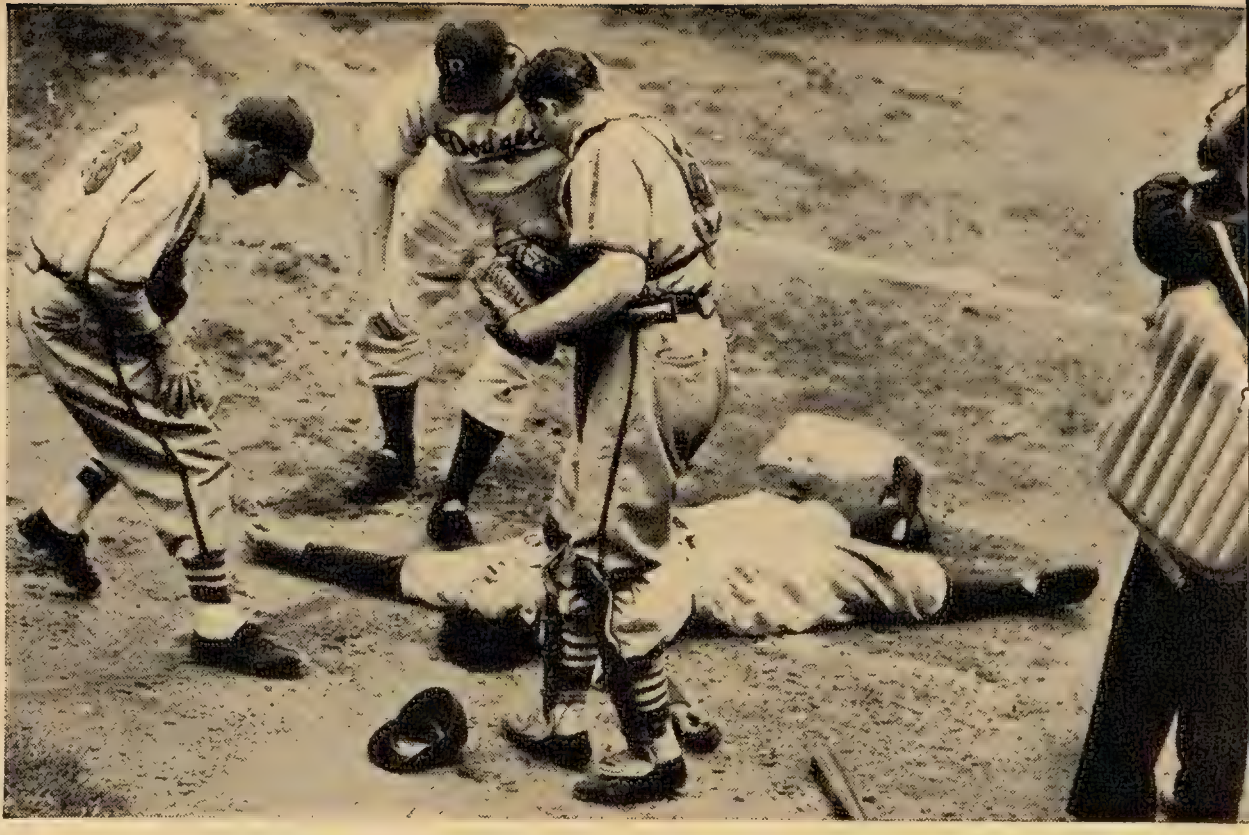


Joe in June, 1940, an instant after the accidental beaning that caused his slump.

When order was finally restored, the shaken Bowman was relieved from further service. He was due to go, anyhow; everybody was hitting him. Ira Hutchinson took over. The game dingdonged along, with everybody being exceedingly careful. It even went into extra innings, Brooklyn finally winning in the eleventh, 7 to 5.

There was a terrific aftermath of hearings, charges, countercharges, testimony. Even Brooklyn's celebrated district attorney, William O'Dwyer, asked National League President Ford Frick to send six of the ballplayers to his office. "I'm going to find out," he said, "if a crime was committed."

But all this blew over. Bowman was never convicted of even evil intent. Almost tearfully he protested the pitch wasn't even a "duster." Ford Frick had him in twice in the course of a four-hour hearing.

"I tried to put too much stuff on the ball, and it got away," he said. "If I live a thousand years, I'll still think Joe stood up there waiting for the ball to break—and it just didn't."

Medwick, from his bed of pain in Caledonia Hospital, generously sent out his word of vindication. "No direct threat had been made against me by Bowman," he assured the press. "I saw the ball leave his hand, but that was the last I saw of it."

The Cards fell completely apart next day from the nervous reaction, making seven errors and blowing the ball game 8 to 3.

For two years, until the middle of this current season, one of the principal questions in baseball was, "Why has Medwick slipped so?" He's not old. He was twenty-eight when that ball struck him. He's in perfect physical shape. He takes meticulous care of himself. He was a star with a record, and records. Look at 'em.

He'd equaled the National League record of ten hits in succession. At various times in his eight years with the Cards he'd broken the league record for most two-base hits; tied the record for most two baggers in one game; hit for the cycle; led the league in hitting, number of hits, runs, total bases, runs batted in, and so on and on. He'd been on every All-Star team since 1935. He'd won the Most Valuable Player Award in 1937. His lifetime batting average was around .335. From '35 through '38 he'd hit .353, .351, .374. His last full season with St. Louis, he'd hit .332.

Yet he finished that '40 season with Brooklyn hitting .301, and although he pulled it back to .318 last year, in camp this past spring he was definitely a bust. The writers in a body were saying he was through. That .318 rates as forthright hitting, but the figures looked better than the act. He got only four hits in seventeen times at bat in the five-game World Series with the Yanks. That's an average of .235. And this was the man who, not so many years before, had torn the cover off the ball with a .379 average in another Series, practically slamming his team into the world championship.

The question was, "What has happened?" The answer was, that hit in the head had happened.

Most of the fans and even some of the scribes have forgotten it, and Medwick even now dismisses the matter casually.

But underneath it all, just the same, is a story of hard and patient and never-ending fighting back, rewarded at long last with what seems to be complete victory.

Ducky was in bed for three days and back in the line-up within a week. He was still a good outfielder and a threat at the plate, but the real Medwick was a great outfielder and murder at the plate.

As the weary weeks wore on, his trouble revealed itself as no slump. He'd simply lost something he'd had. That's the way they diagnosed it; but the truth was, he'd simply picked up something he hadn't had.

That something was a phobia—the fear of being hit.

He was pulling away on every pitch, especially when a right-hander was serving.

But he worked hard and long. He was in that batting cage for hours. His new team's coaches tried to help him, Chuck Dressen in particular. "Anchor that back leg," Chuck told him. "Drive those spikes in and stand on it solidly. I don't care what you do with the front one."

But it didn't work. Joe is a natural ballplayer. He'd never thought about his swing. He just stepped up and let it go. When he tried to do something about it, he was more confused and crossed up than ever. But he kept everlastingly trying.

That '40 season ran out its string. The Brooklyn pennant chances blew, largely because his bat wasn't smoking.

When it was all over, he made a quiet trip to the Mayo clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, for a complete examination. There he was told that his vision was still out of kilter, undoubtedly a result of that blow. The doctors said there wasn't much to do about it; it would probably right itself in time. But then he knew why it was that he had those headaches.

Another entire season passed. He kept working and trying and standing up in there swinging. He connected more often, but he still wasn't Medwick. He knew it. The pitchers knew it. The Brooklyn fans largely overlooked it, for their team plowed on into a pennant, and "Dem Lovely Bums" became a catch phrase.

But Medwick was a World Series bust.

THEN came this spring and the general whisper that he was through. Then suddenly it happened!

Here came another June, and suddenly that Medwick bat began to crack like a rifle. The eye, the stance, the swing were old times. The phobia, the plate-shyness were forgotten.

But it was *how* he was hitting that had Brooklyn fandom in ecstasy. He was tearing into everything with all the pristine abandon. Dusters? They didn't bother him now. If one came rocketing in, he hit the dirt with a grin, and was right back up there crowding the dish for the next one. The Dodgers caught fire, of course, as a team will when even one man is hitting that way. It looks at this writing as if Brooklyn was a cinch to win the pennant again, and if it does, a lot of that pennant is going to belong to Joe Medwick. He says he doesn't remember any precise instant or realization of his comeback. All at once he just had it. Anyway, his seasonal batting average is now second in the National League, sixth in both leagues.

AS if trying to avoid blaming Bowman, he glosses over that beaning and cites other possible causes of his slump. In the first place, he refuses to admit that he was in a slump.

"I didn't hit less than .300, did I?" he insists. "What's all the shooting about? But then," he says concedingly, "maybe I was trying too hard to make good. MacPhail brought me on for all that money, and maybe I was pressing, as the boys say in golf."

Supreme proof that he's himself again came on the night of June 18, 1942, exactly two years from the day Bowman beaned him. The scene was the same Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, the opponents the same St. Louis Cards. On Medwick's first time at bat, he slammed a scorcher through Whitey Kurowski, at third, to run his hitting streak through twenty-one straight games (and that wasn't to be the end of it), and on his next, he was standing on first when one of Max Lanier's slants got away from Walk Cooper, the Card catcher.

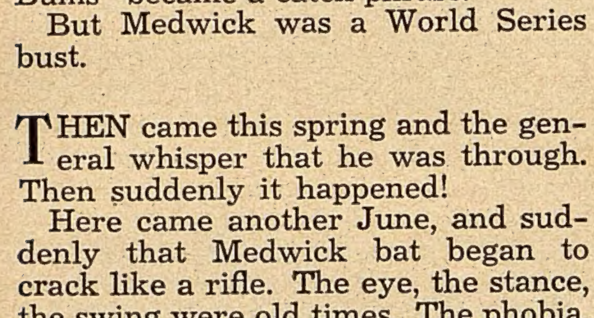
He started tearing for second. Cooper quickly recovered the ball, fired it to second, and hung him up there by a good ten feet. The recently subdued Medwick would have let it go at that, but this was the old Gashouse Medwick. He hit the dirt and went into Slats Marion with his spikes high and shining. Marion dabbed him with the ball in no uncertain fashion, and they both came up fighting. The teams mixed in, just as two years before, and there was rowing and pushing all over the place. But they didn't lug Ducky out on a stretcher this time. It was his anniversary and he really was celebrating. The umpires invited him to remove himself from the premises. But that only made it official.

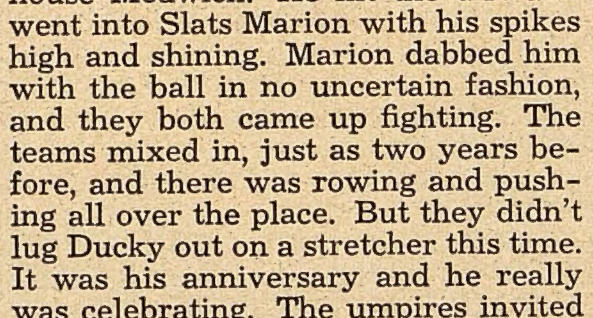
There may be a moral here for some discouraged brother in some other part of the vineyard. No matter what your trouble is, keep fighting it as long as it takes and don't alibi. And if the Dodgers win the pennant, when Joe Medwick comes to bat listen hard to that radio, for here's the Man Who Came Back—and man fashion.

Three cheers for him. No—make it four!

THE END

BY KATY


MAMIE'S SO FUNNY! SHE KEEPS ME TIED IN KNOTS!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COVER ROMANCE: Remember the song, The Girl on the Magazine Cover, and the man in it who lost his heart to the pictured lady? We never thought we'd live to see the song come true, but you never know. Here's how it is.

Down in Texas, Jim Brown is a tennis champion. Back in June, 1941, he was entranced by the Liberty cover reproduced herewith. As he tells it, he looked at the picture and said pensively to his mother: "That's the kind of girl I'd like to marry! But I don't suppose I'll ever really meet a girl like that . . ."

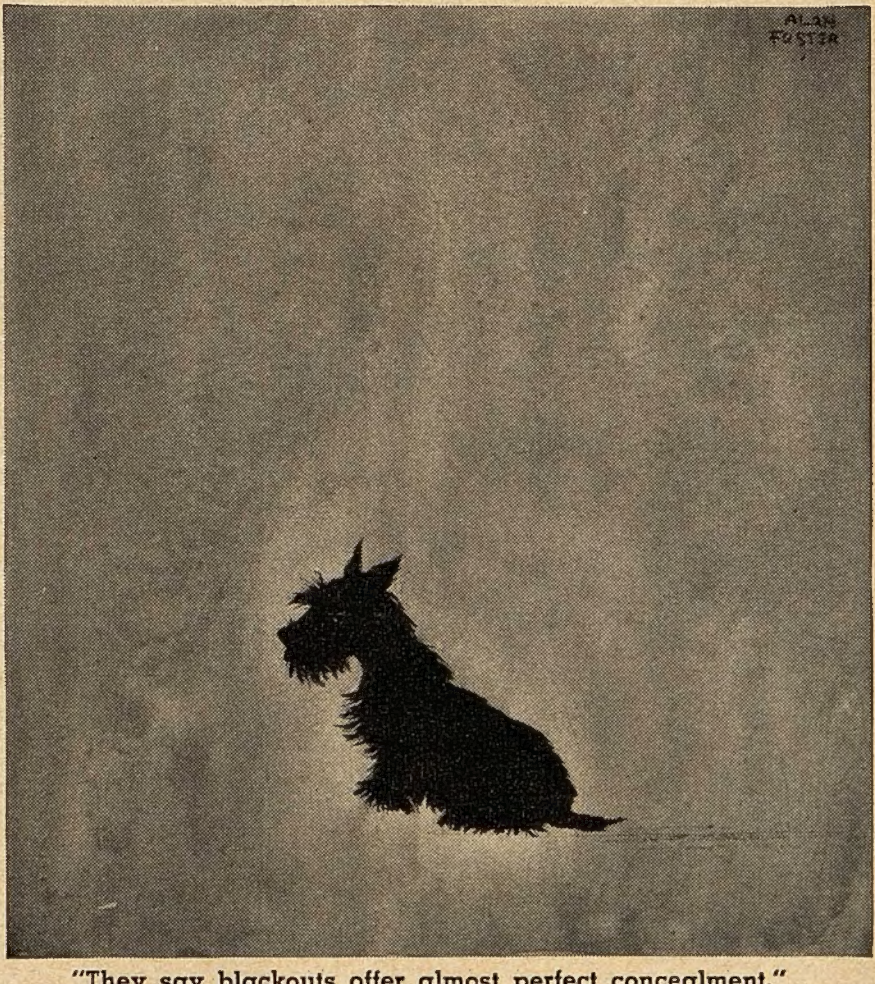
Well, sir, believe it or not, he did meet the girl, and her name, which used to be Verna Knopf, is now Mrs. Brown. We're very happy about the whole thing.

JIM BROWN, IT SEEMS, IS SOMEBODY NEW in the movies. He was discovered for the films while playing in a tennis tournament, and is making his debut in Paramount's Out of the Frying Pan, with William Holden, Susan Hayward, Eddie Bracken, and Robert Benchley. That isn't meant as an advertisement: it explains how we happened to hear the above. One of our Hollywood correspondents told us about it.

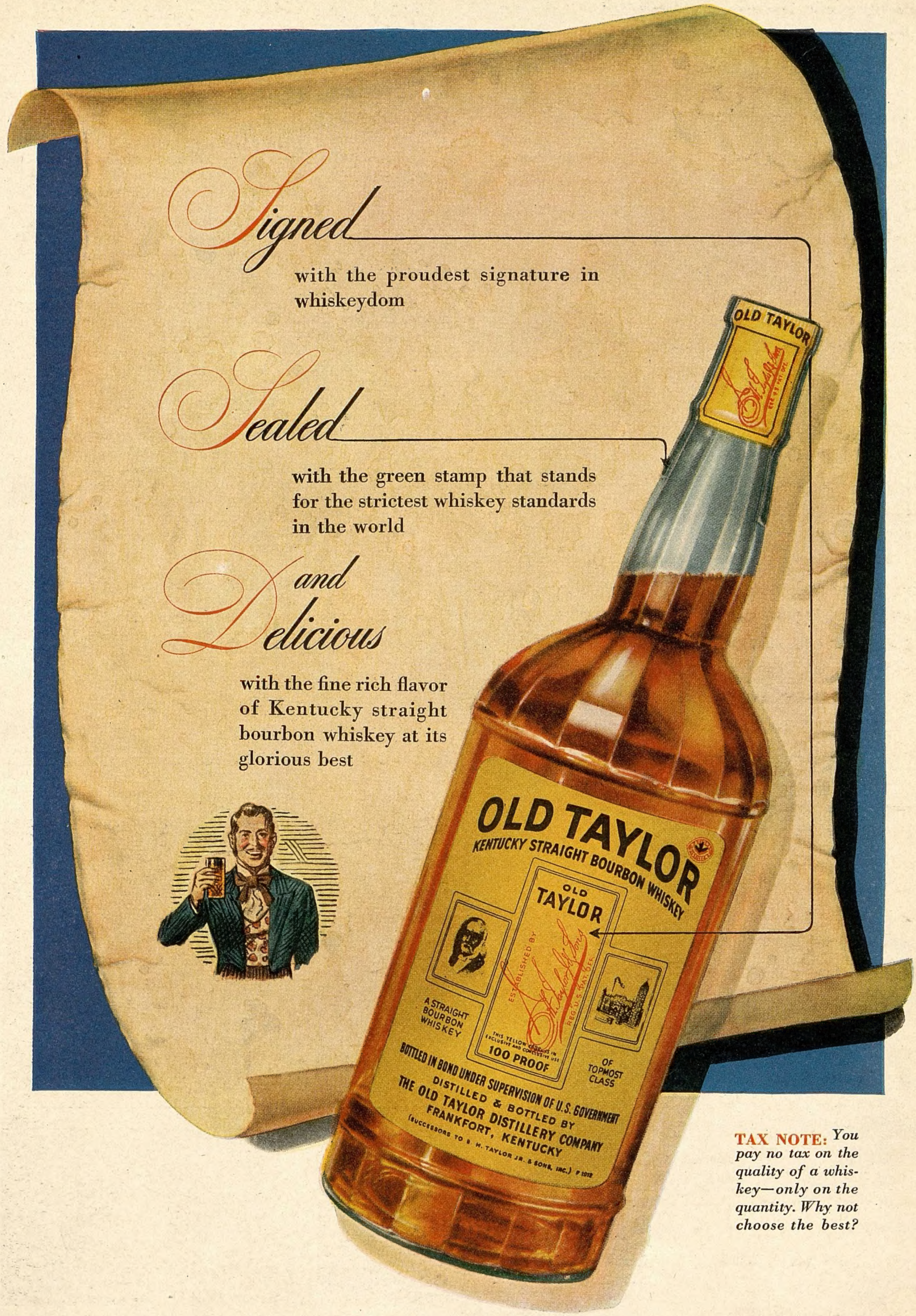
MEMO ON AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR'S DESK: "Possible item for the back page—-An author writes us: 'Thanks for rejecting my manuscript. Frankly I didn't think so much of it myself, but sent it along for luck.' Almost a believe-it-or-not for Ripley, isn't it?" By and large, we'd say it is.

The Editors

FALA



"They say blackouts offer almost perfect concealment."


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

Signed

with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious

with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

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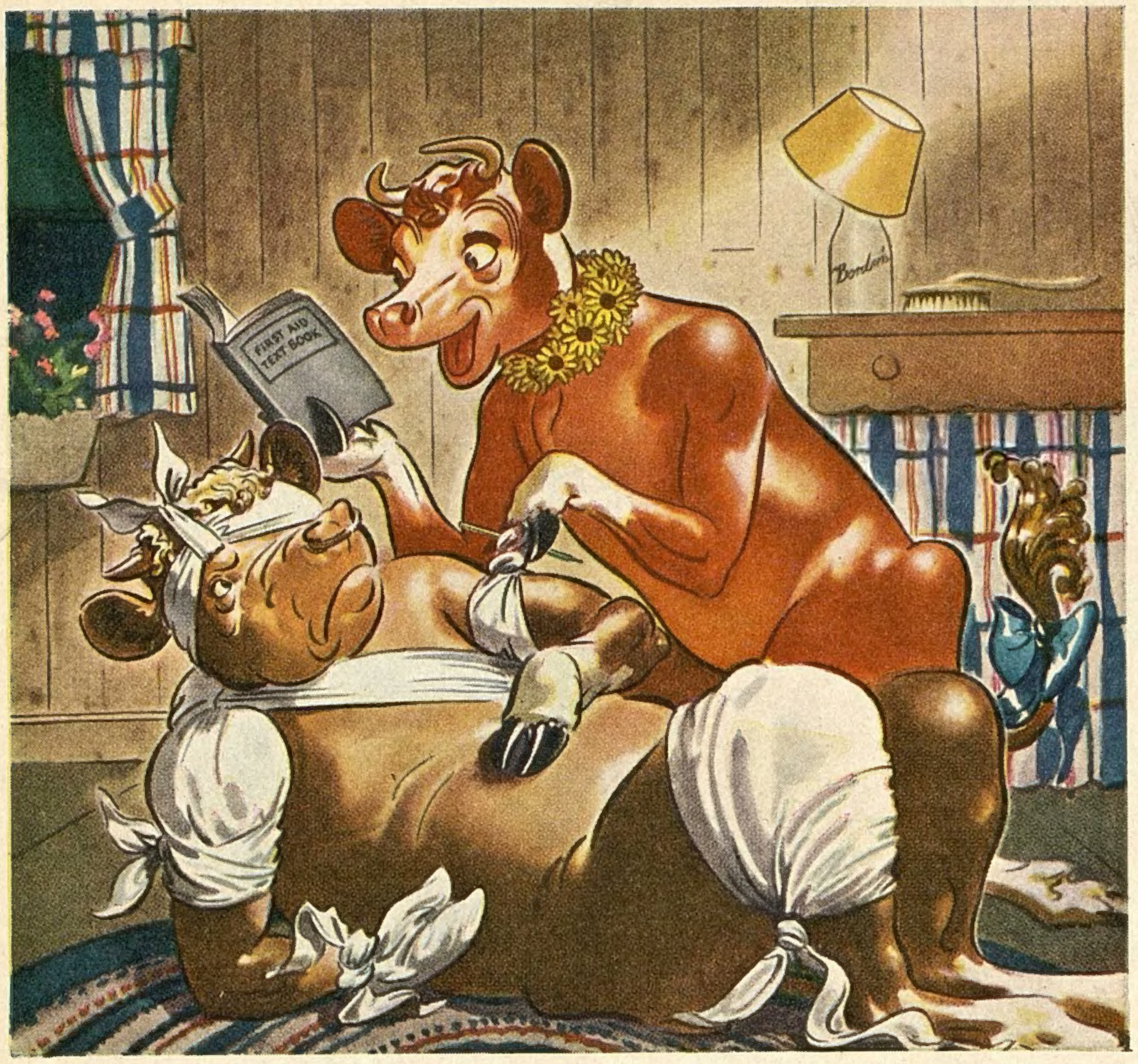
FIRST AID TEXT BOOK
Borden's

"I'm going to learn First Aid, if it kills you!" beamed Elsie

"Do I have to lie here trussed up like an infernal mummy for the rest of my life?" bellowed Elmer, the bull.

"Be patient, Elmer," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Everything has to be exactly right, you know."

"Couldn't you be wrong . . . just once?" sighed Elmer.

"Of course not, the Borden inspectors wouldn't let me," laughed Elsie. "Their whole job is to see that my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* and all the grand things made from it are as nearly perfect as possible."

"Perfection, bah!" snorted Elmer. "In about five minutes . . ."

"In five minutes, any woman can make perfectly marvelous chocolate frosting with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk,*" interrupted Elsie. "Eagle Brand is the short-cut way to make loads of delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar. Don't wiggle, Elmer, I'm tying a square knot."

MAGIC RECIPES ON EVERY CAN OF EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

"I was trying to say," yelled Elmer, "that in about five minutes, I'll need an ambulance! Ouch, that's too tight! Dear, have you ever thought of taking up some *other* branch of war work?"

"I've not only thought of it, I've done it," answered Elsie. "Our army uses carloads of my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* and so do our allies. It's so very digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And it gives both soldiers and ordinary citizens the smoothest cream soups and the fluffiest mashed potatoes you ever saw."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MAKES WONDERFUL CREAMED SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"To get back to First Aid," said Elmer hastily, "how about letting me try a few bandages on *you* . . . just for a change?"

"One of the very nicest changes I know," enthused Elsie, "comes over youngsters and oldsters when they start drinking Hemo — Borden's new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Hemo tastes like a super-elegant malted milk, and it does wonders for folks who need more vitamins and minerals."

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM WITH HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

"For the last time," rumbled Elmer, "will you let *me* do some bandaging? I've got rights. You can't treat me like this! I . . ."

"I know a wonderful way for a wife to treat her husband," chuckled Elsie, as she started to untie Elmer's bandages. "Treat him to golden *Borden's Chateau.* M-m-m, what a ripe, mellow cheese flavor! And *Chateau* is only one of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* . . . there, I've untied the last knot. Now *you* can try bandaging."

M-M-M, MELLOW, GOLDEN BORDEN'S CHATEAU!
Borden's Chateau

Elmer started thumbing through the First Aid Book. "I wonder how you start," he mumbled. "A-a-h, here it is. Let's see . . . *'First, keep perfectly cool'* . . ."

"It's fun to keep cool," smiled Elsie, "when you keep cool with a plate of smooth, mouth-watering *Borden's Ice Cream.* This luscious treat is more than fun — it's a valuable food! . . . Why, Elmer, that's quite a neat bandage. What's it for?"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A REAL FOOD!

"It's a fractured tail bandage," boomed Elmer triumphantly. "See, it's just like diagram 41 in the book."

"So it is," gasped Elsie. "Elmer, this is really wonderful!"

"Aw, it's just a bandage," protested Elmer, puffing up with pride.

"But, don't you see?" said Elsie. "When *you* can make a bandage like this, it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that *'If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'* "

Elsie says: ***"Let's all take the bandage off our pocketbooks and buy*** **U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY!"**

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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